

John Smith

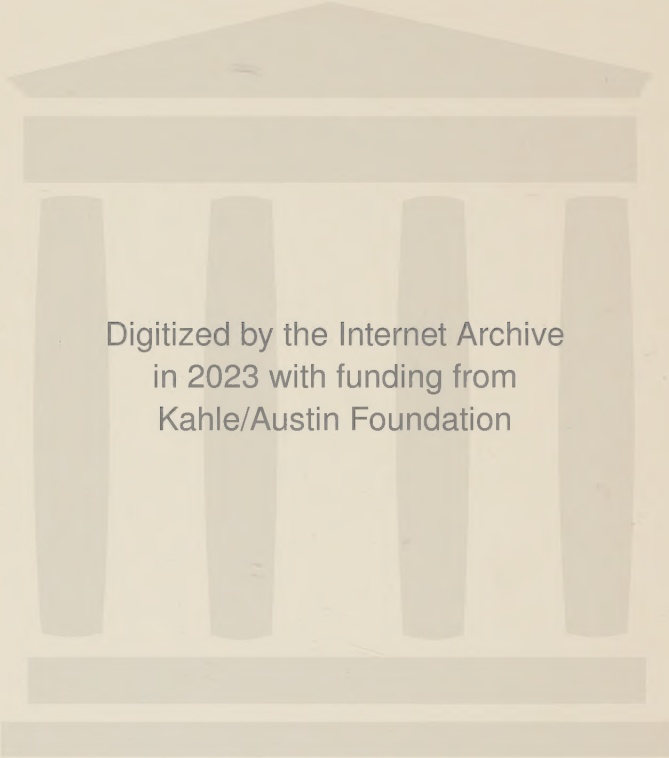












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JOHN SMITH—

ALSO POCAHONTAS



*These are the Lines that shew thy Face; but those  
 That shew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee :  
 Thy Faire-Discoveries and Fowle-Overthrowes  
 Of Salvages, much Civilliz'd by thee  
 Best shew thy Spirit; and to it Glory Wynn  
 So, thou art Braſſe without, but Golde within .*

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



# John Smith—

*Also Pocahontas*

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER



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## INTRODUCTION

**I**T may be said that this book by Mr. Fletcher belongs to the New Biography.

But what is this "new" biography?

Is it the sudden and artificial product of a group of excessively modern writers, who have arbitrarily taken it upon themselves to release upon the world a thing for which there was no warrant?

Our answer would be, no; the "new" biography is not the creation of modern writers, but of modern readers. It has arisen in response to a demand from a suspicious public, a public which believes — who can say wrongly? — that in the past it has received pap instead of fact, bias instead of history, and eulogy instead of biography.

The post-war public, disillusioned though it is and cynical though it may be, still loves heroes, but it no longer wishes to receive them as gods. It prefers to know them as men. It no longer expects its Galahads to emerge from the trenches unstained; it asks only that the stains be honorably earned.

## INTRODUCTION

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In the United States this desire to have at hand a biographical literature clear of gilding on the one hand and discreet silences on the other, has received an impetus from the craving of the American people to know more exactly about their own origins and to behold more clearly the figures who have contributed to the accretion of the American idea.

Fiction once enjoyed the reputation of being more interesting than fact. This was because the fictioneer, by selection and arrangement of his elements, seemed to impart a design, a unity, and a significance to life which life itself does not seem to have.

But recently it has been discovered that facts, when properly related, are interesting, too; in some respects even more absorbingly so than the most artful fiction. The facts brought out in this study of an odd and colorful personality by Mr. Fletcher fall into a design possible only to a keen student and powerful writer. They are all there — more of them than have ever before been collected regarding the founder of the first Virginia colony — but they have been properly related and arranged into a unity which hardy but harassed John Smith himself doubtless, while alive, never perceived.

It is time we learned more about John Smith than the schoolbooks used to permit us to know. His name has come vaguely down through history as having been rescued by Pocahontas, an Indian maid, from an impending execution, but beyond that his career has remained blank. His adventures as a roamer in

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## INTRODUCTION

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barbarous, exotic lands are unknown to the majority of the inhabitants of the very country which he helped to open to a surprised Old World. In this volume we are made to realize how incidental and unimportant, relatively speaking, was that phase of Smith's career which was connected with Virginia, and how tangled were the threads which led from Elizabeth's throne to the remote parts of the earth.

Mr. Fletcher's graphic narrative indeed belongs to the "new" biography. But it also belongs to the old, the plutarchian biography, in its avoidance of mere iconoclasm and in its honest handling of material. It is the work of a scholar and a painstaking student. It will be followed by other biographies by other writers which will deal vividly, but without gloss, with great figures who have been conspicuous at critical moments in American life. The narration of their lives will, in effect, summarize the history of their country.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL



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JOHN SMITH—  
ALSO POCAHONTAS

*You, whoever you are, claim your own at all hazard.*

WALT WHITMAN.

*A firm persuasion that a thing is so, makes it so.*

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*Vincere est vivere — to conquer is to live.*

SMITH'S MOTTO,

*Inscribed on his Coat-of-arms.*





## FIRST CHAPTER

### *A Runaway Sets Out and Returns*

READER, you have doubtless known in your lifetime a man who bears the name of "Smith." To your knowledge, this man is a respectable, hardworking, average citizen. He pays his taxes, he keeps his appointments, he plays golf, he probably has a wife and children. He is free from those distressing irregularities of outlook and conduct that mark the career of poets, anarchists, adventurers, and all other criminals. You would be considerably surprised to hear that he cherishes, under his hat, dreams of extraordinary countries and startling adventures. Yet you never can tell, reader. Perhaps this man, underneath the veneer of civilization which this age imposes on us all, is at heart a hero. Perhaps his prototype is already secure of a seat in Valhalla.

This is the story of a boy who at the age of sixteen ran away from home; at twenty had wandered over most of Europe and was busy fighting the Turks; at twenty-two was a captive amongst the Tartars beyond the frontiers of Europe; at twenty-seven was beyond the frontiers of Europe in the other direction, exploring

an unknown continent; at thirty had fought Indians, governed England's first American colony, and been sent home in disgrace; at thirty-five was off exploring again in unknown territory; and who died at fifty, having lived long enough to acquire several wounds, spend a fortune, become an admiral, write his own story, and meet many of the great ones of this world. His name was John Smith.

He was born in the insignificant town of Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, England, in January, 1580. The exact day is uncertain, because birth registers were unknown in those days and for many centuries after, but we have the baptismal register of Willoughby Church to tell us that "John the sonne of George Smyth was baptised the IXth daie of Januarye" in that year. His father, he tells us, came from Lancashire, that county which has produced more hard-hearted merchants, capable politicians, and captains of industry than any other in England. His mother was of Yorkshire stock. People from this county are dreamers, eccentrics, adventurers, great practical jokers, with a strain of wild poetry from the moors in their veins. While Lancashire produces Cobdens and Gladstones, Yorkshire brings forth a Charlotte Brontë, a Lawrence Sterne. One would expect in such a boy as John a combination of shrewd practical organizing talent and adventurous daring. That is precisely what we do find.

His father, George Smith, was a man of some estate, though his position was only that of a permanent tenant

farmer of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the great landholder of the district. In his will, dated March 30, 1596, he left the copyhold of his farm to his wife in case she did not marry again; if she remarried it was to come to "John Smyth, my eldest sonne." John was also to obtain "seven acres of pasture lyenge within ye territorie of Charlton Magne." The younger son, Francis, was given "two tenements and one Little Close," that is to say a courtyard, "in a certein streete in Louthe called Westgate." There were also bequests of money and furniture to his wife and daughter, Alice. So we may say that George had been moderately successful, as success goes, in this world. Shortly after making this will he died, and was buried on April 3rd.

Yet we may say that if George Smith expected his son John to succeed him as tenant farmer on Lord Willoughby's estate, he was mistaken. The sea was in the young man's blood, and the call of adventure. Barely seven miles eastward from the flat monotonous landscape with its market towns dominated by tall Gothic steeples, where John Smith was born, runs the treacherous and tempestuous North Sea. To the north lies the mouth of the Humber with Hull and Great Grimsby at its base, towns of fisherfolk and sailors to the coasts of Flanders, Germany, the Baltic. To the south lies Boston amid the marshes of the Wash, Boston the parent-town of our own New England Boston, in the thirteenth century the second port of England, but already decaying in Smith's day. Moreover, the period was one in

which adventure beckoned to the young. In the grammar-school at Louth to which John Smith was sent, he heard tales of Sir Philip Sidney's exploits in the wars of the Flanders estates against the Spaniards, of Henry of Navarre and the wars of the Huguenot League against the Catholic Party in France, and above all of Elizabeth and the great sea-fight of the Armada which was carried to its triumphant conclusion when John Smith was eight years old. The Renaissance, in full tide, was sweeping over Western Europe. Everywhere there was social, moral, religious upheaval. In Italy and in Spain there was already reaction, and the Turk, under Solyman the Magnificent, was beating at the gates of Vienna. Small wonder therefore if one boy proved an indifferent scholar, going so far as to sell his books and satchel to obtain money to run away to sea — a project which only his father's opposition prevented.

At the age of fifteen he was, according to his father's wishes, taken on as apprentice by Master Thomas Sendall, of Lynn, the most important merchant of the district. Here he became acquainted with cargoes of wool to the wealthy Flanders merchants, shipments of herring to Portugal, timber from the Baltic, wines from France and Spain. But bills of lading did not content Smith. Nothing would do but he must run away to sea. And on his father's death, the next year, off he went, managing to attach himself to the service of the second son of Lord Willoughby, then bound from France with a body of troops for Henry of Navarre's wars with the

supporters of the Catholic League. He arrived before Orleans, where Lord Willoughby's elder son had already established himself. But to understand what follows it is necessary to look briefly into the conditions of the time, and to study somewhat the special opportunities which were open to Smith.

Throughout the Middle Ages, in every country in Europe, as well as in England, there were three opportunities for a career open to every man born of good family. These were the Church, the law, or soldiering. The mercantile class, although many of their members had been amassing fortunes of respectable extent for about a century past, was still not powerful enough or sufficiently linked together in interest, to dictate political or social policy; and to follow the trade of a merchant was to become at best a local worthy, at worst, an object of contemptuous indifference. To become churchman or lawyer demanded long training in a University; those without such training, or who were not easy to educate, had nothing to do but to become soldiers or sailors. In a sense both these classes were international and professional. Armies in those days were composed of small bodies of highly trained troops, frequently hired for their purpose, and often composed of representatives of every European nation. Englishmen, Dutchmen, Swiss, fought wherever fighting was to be found; in the service of some Catholic prince of Italy to-day, and in the ranks of some Protestant Elector of Germany to-morrow. And the same is largely true of the



sea-faring class. Columbus and Vespucci were not the only foreign captains in the service of Spain. In fact, on Columbus' first voyage, at least one Englishman and an Irishman were on board his ships. We shall have cause to note this curious freemasonry of the sea later, when we come to Smith's own colonization of Virginia.

Now Smith's idea at first was not to be a sailor, but a soldier of fortune. For such, plenty of opportunity offered. Not only was France torn with religious wars between Catholic and Huguenot, but the Estates of Flanders had recently proclaimed their independence of Spain. In respect to these quarrels it was the policy of Elizabeth to take neither side, officially, unless forced into it by her people. Personally indifferent in matters of religion, and realizing that Catholicism still appealed to large classes of her subjects, especially among the older aristocracy and the peasants, Elizabeth was deeply tainted with the double-dealing policy of the rulers of that day, which she acquired the more readily since she knew that she owed her tenure of the throne solely to her subjects' good-will, and that she had but little shadow of a legal or moral title to her position. Head of the National Church, and determined to remain so, she frowned equally on Catholics and Puritans, but in her foreign policy remained on good terms with the Catholic party in France, so that even when the massacre of Saint Bartholomew in 1572 shook her people, she was still coquetting with the idea of marrying a French Prince; and when Drake sailed into Cadiz

Bay ten years later on his mission of "singeing the Spanish king's beard," she was prepared officially to disown him. But she winked at the preparations of all her subjects who wished to espouse the Protestant side, and wished them god-speed on their private ventures in Europe. Only in recent years, since the execution of Mary Queen of Scots in 1587 and the rout of the Armada in the subsequent year, had Elizabeth changed her policy of dissimulation and come out openly for the Protestant cause. And she was now becoming an old woman, with no heir to the throne, and steadily losing in popularity, thanks to her high-handed demands upon the purses and patience of her subjects, day after day.

Unfortunately, at the present moment, if Smith thought he would easily find fighting in France, he soon discovered that he was mistaken. Henry of Navarre had now become Henry IV of France and had succeeded in pacifying everybody, including the Duke of Mercœur who had held out in Brittany against him to the last; and even Philip of Spain, who could not endure the thought of a Protestant, or rather an ex-Protestant, on the throne of the Valois. The Willoughby brothers had no use now for Smith, and dismissed him with only money enough to find his way back to England. But the headstrong boy had no intention of returning home and climbing again to a stool at the desk of Master Thomas Sendall, Merchant. Paris beckoned. There he met one David Hume, a Scotsman, who, in return for a small loan, readily gave him letters of introduction to certain

people well known in the court of James VI of Scotland, heir-presumptive to the throne of England. These he put into his pocket, and since his money was low and it was fighting that he was after, he went off to join the company of Captain Joseph Duxbury, leader of a small band of Englishmen in the service of the Flanders Estates, against the Spanish, in the Netherlands.

Here he remained for three years, learning the trade of soldier. It was during these years, doubtless, that Smith began to acquire the hardihood and toughness that stood him in good stead in Virginia later on. The small bodies of dirty and unshaven men, equipped with cross-bow, matchlock, and pike, which were called armies in those days, lived on the money paid them by ambitious feudal lords — money wrung out of the sweat and blood of peasants — and when this was not paid, plundered the country at will. Their camps were rallying places for rogues and loose women of every description; their marches were followed by long trains of baggage-waggon piled high with booty. They fought frequently when drunk, and casualties, as compared with modern wars, were few. So much so that it was a well-known proverb that "War maketh thieves and peace hangeth them up." Shakespeare, in his "Ancient Pistol" has given us an immortal picture of the braggadocio captain of these days.

In this hard school Smith spent three full years. Then, being tired of it, he decided that, after all, a courtier's life was preferable, if a young man of respectable but



middle-class family, run away from his family, without too much money, could attain to it. He suddenly remembered now those letters that Master David Hume had given him in Paris. Hearing of a ship on its way to Scotland, he went on board at the tiny port of Enkhuizen, on a voyage to Leith. But this voyage nearly proved his last. Off Lindisfarne, on the rugged Northumberland coast, his ship was wrecked, and Smith got ashore more nearly dead than alive, having swallowed much more salt water than was comfortable for him. Nor did the letters, which he had managed to preserve, help him out of his difficulty. A short stay among the Scots of the vicinity soon convinced Smith that he had neither money nor means to become a courtier. He was only nineteen and a minor, skilful at handling his pike, but unskilful at obtaining money from his guardians, and therefore not of much use to King James, now looking forward to peacefully establishing himself on the throne of England as soon as the old queen was dead. Moreover it is possible that the letters which Hume had given him were entirely valueless. The confidence-trick was not unknown in the sixteenth century, or even earlier.

At any rate, Smith soon set off again, doubtless walking and probably begging his way southward, to his ancestral acres, in Willoughby. That he easily walked several hundred miles without being arrested for vagrancy may cause some of my readers some amazement. But the roads of England in Elizabeth's time were not the macadamized and policed highways by which the

modern motorist is whirled from his office to his arm-chair. They were crammed instead with a casual and varied life, picturesque and full of peril for the unwary: tinkers, gypsies, pedlars, people temporarily out of work, and sturdy beggars who had never worked in their lives, and never intended to do so. The abbeys, of course, were closed, but the inns were open, doing a roaring trade; and a shilling in those days had the purchasing power of ten. It was also possible to find many a full meal in what was thrown out of great folks' kitchens, and Autolycus reminds us how easy it was to pick handkerchiefs off the hedges. Altogether it was a most free and easy time for one who knew how to help himself, and Smith soon found himself back in Willoughby to face the far more difficult situation presented him by his guardians.

What that situation was we do not know clearly, but the next paragraph of Smith's own autobiography enables us to envisage it. It runs thus: — "Where within a short time, being gluttred with too much company, wherein he took small delight; he retired himself into a little wooddie pasture, a good way from any towne, invironed with many hundred acres of other woods. Here by a faire brook he built a Pavillion of boughes, where only in his cloathes he lay. His study was Machiavill's Art of Warre, and Marcus Aurelius; his exercise a good horse, with his lance and ring; his food was thought to be more of venison than anything else; what he wanted, his man brought him."

This, if we allow for the defects of memory unavoid-

able in an old man of fifty attempting to recall through the haze of agitated years his vanished youth, is probably fairly accurate. Smith was driven off his estate and took to the woods. His guardians did not relent towards him. At best they gave him a horse, a book or two, and perhaps a change of clothes out of his father's estate. There was to be no fattened calf for this prodigal. That he was allowed a manservant at this period is doubtful. Smith at that time was not a gentleman, nor had he acquired the coat of arms of one, which is to make its appearance duly in the next chapter but one.

As for the two books then read, Machiavelli's "Art of War" and "Marcus Aurelius," they too must wait for a moment before I introduce them to the reader.



## SECOND CHAPTER

### *He Goes Off to the Wars in High Hungary*

THE idyllic life in the woods which we left our hero pursuing in the last chapter did not long suffice to satisfy his restless temperament. Before the year was out, he was off again for the continent, this time engaged in a new adventure, among the Turks, who were ravaging Eastern Europe.

In 1568, two years after the death of Solyman the Magnificent, the greatest of Turkish conquerors, peace was made between the Emperor of Germany, who at that time ruled also over Bohemia, Austria, and Hungary to the Carpathians and the Lower Danube, and the Sultan of Turkey. This peace freed Hungary, which had been ravaged and overrun by Turkish armies from end to end, on the payment of a tribute. In 1572, four years later, a fortunate combination of Spain, the Pope, and Venice enabled the Christian powers to break the Turkish naval power at the Battle of Lepanto, and free the Western Mediterranean at last from Mohammedan galleys. From that moment the Turkish power began to decline, but peace was maintained on land until 1593,

as no single European power felt strong enough to attack. In that year, however, a daring raid by a Turkish army into Croatia, with its usual accompaniments of villages sacked and burned, land devastated, and inhabitants sold into slavery, roused Rudolf, II of Hapsburg, Emperor of Germany and Austria, to attack. A fresh defeat of the Turks was the result, but the war thus started was destined to drag on with varying fortunes down to 1606.

Some of my readers may perhaps recall the varying fortunes, in the late war, of the Russian army in the Carpathians. The Balkan frontier of Europe is a region peculiarly adapted for small bodies of troops, rapidly advancing and retiring, and for unexpected shifts of the fortunes of war. The country itself with its few roads, its deeply wooded mountain ranges, its bridge-heads and passes, is suitable only for the movement of small and rapidly moving armies — or at least it was, before the invention of motor-transport and modern artillery. In John Smith's day it might be appropriately called a fighter's paradise. Both the Turkish armies and the Imperial forces were nothing but mercenaries determined to do no fighting without pay and plunder. Pay was not always forthcoming; there were several revolts of janissaries in Constantinople during this period, and the Emperor Rudolf, who was fanatically a Catholic, had so little popularity among his Protestant subjects that he was on the lookout for Catholic troops whenever he could find them. Plunder, in the then

devastated condition of the country, could most easily be obtained by besieging some important town on some well-known trade route, well protected by its walls, employing the summer months for this purpose, and the winter months in living at ease in the new billets the said town provided, at the expense of the inhabitants. So the fortunes of war swayed back and forth, and at the time Smith set out the Turks had taken Kanisza, an important town lying southeast of Vienna, in the Hungarian plain.

Into this situation there is interwoven the tragic life story of a strange man, whose career, inasmuch as it affected Smith closely, must here be briefly outlined. Sigismund Bathory, the fourth ruler of the independent principality of Transylvania in the heart of the Carpathians, was born in 1572. His country, small and mountainous as it was, was important as lying directly on the trade route, through the masses of the Transylvanian Alps, between Poland, Russia, and the East. It was coveted by the ambitious Hapsburg, and for this reason Solyman the Magnificent had guaranteed its independence. Sigismund succeeded to the throne of his father in 1581, while still a minor, and in 1595 took the bold step of reversing the policy of all the earlier rulers of the country, and throwing his sword into the balance held against the Turks by Rudolf of Austria. The reason for this was due to his fanatic adherence to Catholicism, and was so opposed to the political interests of his own subjects that it was only after a general massacre



of them that he was eventually able to accomplish his purpose. In his war with the Turks he was at first successful, and his freeing of Wallachia (now Rumania) in 1595 electrified Europe. But in 1599 trouble with his Austrian wife developed, and Bathory offered to abdicate the throne on condition of being allowed to take orders and enter a monastery. The abdication was accepted by his people, jealous of the growing interference of Austria in their affairs; and Bathory fled to Poland. There again his restless ambition asserted itself; he raised an army of Poles and Cossacks, and attempted to win back his throne by means of an invasion from the north through the rugged mountain country where the Carpathians and the Transylvanian Alps conjoin. Here he was routed by a quasi-independent Hungarian prince, acting under Rudolf's orders, but in 1601, while a Diet was sitting at Klausenberg, debating what to do with Transylvania, Bathory suddenly presented himself, surrounded by armed followers, to the astonished members, demanded to be reinstated on his throne, and actually succeeded in enforcing his demand. Such had been the career of this ambitious, fanatic, cruel and shifty desperado — not without a suspicion of insanity in his actions — to whose cause John Smith was soon to commit himself.

The first steps that Smith took in this enterprise were, according to his own account, sufficiently inauspicious. His immediate aim was to get into touch with the great Duke of Mercœur, the leading nobleman of Brittany,

who, having settled his quarrel with Henry of Navarre, was now off fighting under Rudolf of Hapsburg. His Duchess was, however, at home; and it was Smith's intention to travel to her court. On the way, he became acquainted with "four French gallants" who seem to have persuaded the overeager adventurer that they would be able to help him in his mission. Arriving in the dead of night, on a midwinter evening of the year 1599-1600, at the shallow inlet of St. Valerie-sur-Somme, in Picardy, the four gallants aforesaid persuaded the captain of the ship in which they were embarked to row them ashore with Smith's baggage, and instantly disappeared in the darkness. Smith was thereupon left without a penny, and forced to sell his cloak to pay for his passage. Getting on shore somehow, he wandered about, trusting for support to the hospitality of the natives, and especially to the aid offered by one Curzianver, who however soon turned out to be a political refugee, and one that had to keep himself in hiding. However, Smith managed to get into Brittany, where he found fresh support from a French Lord, the Earl of Ployer, who seems to have provided him means to prosecute his journey towards the scene of combat in distant Hungary. Smith thereupon took his way through Rennes, Nantes, Poitiers, Rochelle, Bordeaux, Bayonne, Pau, Toulouse, Montpellier, and down the Rhone to Marseilles. There he took ship for Italy, but the weather being bad, the ship was first forced into Toulon harbour,



and later took shelter in the lee of the small island of Ste. Marie, near Nice.

Here for the first time, occurs an incident in Smith's own narrative that we may safely regard as suspect. That this narrative, made by Smith two years before his death, is in substantial agreement with an alleged Italian account, furnished apparently by Smith himself to his friend Samuel Purchas, and by him incorporated in his "Pilgrimes," five years previously, does not affect the question of Smith's veracity. As we will have cause to see later on, our worthy captain was disposed to enlarge upon his exploits, the older he became, and to make out more of a case for himself, the further he got away from his own adventurous years; and Purchas is known to have made very unscrupulous use of his manuscript material. Nor is this particular source (the Italian account translated by Purchas) preserved. Smith's account says: "Here the inhuman Provincialls (Provençals), with a rabble of Pilgrimes of divers nations going to Rome hourelly cursing him, not only for a Huguenot, but his nation, they swore they were all Pyrats, and so vilely railed on his dread Sovereigne Quene Elizabeth, and that they never should have fine weather as long as he was aboard them: their disputations grew to that passion that they threw him overboard: yet God brought him to that little Isle, where was no inhabitants but a few kine and goats. The next morning he espied two ships more, riding by them, put in by the storms; that fetched him

aboard and refreshed him, and so kindly used him, that he was well contented to try the rest of his fortune with them."

It is difficult to give credence to this story, for the simple reason that Smith would scarcely have boasted of being a Protestant when he was on his way to fight for Rudolf, who was not only a Catholic, but a Spaniard to boot. Nor is there anything to show that Smith's family was not largely Catholic in sympathy. The Duke of Mercœur, to whom he was directed, was a well-known leader of the extreme Catholic party; so probably was the Earl of Ployer, who had recently furnished him with money. It seems likely that Smith in his later years wished people to believe that he was after all a good Protestant, and strove to take off the edge of his service under a Catholic by the narration of this improbable adventure. As a matter of fact, he was probably at the time quite indifferent to Elizabeth, the Huguenots, or any religious issue. His main effort was to make a name and fortune for himself as an independent fighter, and to return to England in glory. According to his own account, the captain of one of the ships who rescued him proved to be a Breton pirate, who cruised into the Adriatic, successfully fought a Venetian argosy, and landed Smith, the richer by two hundred pounds of loot, in Antibes soon after. From thence he made his way to Gratz, in Styria, where he "met an Englishman and an Irish Jesuit," who sent him on to Vienna, armed with introductions to many important

officers in Rudolf's struggle with the Turks. Apparently he refrained from mentioning Elizabeth or the Huguenots on this occasion; at all events the next we see of him, he is serving under Henry Volda, Earl of Meldritch, in the campaign that the Hungarian army was waging against the Turks.

The situation, you will recall, was this. The Turks had but recently taken Kanisza. A small detachment of troops was now hurried forward to the defence of Oberlimbach, under an officer whose acquaintance Smith had but recently made. This officer found himself shortly besieged by the Turks, and a new force, of ten thousand men, under one Kisell, General of Artillery, was ordered forward from Vienna to raise the siege. In this army went Smith, as an artilleryman in Meldritch's regiment. Here was a chance for the young Englishman to distinguish himself. He took it in full measure. Before the officer who had been first sent forward to Oberlimbach left Vienna, there had been some discussion between him and Smith as to methods of signalling. Smith had himself read of a method, recommended in the English edition of Machiavelli's "Art of War," by the English translator of that work, one Whitehorne. The method was this. The alphabet was divided into two parts. The letters from A to M were shown by one light flashed as many times as the position of the letter in the alphabet required. Thus A was one flash, while M was twelve flashes (the letter J being then spelled by I). The letters from M to Z were expressed by two lights, each being

flashed also the required number of times, in the same way as in the first series. The beginning and end of a word was expressed by three lights shown simultaneously. Thanks to this device, Smith was able to communicate, from a distance of seven miles to the besieged garrison of Oberlimbach, the following message: — “On Thursday, at night, I will charge on the east; at the alarm sally you.”

The night being come for the attack, Kisell did not think himself strong enough, and at the advice again of Smith another device was put in practice. A number of lines were dipped in powder and stretched on staves. To these were fixed two or three thousand pieces of fuse. The lines were fired at the hour of the alarm, and the effect of what seemed a volley of musketry threw the Turks in this quarter into confusion. At that instant, Kisell charged from the other side. At the same moment, the garrison, as forewarned by the signal, also charged. The confusion among the Turks was so great, that on the side towards the river, which Kisell had chosen for his attack, many were drowned or killed, and the rest fled; which enabled Kisell to put two thousand more soldiers into the town before morning, to overrun a good part of the Turkish camp, and finally to induce the Turkish army to retreat towards Kanisza.

For this exploit, Smith obtained the reward of promotion. He was raised to the post of captain of two hundred and fifty horse in the regiment commanded by Meldritch.

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### THIRD CHAPTER

#### *He Wins a Coat of Arms from Three Turkish Champions before a Mythical City*

“A GENERALL rumour of a generall peace now spread itself over the face of those tormented countries; but the Turk intended no such thing, but levied soldiers from all parts he could. The Emperor also, by the assistance of the Christian Princes, provided three Armies: the one led by the Archduke Mathias, the Emperor’s brother and the Lieutenant Duke Mercury, to defend Low Hungary; the second, by Ferdinando the Archduke of Steria and the Duke of Mantua his Lieutenant to regain Caniza, the third by Gonzago Governor of High Hungary to join with Georgia Busca, to make an absolute conquest of Transylvania.”

Thus does Smith, in his Elizabethan phrase and spelling, sum up the situation. We of to-day know that the “Duke Mercury” was none other than that Mercœur whose service Smith had set off a year earlier to join; that “Steria” is Styria; and that “Georgia Busca” was a notorious Albanian General in the service of Rudolf whose real name was Basta.



It was in Mercœur's army of thirty thousand that Smith now found himself. This force, being equally composed of Hungarians, Bohemians, and Czechs, moved off towards Stuhl-Weissenburg, or as Smith calls it, Alba Regalis, the old Hungarian royal capital, which a Turkish army had recently captured. Here the Turks now found themselves besieged in turn. Yet by means of repeated sallies in force, they kept the Christians busy looking after their own dead and wounded. At Smith's advice, a new form of explosive was next tried. " Having prepared fortie or fiftie round-bellied earthen pots, and filled them with Gunpowder, then covered them with Pitch, mingled with Brimstone and Turpentine; and quartering as many Musket-Bullets, that hung together, but only at the center of the division, stucke them round in the mixture about the pots, and covered them againe with the same mixture; over that a strong searchcloth, then over all a good thicknesse of towze-match well tempered with oyle of Lin-seed, Campher and powder of Brimstone; these he fitly placed in slings, graduated as neere as they could, to the places of these Assemblies."

This device, an anticipation of modern shrapnel, or of the *Minenwerfer* which the Germans employed in the last war, had been picked up by Smith, as had the signalling device before mentioned, out of his reading of Machiavelli's " Art of War " in its English translation by Whitehorne, in the edition of 1573. It created some confusion among the Turks, as did the firing of one of the suburbs. But the siege did not prove successful until

another suburb was taken at a night attack, whereupon the place fell. Meanwhile, however, a Turkish army, sixty thousand strong, under Hassan Pasha, one of the hardest fighters of the period, was approaching from Budapest to raise the siege. Mercœur decided to manœuvre, and drew out of the town with twenty thousand of his men. In the confused fight that followed, Smith was wounded and had a horse shot under him, while the two armies both found themselves besieged; the Christians now in occupation of the town by the Turks, and the Turks besieging the town by the Christians. Supplies were running out and winter was at hand, so the new Turkish host, being unable to make any impression on the Christian garrison, and being perhaps afraid of an attack by Mercœur across their line of communications, withdrew to Buda. Mercœur rode off to Vienna to be fêted for his success; while Smith, along with Meldritch and a small body of six thousand men, were ordered forward into Transylvania where "Busca" or Basta was attacking Bathory and his Transylvanians.

The small force with which Smith now went forward in the winter of 1601-2 was destined for an enterprise that seemed extremely dubious of accomplishment in comparison with the project which Rudolf of Hapsburg had entertained, of driving the Turks entirely from Hungary. As a matter of fact, Rudolf was now conducting his war half-heartedly; and had it not been for the support he was drawing on from France, could scarcely



have been thought to be fighting at all. As we have seen, Bathory had managed to reseat himself on the throne of his fathers, but his tenure was insecure. The chief rival claimant backed by Austria had been Michael, Voivoide of Wallachia, who, unfortunately, had been murdered by Basta's own orders in August of the previous year, 1601. It was the news of this murder that had caused Bathory to make himself king again. But the forces he was able to raise were very small. The country was overrun with Turks, who held many of the strong positions; a small army under one Moses Tsekely had been raised by Sigismund, and was moving about the country, sacking and plundering, while Basta was hanging to the Austrian frontier waiting for reinforcements. The whole country was ravaged by civil war: Szeklers against Saxons, Wallachians against Austrians, and the Turks and the Jews waiting to see what they could pick up. Yet Smith seems to have gone forward cheerfully with Meldritch's little force, and throughout what followed he bore himself with something of the same self-confidence he was later to display in Virginia.

The first events of the campaign — if such a series of obscure struggles and self-frustrating exploits may be called such — were enough to dishearten any less bold and adventurous spirit than Smith possessed. Basta had not the money to pay his troops. He was probably out of favour with Austria at the moment; at all events, Bathory had no difficulty in persuading Meldritch to change sides, and take service under his flag. As a reward

for this piece of treachery, the force under Meldritch was offered a certain part of the country, now in the hands of the Turks, to plunder. Smith refers to this country as "the land of Zarkain among the rockie mountains, where the people were some Turkes, some Tartars, some Jewes, but most Banditos, Renegados and the like." The only part of Transylvania that at all corresponds with this description, is the southeast corner, where there is a town called to-day Zarkany (Scharken on Purchas' map, published in 1625). Here, continues Smith, "On the plaines of Regall, is a Citie, not only of men and Fortifications, strong of its selfe; but so environed with mountains, and the passage so difficult, that in all these warres, no attempt had been made on it to any purpose." Meldritch having satisfied himself with the situation "and those passages among which he had many a sharpe encounter; at last, with eight thousand, he pitched his campe before it. The next day Zachell Moyses, Lieutenant General to the Prince, came with foure thousand foote and horse, and four and twentie Peeces of Ordinance, but in regard of the situation of the place, they did more feare than hurt it: till they had spent neere a month in raising their Mounts and Batteries."

Meanwhile the Turks within the town were not less busy on their side. Wishing to cast contempt on the slow efforts of the besiegers, they boldly dispatched a single warrior mounted and armed, from the city, with a challenge to any of the Christians' captains to meet him in

single combat. It was decided to accept this challenge in the Christian camp; lots were drawn, and the lot fell upon Smith. Whereupon, "truce being taken for that time, the ramparts all beset with fair dames and men-in-arms, the Christians in battle-array: Turbashaw with a voice of oboes entered the field, mounted and armed. On his shoulders were fixed two paire of great wings, richly garnished with gold, silver and precious stones, a Janissary before him, bearing his lance; another leading his horse; where long he stayed not before Smith with a noise of trumpets (only a page bearing his lance) passing by him with a courteous salute, took his ground with such good success, that at the sound of the charge he passed the Turk through the sight of his beaver, face, head and all, so that he fell dead to the ground. Where alighting, Smith unbracing his helmet, took off his head, leaving the Turks his body, and so returned without any hurt at all."

In narrating this epic combat irresistibly reminiscent of Don Quixote and the Arthurian stories, we have kept as far as possible to Smith's own words. But this was not all. On the next day, one Gualgo, a friend of the deceased, was so moved at Turbashaw's loss as to repeat the challenge. "At the sound of the trumpets their lances flew into pieces, upon a clear passage, but the Turk was near unhorsed; their pistols were the next, which marked Smith upon the placket; but the next shot, the Turk was so wounded in the left arm, that not able to rule his horse, and defend himself, he was thrown to

the ground and so bruised with the fall, that he lost his head; as his friend before him." Score two to Smith.

But our hero, now feeling that his star was rising, was apparently not content with this. "He obtained leave that the ladies might know that he was not so much enamored of their servants' heads, but if any Turk of their rank would come to the place of combat to redeem them, he should have his also, if he could win it." Whereupon one Bonny Mulgro sallied forth to battle. They fought first with pistols, next with battle-axes and "the Christian received such a wound that he lost his battle-axe, and failed not much to have fallen after it." But drawing his falchion in time, "he pierced the Turk so under the Cullets through back and body, that though he alighted from his horse, he stood not long ere he lost his head, as the rest had done."

These exploits, apparently, had given time to Moses to put his artillery into position. Smith was publicly thanked and embraced by Meldritch, who made him sergeant-major of the regiment on the spot. The town was then assaulted and taken by storm, whereupon "the earl remembering his father's death, caused all that he could find to bear arms to be put to the sword, and their heads to be set upon stakes, round about the walls. Then he sacked Varatzo, Solmos, and Kupronka, whereto had retired the remnant of this den of thieves," and so concluded the campaign of 1602 in a blaze of glory.

It is interesting and romantic, to think of the first great colonist of Virginia, the hero rescued by Pocahon-

tas, acquiring fame at the age of twenty-two by cutting off three Turks' heads in single combat, on the eastern frontiers of Europe. Our minds are so stirred by this adventure that we instinctively reach out for an atlas in order to look up the situation of Regall. Alas! Regall does not exist either on a modern map or on any ancient map of Transylvania. Varatzo or Veratio (as Smith spells it) may be Eresbetvaros or, as the Germans call it, Elizabethstadt. Solmos might just possibly be the modern Szamos-Vivar and Kupronka sounds a little like Kolos-zvar: — but Regall! there is no name on any map at all like Regall. The name itself sounds like Latin for some royal town, and the situation might correspond perhaps to that of the well-known town of Brasso, whose German name is Kronstadt (Crown City), but Regall itself is nowhere, if not on the mountains of the moon. So Turbashaw and Gualgo and Bonny Mulgro fade from reality, merge with the figures of the Knights of the Round Table, whence Smith perhaps drew them.

Then Smith's story is untrue? Not at all! In the Heralds' College in London is a sworn and attested copy of a piece of parchment. It is dated 1625 and reads as follows: although it anticipates events to be told in the next chapter, I cannot do better than to give here in full Smith's own translation of its Latin text: —

“Sigismundus Bathor, by the Grace of God, Duke of Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, Earle of An-chard, Salford and Growenda; to whom this writing may come or appeare. Know that we have given leave and



licence to John Smith an English Gentleman, Captaine of 250 Souldiers, under the most Generous and Honourable Henry Volda, Earle of Meldritch, Salmaria, and Peldoia, Colonell of a thousand horse, and fiftene hundred foot, in the warres, of Hungary and in the Provinces aforesaid under our authority; whose service doth deserve all praise and perpetuall memory towards us, as a man that did for God and his Country overcome his enemies: Wherefore out of Our love and favour, according to the law of Armes, We have ordained and given him in his shield of Armes, the figure and description of three Turks heads, which with his sword, before the towne of Regall, in single combat he did overcome, kill, and cut off, in the Province of Transylvania. But fortune, as she is very variable, so it chanced and happened to him in the Province of Wallachia, in the yeare of our Lord, 1602, the 18. day of November, with many others, as well Noble men, as also divers other Souldiers, were taken prisoners by the Lord Bashaw of Cambia, a Country of Tartaria: whose cruelty brought him such good fortune, by the helpe and power of Almighty God, that hee delivered himselfe, and returned againe to his company and fellow souldiers, of whom We doe discharge him, and this hee hath in witnesse thereof, being much more worthy of a better reward; and now intends to returne to his owne sweet Country. We desire therefore all our loving and kinde kinsmen, Dukes, Princes, Earles, Barons, Governours of Townes, Cities, or Ships, in this Kingdome, or any other Provinces he shall come in, that

you freely let passe this the aforesaid Captaine, without any hinderance or molestation: and this doing, with all kindnesse we are alwayes ready to doe the like for you. Sealed at Lipswick in Misenland, the ninth of December, in the yeare of our Lord, 1603.

SIGISMUNDUS BATHOR.

With the proper privilege of his Majestie.”

Comment is needless. Wherever Regall was, both Bathory and Smith believed it existed. Whoever the Turks were whose heads Smith cut off, the coat-of-arms that Bathory gave him subsists to this day to prove that what happened was precisely what Smith declared to have happened. Either Smith and Bathory were both liars, or the atlas is. The “Mississippi of falsehood called history” has doubtless somehow swallowed up Regall. There are more things in heaven and earth than are known to historical probability.



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#### FOURTH CHAPTER

##### *On the Eternal Female, Turks, Tartars, and Travellers' Tales in General*

IF Smith now thought that he was a made man and that success was on his side, the events of the next few months proved him mistaken. Fortune is ever a fickle jade, and the strange fate of this man was to find always success within his grasp but not to be able entirely to reach it. During the spring of the year, while Meldritch was engaged on his forays, Basta had remained inactive. When he did move he made the wise decision that the purse is mightier than the sword. He offered Sigismund, in return for the territory of Transylvania, sixty thousand ducats in hand, fifty thousand ducats annually as a pension, and lands in Silesia. Sigismund promptly accepted, and passed out of history.

Smith tries hard to make a good case for Sigismund, but it is difficult to feel any pity for him. Apparently he abandoned his followers to their fate. Moses Tsekely (or Zachell Moses as Smith called him) being a sworn foe to the Hapsburg, and detesting Sigismund's supineness, attacked the army of Basta after the armistice had

been declared, was defeated, and fled to the Turks as a renegade. Meldritch did not. Apparently his attitude was that he did not much mind under whom he was fighting so long as fighting went on.

He was therefore sent with a large army of some thirty or forty thousand men to Wallachia (the present Rumania) to coöperate with the forces of Prince Rodoll, now official Austrian candidate for the throne of that unhappy country. As we have seen, Michael, the last independent prince of this region, had been killed by Basta's orders in 1601. The Turks had thereupon swarmed in, but not wanting the country for themselves, imposed a tribute and elevated to the throne one Jeremy. Rodoll, as the official Austrian candidate, had managed to occupy the capital, which lay conveniently near to the Transylvanian frontier, for a few days, but soon had to fly back to Basta. Basta thereupon raised this new army, in which Smith was, to reinstate Rodoll.

The project was at first successful. Jeremy's army, consisting mostly of Tartar horsemen, together with a few Turkish janissaries, was lured towards the frontier by a feigned retreat and cut to pieces. But Jeremy himself, together with thirteen thousand mounted Tartars, escaped. Meldritch's force was ordered to pursue.

Being afraid of an ambushade, for the country was sheer wilderness, and overrun with irregular bands of Tartar horsemen, which the Turks, now that their own troops were becoming less reliable, were encouraging to ravage the borders of Europe, Meldritch and his little

force withdrew to the Rothenthurm pass. This was one of the leading routes from Transylvania to Wallachia; the river Alt flows through it. It seems strange that Basta, now busily engaged in reseating his candidate on the throne of Wallachia, should have sent them no reinforcements. But that worthy made no move. Apparently he was indifferent to the fate of those who had once fought in the cause of his rival, Sigismund.

Despite Smith's fireworks, despite the digging of pits with sharp stakes at the bottom to hold back the advancing Tartar bowmen, Meldritch soon found himself surrounded. On November 18, or according to another source, August 8, the small force of Christians was cut to pieces. Meldritch and about a thousand horsemen escaped, swimming the Alt, and so got back to Transylvania. Smith was left wounded on the field, and nine other Englishmen, whose names he gives, were killed. Two others escaped. Smith was picked up by a wandering band of Tartars, who supposed him to be, from the quality of his armour, a Bohemian noble and was shipped off to Axopolis on the Danube (probably Tchernavoda) to be sold as a slave. From that time till he turns up again at Leipzig to demand and obtain from Sigismund the free pass and grant of arms which we have quoted in the last chapter, Smith's history is a blank. We know nothing of his adventures, except from an account written over twenty years later — an account that is completely hazy as regards geography, and that probably owes a great deal in detail to unknown

manuscript sources. There are only two facts that stand out. From August or November 1602 to December 1603, Smith is living among the Turks. And in 1614, exploring the New England coast, he gives to what is now Cape Ann, the name of Cape Tragabigzanda.

Who was Tragabigzanda? According to Smith, she was the wife of a Turkish Pasha, named Bogall, who seeing Smith put up for sale with other captives in the market-place at Axopolis, bought him out of hand, and sent him off to her, with a letter stating that Smith was a prisoner, a Bohemian noble conquered by Bogall's own hand. Tragabigzanda's full name was Charatza Tragabigzanda, and she knew, besides Turkish, the Italian language. There is nothing strange in this fact, as the previous Sultan, Murad III, had, as favourite in his harem, an Italian wife. Whether Tragabigzanda was Turkish by birth or not, we do not know; at all events Smith spoke enough Italian to convince her that not only he had never seen Bogall before his arrival as a captive, but that he was an Englishman by birth. At that time there were a certain number of English at Constantinople. Queen Elizabeth had entered into diplomatic relations with the Sultan in 1580, by sending an Ambassador to Constantinople in the very year of Smith's birth; and these diplomatic relations had been renewed in 1593 and were to be renewed again in 1603. The Turks and the English, according to the wily old Queen, were natural allies, since both "hated idolators." There should have been therefore no difficulty for Smith

to prove his case, and even to return to England, if the interest Tragabigzanda showed in him was purely a platonic one.

But it is quite obvious that it was not. According to Smith's own account, while Bogall was apparently away fighting the Christians, Tragabigzanda, fearing that he might be sold again, sent him off to her brother with a letter stating that Smith should be kept "to learn the language and (also) what it was to be a Turk, till time made her master of herself." Now surely this argues that our worthy Captain had no particular objections to turning Turk. As a matter of fact, some of those who followed Sigismund's fortunes had already done so; between the choice of submission to the Hapsburg and submission to the Turk, they preferred the latter. Secondly, we have to take into account the fact that Smith was all along chiefly interested in advancing his personal fortune and glory. If Tragabigzanda was, as it appears, a woman of education and social position, Smith might have done much worse than turn renegade and marry her. Feminine influence, from the Sultan's harem down, largely controlled much Turkish policy and preferment in those happy days of "unemancipated" womanhood; and Tragabigzanda at least made the young English captain free of her purse, and perhaps of much more.

This episode, glossed over by Smith's later biographers, and even by Smith himself, explains much in his later character. There is every reason to believe that this Englishman had a free and easy way about him that



was extremely attractive to women. Much of what happened in Virginia, one whole side of Pocahontas' attitude to the English, is unexplainable except upon some such supposition. But Smith himself seems to have maintained an attitude of indifference to this feminine interest in himself. He lived and died a bachelor. Indeed, he may have agreed with the author of the book of "Marcus Aurelius" that we have seen him reading in the woods at Willoughby, to the effect that women are commonly troublesome. Most commentators, incidentally, take this book to have been a translation or paraphrase of Marcus Aurelius' own immortal work, the "Meditations." It was nothing of the sort. Its author, Don Antonio de Guevara, was a Spanish priest, and the book itself, immensely popular in Smith's day and completely forgotten since, was called in the better known of its two English translations, "The Diale of Princes Containing the Golden and Famous Booke of Marcus Aurelius." The work itself is an immensely long and tedious piece of moralizing, showing how princes ought to behave themselves, and is chiefly famous for two reasons: first that it has nothing whatever to do with the real Marcus Aurelius except the name; second, that it is rabidly anti-feminist in tone. One of its most amusing and amazing scenes is a dialogue between the Emperor and his wife Faustina, who demands the key to his closet, because she has suddenly conceived the notion that her husband has secreted another woman on the premises!



But to return to Tragabigzanda. Whatever her relations were to Smith, we cannot accept his account of the end of this episode. For according to our author, Tragabigzanda's brother, Timor, to whom he was sent, turned out to be a Crimean Tartar living beyond the Black Sea in the country of the Don. Why should Smith be sent among the Tartars "to learn what it was to be a Turk" we ask? There is no answer. The Tartars, as every Englishman of the day knew, were not even purely Mohammedan in religion. As fighting material, they had been made use of by the Sultans, as later they were made use of as "Don Cossacks" by the Czars; but their own religion was a combination of fetishism and nature worship, as Giles Fletcher, English Ambassador from Elizabeth to the Emperor Theodore, had pointed out in 1588. Moreover, Smith alleges that this particular brother of Tragabigzanda, far from following out his sister's request to use the English captive well, shaved his head, put him in irons, made him "slave of slaves," and behaved altogether so badly that Smith had nothing to do but beat out his brains and escape. Would Tragabigzanda, if she were fond of Smith, not take care that her own property be better used? And worse yet is to follow, if we are to believe Smith's account. This captive slave, with shaven head, and iron collar about his neck, not only succeeds in hiding the fact that he has just murdered his master from the other slaves, and from all the Tartars in the neighbourhood, but escapes to Russia, is well received by the Russian commander of an unknown


frontier post, wanders about Muscovy through a number of places none of which can be found on any map, till he gets actually back to Hermannstadt in Transylvania, from which he had set out in Basta's army over a year ago!

We cannot accept this ingenious piece of mystification. Either Smith was merely cruelly treated as a captive among the Turks and the whole episode of Tragabigzanda had no existence, or there is a basis for the whole story, but certain incidents were deliberately glossed over or altered by Smith himself in later years, in order to conceal something which he thought might be to his discredit. One cannot explain Tragabigzanda away; first, because Smith himself named a Massachusetts cape after her in 1614; second, because most of Smith's own contemporaries in the Virginia enterprise seem to have heard about her. But it is quite possible that Tragabigzanda, if she did exist, persuaded Smith to nominally represent himself as a Turk, and as such he may have gone on a commercial voyage up the Black Sea to the Sea of Azov and to the Tartar country. His description of Tartar manners and customs is uncommonly accurate. And it is also possible that he may have become tired of waiting for Tragabigzanda's husband to die, or that his attitude may have become suspected by the said husband in time. Whatever the reason, all that we know is, that he got out of Turkey and quietly came back to Transylvania. But it is certain that Smith had good reason to be grateful to the lady who be-

friended him as a captive among the Turks. Only twice in his later explorations does he deliberately recall the past. Once he names a Virginia cape, Point Ployer, in memory of his French benefactor, the Earl of Ployer. And again he puts on his map of New England, where Cape Ann now stands, the name "Cape Tragabigzanda."

From Leipzig he passed through Dresden, Magdeburgh, Brunswick, Hesse-cassel, Wittenburg, Augsburg, Frankfort, Metz, Worms, Speyer, and Strasbourg; entering France at Nancy, he goes through Paris to Orleans, boating down the Loire to Angers and its mouth. Here, where England beckoned across the Channel, occurred a new divergence. Muley Hamet, King of Morocco, had just been poisoned, together with his eldest son, by his wife, a Portuguese, in order to bring her son, the second in birth, to the throne. Thereupon civil wars had broken out in Morocco between this son (Muley Sidan) and another claimant to the throne. Into these wars Smith now threw himself. It seems strange that he should have done so, if he had, as he assures us, so strong a prejudice against the Mohammedan religion; why an Englishman should want to interfere in the domestic quarrels of two dusky-hued African potentates, of a different creed, is not clear; unless indeed the episode of Tragabigzanda had, as we suppose, more effect on his mind than he allows to appear. Smith did not want for money; Sigismund had granted him not only a free pass and a coat-of-arms, but five hundred pounds cash; so

something else besides money must have been the motive. At all events, arriving in Morocco, Smith found the wars already finished, and from Saffee took ship again to England, arriving there before the end of the year 1604. Thus came to an end four years' adventurous wanderings through Europe, Asia, and Africa.



## FIFTH CHAPTER

### *Preparations for Virginia, together with Some Considerations on the Spirit of the Age*

THE England to which Smith returned was a very different country in spirit from that Land whence he had set out in 1600. The great queen who had combined in one reign all the glories of the Tudors, and had carried them up to such a point as to send the name of "Elizabethan" resounding down the ages, had died without a successor. The Stuarts, even more imbued with the idea of the divine right of rulers than Elizabeth had been, succeeded. Unable, as she had been, to preserve a balance of parties, they fell afoul, now of the growing middle class of merchants, now of the older Catholic aristocracy, now of the rising power of the Puritans. Thanks to the long wars with Spain, the country was victorious but impoverished. Prices were higher, and employment harder to obtain. The system of apprenticeship then in vogue, against which, as we have seen, Smith himself rebelled, offered very little scope for an ambitious young man. And the spirit of adventure was by no means dead. Its taste had only

been whetted by the Armada, the exploits of Drake, Grenville, and Raleigh. The policy of the new king, James I, which was to seek alliance rather than fresh quarrel with Spain, found no echo of popular support.

In 1600 there had come out in final form a book which directed men's eyes across the Atlantic to the New World discovered by Spain; Richard Hakluyt's "*Voyages*," which has been justly called "the prose epic of the English nation." Along with Shakespeare's plays, and King James' Bible, this book represents the high-water mark of the British spirit during those years. Hakluyt had shown to everybody that the English seamen had been no way inferior to the Spanish or the Portuguese in the great adventure of exploration of the world that had gone on since Columbus' caravels dropped anchor in a blue bay of the Antilles in 1492. He familiarized men's minds with the great names of Hawkins, Drake, and Raleigh, and the unknown countries they had visited. In the definitive edition of this book, there appeared the first map of the world drawn on Mercator's projection that was published in England; a map referred to later by Shakespeare as "the new map of the world, with the augmentation of the Indies." There also appeared the accounts of the first Virginia settlement, made in what is now North Carolina; accounts which we must briefly summarise, as they have important bearings on the second settlement in which Smith was destined to play so great a part.

As early as 1584, British ships had been busy ex-



ploring the Atlantic coast of what is now the United States of America, with a view to colonisation. In that year, Sir Walter Raleigh had sent out two ships under Captains Amadas and Barlow to explore the coast of Florida (which the Spaniards had been familiar with since De Soto's expedition in 1539) northward with a view to a settlement. The expedition skirted the coast looking for a harbour till they came to the opening to Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. The latter they entered, and there they anchored, entering into friendly relations with the Indians, from whom they learned that the land was called Wingandacoa. Roanoke Island was next explored, and it was concluded from the general fertility of the country that here was a spot suitable for settlement. The dangerous nature of the coast, liable as it is to severe storms, and the difficult entrance to the various sounds were overlooked, as the expedition, arriving in midsummer, seems to have had luck with the weather. In the same year the expedition returned without making a settlement, bringing back to Sir Walter the first pipeful of tobacco ever smoked in England, and to Queen Elizabeth, who had carefully kept her favourite at home and forbidden him to take part in the venture, such delight that she ordered the land to be called Virginia.

A year later, Raleigh was ready for his first serious attempt at colonisation. Seven ships were sent out under the celebrated Sir Richard Grenville, and the senior officers were all picked men and notable explorers. They left Plymouth April 9, picked up the Canaries fourteen days

later, got across to Dominica May 7 (following as did most of the early ventures the old Southern route of Columbus' ships to the New World), sighted the Florida coast May 20, were nearly shipwrecked off Cape Fear, but managed to get inside Pamlico Sound. Here 108 colonists under Ralph Lane were left on Roanoke Island; and the rest of the expedition sailed for home, arriving at Plymouth in September 1585.

With the subsequent fortunes of this colony, the first settlement of Englishmen in American territory, there is no need to deal fully. What is important for us to know is that Ralph Lane soon came to the conclusion that the windswept open Sound, in which Roanoke Island lay, forbade any permanent attempt at colonising. He went along the coast northward to the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, made some exploration of the Moracock River westward (now the Roanoke) that lay back of his settlement, discovered that the natives wore copper pendants and strings of mussel-pearls, heard of a mine of copper in the back country, thought that the river he had seen might perhaps communicate with the Pacific, fell upon hard times, and finally took the opportunity of embarking on Drake's ships, which happened to cruise along the coast in June 1586. He left a report, which Hakluyt was duly to print to the effect that "I conclude a good mine, or the South Sea will make this country quickly inhabited, and so for pleasure and profit comparable with any in the world: otherwise there will be nothing worth the fetching. Provided there be found a

better harbor than yet there is, which must be Northward if there be any." A relief expedition under Grenville came just too late, found the island deserted, and left fifty more colonists with two years' supply of food. In July 1587 John White with three more ships got across to Roanoke, and found the colony again abandoned, but landed 115 settlers, among them his daughter, wife of one Ananias Dare, who shortly after gave birth to the first white child born in the territory of Virginia. When a fourth expedition in 1589 set out, it was discovered from marks on trees that the whole colony had removed to Croatan Island, but the weather being bad, and provisions run out, it was decided to abandon the attempt to find the settlers, and the expedition thereupon made for home, with the result that the fate of the Roanoke Island settlement was still in doubt when Smith returned to England in 1604.

It might seem that these various attempts to colonise America (including one other in 1602 that had reached the coast of New England, but did not remain) would have disheartened England from persisting, but no quality is more firmly rooted in the British character than persistence in the face of odds. When Smith came back, Virginia was in the air. What was meant then by Virginia was, as he says, the whole of the American coast and territory back of it between the degrees of 34 and 44 north latitude. This excluded only the territory of Florida to the south, already explored and in part settled by the Spanish, and Newfoundland to the north,

then known as New France, and already explored by Champlain. The reason why the English had picked out this stretch of coast for settlement lay in the long rivalry with Spain, which through Elizabeth's reign had risen to fever heat, and still persisted, despite James I's mistaken and blundering policy of conciliating the Spanish on all occasions and accepting a Spanish marriage for his son. It was popularly felt that to leave the New World to the Spanish and French would be to betray the cause for which Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins and Grenville had fought. England, too, demanded "her place in the sun." What is more, the popular imagination had been stimulated by the tales of the extraordinary wealth the Spanish had found in Peru, and by the prospects that some of the rivers of the Atlantic seaboard might afford a passage or strait giving access to the South Sea, i.e. the Pacific. But above all, the dreams of getting rich quick were what agitated most men's minds, in England and elsewhere at the end of the sixteenth century. This view of the Virginia venture is brought out most clearly in a popular comedy, "Eastward Ho," produced and acted in London in the following year, 1605.

This work introduces us to two runaway and thieving apprentices, Spendall and Scapethrift, and a ship captain, Seagull, who is trying to urge them to part with their hard-gotten gains, for the sake of a voyage to Virginia. Scene 3 of the Third Act finds these worthies sitting together in the Blue Anchor, Billingsgate, and

we may take the dialogue that follows as characteristic of the kind of talk heard at that period about the taverns and docks of East London: —

“Seagull. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

Spendall. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Seagull. A' whole country of English is there, man, bred of those that were left there in '79; they have married with the Indians, and make them bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with them, that all the treasure they have, they lay at their feet.

Scapethrift. But is there any such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Seagull. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why man, all their dripping-pans and chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains wherewith they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather them by the seashore, to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in them.

Scapethrift. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Seagull. As ever the sun shined on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands: wild boar is as common



there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without sargeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth."

This general opinion that Virginia would prove another Eldorado was at its full when John Smith, as we have seen, came back to England to flourish his coat-of-arms, won in the wars with the Turks; and no doubt, also, to boast of his exploits, among his fellow countrymen. As a matter of fact, James had been already petitioned by Hakluyt and others to grant new letters patent to colonise the country. But the king, dilatory always, and subservient to Spanish interests as well as hating the name of Raleigh, whom he had imprisoned in the Tower of London, did nothing. A number of independent adventurers thereupon agreed to subscribe each a fixed sum (probably a hundred pounds apiece) to the cost of the enterprise. Whether among them was John Smith we do not know; but apparently one John Fletcher, a well-known fishmonger, as well as the Fishmongers' Company, became interested in the venture to this extent. The king kept them waiting a year, and it was not until various members of the nobility, gentry and merchants had, either by subscription, or by petitions to the court, forced Virginia to stand in the foreground of the public interest, that James gave way.

In 1606, then, the Royal Virginia Company was at last granted its letters patent by the king. It was ruled



by a council of thirteen in London, but in view of the enormous interest that had been taken in the enterprise, and the rivalry between London and the West Country, as well as on account of the immense tract of land that England was about to claim, the activities of the company were divided into two parts. To the City of London, and its subscribers to the enterprise was granted the territory lying between 34 and 41 degrees north (approximately from Wilmington to New York City); to the Cities of Bristol, Exeter and Plymouth, representing the West Country, were granted the territories lying between 38 and 44 degrees. To avoid overlapping, it was provided that there should be at least one hundred miles distance between the two colonies. The City of London Colony was consequently called in the minutes of the Virginia enterprise, the Colony of the Southern Company; that of the West Country was called the Colony of the Northern Company.

With the northern colony, except in so far as it affects Smith's fortunes, we have nothing to do here. Suffice it to say that the head of this enterprise, Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, gathered together money and men and sent out an expedition from Plymouth in May 1607 which reached the Maine coast on August 11, 1607. After a severe trial of the New England winter, and learning of Popham's death, the whole force returned, reporting the country to be "a cold, barren, mountainous, rocky desert."

The Southern Company was to be more fortunate both in making a permanent settlement and in getting the earlier start. Thanks to the efforts of Gosnold, Smith, Wingfield, and various members of the nobility and clergy, among whom Richard Hakluyt himself was prominent, he having petitioned the Crown for the chaplaincy of James Town (as the projected settlement was to be called) the whole force was ready to put to sea by December 19, 1606. It consisted of three ships, the flagship of one hundred tons, the "Susan Constant," another of forty, the "God Speed," and a pinnace of twenty. Supplies were rapidly collected, by the quick and easy means of making every merchant who had contributed twelve pounds ten to the expenses of the enterprise, the provider of such necessities as he could furnish out of his stock. Whereupon, remarks Smith sourly at a later date, "Such juggling there was between them, and the intruding Committees their associates, that all the trash they could get in London was sent to us in Virginia; they being as well payed as for that which was good." Apart from seamen, the expedition consisted of about one hundred and fifty prospective settlers; consisting of independent gentlemen, one minister of religion (Robert Hunt appointed by Hakluyt), a surgeon, a blacksmith, a barber, a tailor, a drummer, several bricklayers, a mason, a number of labourers, and some boys.

Before starting, the London Company issued an elaborate letter of advice to the intending settlers. When the expedition reached the coast, they were to make for a

safe port in the entrance of some navigable river, choosing for that purpose one that bent most to the north-west for "that way you shall sooner find the other sea." When such a river was found, they must not be hasty in landing their victuals and munitions, but the river must first be explored to see how far it could be navigable. A place should be chosen opposite which a ship of fifty tons could float; "such a place you may perchance find a hundred miles from the river's mouth, and the further up the better. For if you sit down near the entrance, except it be in some island that is strong by nature, an enemy that may approach you on even ground may easily pull you out." All this was to prevent a surprise on the part of the Spanish or French, such as had recently happened in Florida. To ensure against such surprise, it would be better to have a small post occupied by ten men at the mouth of the river, with a boat handy to give warning; and not to allow any of the natives "to inhabit between you and the sea-coast." When the spot for settlement had been finally selected, the whole colony was to be divided into three parts. One third of the men were to be employed in building; another third (barring ten to be used as sentinels at the river's mouth) were to prepare the ground and sow; the last third were to man the pinnace and explore the country. "When they do espie any high lands or hills, Captain Gosnold may take twenty of this company to cross over the lands, and carrying a half-dozen pickaxes in their hands, to try if they can find any minerals." There follows an elaborate

warning to deal circumspectly with the natives. "Above all things do not advertise the killing of any of your men, that the country people may know it, if they perceive that they are but common men, and that with the loss of many others, they diminish any part of yours, they will make many adventures upon you." With warnings not to pick out a malarious or woody spot for settlement, to build first the storehouse for corn, to make the streets even and set the houses in a line, and to fortify well; and above all, not to let any of the sailors (who were simply hired for the trip and were to return home) trade with the natives on their own account, whereby "a little gain will debase the estimation of exchange, and hinder the trade for ever after," this remarkable document closes. We shall have cause to see how far the colony obeyed its provisions.

As for Smith, there is little doubt that he looked forward to the future of the adventure with confidence. As a prime mover in the whole enterprise, he had reason to hope that he at least would be appointed one of the governors of the prospective settlement. The transportation of the company across the Atlantic was given to Captain Christopher Newport, a mariner who already had been on the coast of America. But he was to return after settlement had been made, with all except the pinnacle, to England. The names of the actual governors ashore were to be kept secret till the expedition landed. "Their orders for government were put in a box, not to be opened, nor the governors knowne, until they arrived

in Virginia." Whether this was done to prevent jealousy and quarrels on the voyage out, we do not know; at all events it was a fatal mistake, as everyone was soon to realise. Apart from any political prospects, Smith had every reason to feel confidence in himself. Except for two other leaders (to be mentioned in due course) none of the expedition had any experience of savage or semi-savage countries. But he, Captain Smith, was hardened and experienced, having already acquired those shrewd eyes and bronzed aspect that reappear later in the only contemporary portrait of him. He had been across Europe from end to end, had weathered it in Transylvania, and had walked out a free man from captivity in remote Turkey. Although only twenty-six, he commanded respect as being a man who had shown himself hard to down, a good fighter, and skilful in making the best of adverse circumstances. There is no doubt he had his followers and admirers from the moment he stepped aboard the ship; he had taken good care to tell many of his old friends and companions in arms in the Low Countries of the project, and some of them had thrown in their lot with his. Altogether, a strenuous man; a dangerous man, full of his own opinions and of the optimism that never loses hope; a man at whom many of the other gentlemen adventurers were beginning to look askance, as at an upstart. Such was John Smith.

Before the departure, he seems to have taken pains to fortify his robust constitution by a final excursion in Europe — a walking tour in Ireland. Ireland at that day

was notoriously savage; it may have been for this reason that he went thither. At all events, Smith seems to have carried out his idea of leading the simple life again up to the point of not taking any money, and living on the hospitality of the natives. He was to regret this final sally later,\* when the expedition at last reached Virginia, as we shall see.

\* The exact date of this Irish excursion is entirely unknown. It may have taken place earlier, between the date of Smith's return from Scotland, and his departure for the Turkish wars.



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## SIXTH CHAPTER

### *The Voyage and the Landfall*

THE expedition which, as was noted in the last chapter, was ready to put to sea on December 19, was delayed by storms in the Channel; and the fifth of January found them still at the mouth of the Thames, in the Downs, where they remained according to the account of George Percy, one of the company, "for some time after." During this time, Robert Hunt, the chaplain appointed to the expedition by Hakluyt (who himself was unable to go) fell ill, but with resolute courage refused to go ashore and abandon the enterprise. While they are thus waiting to set forward, it is fitting to examine some of the outstanding personalities aboard these three ships, and to attempt to estimate their characters and attainments.

The leader of the whole expedition while it accomplished its passage overseas, and the captain of the flagship "Susan Constant," was Christopher Newport. He was well chosen for the voyage which, owing to its length and the size of the ships engaged in it, was a test of both endurance and courage. Newport had already written

his name large upon the record of the exploits of Englishmen overseas. During the wars with Spain he had, in the year 1591-2, sailed with three ships for the West Indies, where on the Island of Hispaniola and on the coast of Honduras he had surprised, sacked and burned no less than four towns, captured seventeen ships, and altogether shown himself a not unworthy follower of Drake and Hawkins in that heroic age. Newport was, it is obvious, immensely popular, and his influence was of great importance to the success of the expedition, as will be seen by what follows.

Next in importance to him stood Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, captain of the "God Speed," who, although the box containing the names of the proposed council for the colony had not been opened, seemed to the members of the expedition to be the most likely man to lead the colony ashore. As early as 1602, Gosnold had, as leader, already taken an expedition to the shores of America, finding Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard, and attempting to found a colony on the shore of what is now Cuttyhunks Island. Because of difficulty in obtaining victuals, the expedition had remained but three weeks, abandoning the projected colony and making sail for England again. In the accounts of this earlier trip we are able to see that Gosnold, though a daring navigator, following the direct route across the Atlantic in preference to the roundabout way by the West Indies then in vogue, was, when ashore, essentially a conservative, scrupulous man; the sort of man who would

shrink from any high enterprise, but who, once embarked, would carry through the work unimaginatively but thoroughly, informed only by his sense of duty.

Somewhat different in temperament was Captain Gabriel Archer, who had been with Gosnold on this expedition, and who had been left for a time with only nine men in the fort on Cuttyhunks Island, while Gosnold went looking along the shore for a cargo of cedar wood to fill his ship with for the return voyage. Archer was both headstrong and ambitious. As a soldier he was to prove Smith's most prominent competitor and dangerous rival and he had the advantage over Smith of having already taken part in one crossing of the Atlantic, as well as having made some first-hand observations of the Indian tribes. Unfortunately, he seems to have been an ill-starred man, as the later story of the expedition will prove.

A fourth member of importance, and one that was to bulk largely in Smith's own career, was John Ratcliffe. We know, unfortunately, nothing about him except that his original name was Sicklemore, but that he had changed it in youth. He was in command of the pinnace, the "Discovery," of twenty tons, and so must have been a brave and capable officer. He was later to prove Smith's best friend and worst enemy, as time will show. Ratcliffe provides one of the chief puzzles of the expedition; a touchstone whereby to judge Smith and much more. We must not lose sight of him.

One of the chief financial promoters of the enter-

prise, and a man of obviously high diplomatic talent, was Master Edward Maria Wingfield. He was, as his name indicates, a Catholic of good family, son of the Lord Keeper of Calais, godson of Queen Mary Tudor and Cardinal Pole, a man who had already served England in the Low Countries and in Ireland. His private and personal interest in the enterprise was probably to investigate whether Virginia could provide his fellow-religionists with a land of refuge from the persecutions which Elizabeth and James had set in motion. But Wingfield knew that the only hope of such a consummation lay through a tolerant attitude to all religious differences. He seems to have good-humouredly borne the doubtless anti-papistical sentiments of Hunt, the cleric, and other members of the expedition, and to have shown himself, through the misfortunes that shortly fell on him, a gallant gentleman. Unfortunately he had his impractical side. He seems not to have realized that the Indians would be naturally hostile to the expedition, nor to have foreseen that the colonists themselves were after all base human clay with all its innate selfishness and tendency to shift responsibility to others' shoulders. Altogether there was something quixotic about Wingfield; he was charming but ineffective; and both he and the expedition were to suffer the consequences of his own mistaken sense of chivalry.

Compared with such men and with others of the prospective colonists such as George Percy, eighth son of the eighth Duke of Northumberland, the scion of the great

Presbyterian family in the north that had plotted to deliver Mary Queen of Scots, and helped put King James on the throne, Smith must have seemed an upstart. He bore, in their presence, all the disadvantages of being a self-made man. True, he had helped the expedition with money, and had agitated for its success; but his family connections were not lofty, and his experience of oversea navigation, as of life under the special conditions which the New World offered, almost nil. His chief assets were a bluff, hearty manner, a self-confidence so absolute as to be unshakable, a skill in getting out of difficulties, and a friendly bluntness that soon made him on good terms with the humblest members of the expedition, but that made him equally suspect of the highest, who were not so ready to abandon their dignities. Altogether the sort of man that the expedition could not do without, but also the sort of man to make others uncomfortable. At twenty-seven, with a picturesque youth behind him, he was now to undergo an acid test of character; a test which if we weigh together his capacity and failings, he passed with credit.

Either through the lateness of the season, or because of the fact that Captain Newport knew this route better, the expedition took the old course followed since the days of Columbus, via the Canaries to the West Indies, beating up the American coast later from Florida northward in search of a safe harbour. The information in Newport's possession, derived from the accounts of Raleigh's and White's Roanoke Colony was to the



effect that in latitude  $37^{\circ}$  N. such a harbour would be found in the shape of a bay of unknown extent, named Chesapeake, which might perhaps prove a strait of some sort communicating with the Pacific, as it seemed to tend northwest. Consequently this bay was destined to be the goal of the expedition. The way to it proved to be particularly long and toilsome, thanks to the weather in the Downs and the detour by way of the West Indies. From the fifth of January, 1607, when the expedition rode at anchor at the mouth of the Thames, to the time the three ships found themselves in the West Indies, no less than eleven weeks elapsed; almost double the usual time taken for such voyages. On March 24, the weary adventurers, who had been living for nearly three months on a diet of salt beef and pork, beer, aqua vitæ, sack, biscuit and mouldy cheese, and had spent all that time tossed about in the narrow, cooped-up spaces, stinking of bilge water, of their wooden ships, sighted the shores of the Island of Dominica.

Here happened the first incident that went to show that all was not good with the venture. One of the prospective colonists, Stephen Galthropp, came forward and asked to see the captain. As soon as Newport was closeted with him, he became voluble with the details of an intended mutiny. A plot was afoot to seize one of the ships, take the captain prisoner, and make off on a colonising venture, or perhaps a looting expedition, quite independently of the others. Who was back of this project? asked Newport. The answer came promptly. It



was in the shape of a name that not one of my readers can possibly suspect: — “Captain John Smith.”

The question that has now to be decided concerning this reputed mutiny is whether Galthropp was speaking the truth about it. Either Smith had or had not yielded to an inclination to tamper with the loyalty of the crews, and had decided to make off on a privateering enterprise of his own, as soon as the fleet sighted the West Indies, or else the whole story was a fabrication put out by somebody with intention to discredit Smith from the start. All that we can say, in the absence of any direct evidence one way or another, is that if the whole story was a fabrication of Galthropp's then Smith was in no way able to prove the fact. In his first account of the Virginia Colony, written the year following, he does not even refer to the story of the proposed mutiny; later he mentions it jocularly, but is to no trouble to deny it. Moreover, if the story is true, it corresponds with all that we know of Smith's own character. He had just come home from wars in which he is known to have frequently changed sides. His trade was that of a soldier, not a colonist. He was burning with ambition to distinguish himself on the field of warfare and adventure, rather than settle down to the tame business of founding a colony. Lastly, he was a young man, chafing probably at having to take orders from senior officers such as Newport, Ratcliffe, and Gosnold. What easier way than to seize one of the ships and so get out of the business? The Spanish Main near at hand offered in-

finite attractions to the privateer, as even Newport knew. That Spain and England were not officially at war mattered nothing. There were other English privateers and pirates in these waters, as Smith was aware; men who were ready to take their lives in their hands in return for a smack at the Spanish treasure chest.

Newport now decided not to stop at Dominica as he had planned, but to push on for a few days and to keep a close watch on the men. There might be something in this, he thought, or it might be merely talk. Accordingly, he forbade anyone to go ashore, but allowed the natives to come up to his ships with fruits, tobacco, plantains, for trade. Meanwhile it would be better to do something to restore discipline, he thought. Accordingly, although the natives were as timid as all West Indians were, and had recently been beaten by the Spaniards to boot, he began telling his men that they must never go ashore without being in perfect military order. He had already decided to land the expedition somewhere, in order to supply his stinking water-casks, and to rest his men from the strain of being cooped up between decks for eleven weeks; but in view of this prospective mutiny, he decided not to go ashore at once.

On the twenty-sixth day of March they sailed by Mariagalanta, and on the twenty-seventh they found themselves off Guadeloupe. Here Newport decided to land with a small party, and with a boatload of men went a little way ashore, perhaps hoping to hear something more of the mutiny, or to see some of the ships make a

movement, now he was out of the way. Nothing happened however. The shore party discovered a hot spring, and Newport ordered one of the men to put in a piece of pork, which in half an hour was fished out, perfectly boiled. The shore party then returned to the ship, some of them perhaps marvelling at Newport's conduct.

Apparently, the projected mutiny had been mere talk on the part of Smith and one or two other hotheads. Still Newport decided to give the expedition an object lesson. On May 28 they came up with the island of Nevis. This island, colonised by the English eleven years later and famous still later as the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, was then only occupied by a few Indians, who were on the far side of the island from Newport's ships. He however ordered his men ashore under arms, being determined to give them a week to recuperate from the voyage, but equally determined to show them that no nonsense of any sort would be tolerated. Once ashore, he not only posted sentinels and pickets at every captain's quarter, on the pretext that the Indians might assault them, but ordered a gallows to be built and erected. "Now, lads," we can picture him saying, "if any man tries to meddle with my authority or the plans of the Virginia Company, there he will hang, even though he be a gentleman and have a coat-of-arms to his back!" The men looked at each other, and at Smith. Whether Smith said anything, we do not know. He may have affirmed his loyalty or let the suspicion lie. At all events, the expedition stayed six days and nothing more

was heard of the mutiny. The men were so delighted with the baths of fresh water, the wild fowl, the fish, and the fresh air, that they forgot their complaints.

On the second of April they set sail again, stopping on the fourth at Virgin Island, where they anchored in a fine bay and found plenty of tortoises and wild fowl to eat, but no fresh water. The ships' casks had been refilled at Nevis, but it was discovered that this water soon became unfit to drink, "smelling so vilely that none of our men was able to endure it." It was not until the seventh that this defect was remedied, at the little island of Mona, off Porto Rico. Here water was found, but no fresh game, although the Captain and a large party marched ashore six miles to find it. Unfortunately this shore march cost the life of one of the party, Edward Brooks, "whose fat melted within him, by the great heat and drought of the country." It was the first loss of the expedition, and in its stark horror must have impressed many of the company who had come to look on the expedition as a perpetual picnic at the Virginia Company's expense.

Newport now wisely felt that it was necessary to husband the supplies remaining aboard his ships till Virginia was found, so accordingly, although his men had suffered enough already scrambling about the rocks of Mona, he ordered a boatload of them off to the rocky islet of Moneta, nine miles away. There they had a difficult landing, and a scramble up the sheer cliff. But once on top, their persistence was rewarded. "We found it

to be a fertile and a plain ground, full of goodly grass, and abundance of fowls of all kinds. They flew over our heads as thick as drops of hail. Besides they made such a noise that we were not able to hear one another speak. Furthermore, we were not able to set our feet on the ground, but either on fowls or eggs which lay thick on the grass." Two boatloads were filled in three hours, and Newport had reason to feel content.

The tenth day of April they set sail again, running northwards out of the West Indies, and on the fourteenth day of that month they had, according to the observations of Captain Newport's astrolabe and quarterstaff, already come out of the tropics. They were now running up the coast of Florida, on the way to their goal. On the twenty-first, at five in the evening, there came on a storm lasting all night, with accompaniments of wind, rain, and thunder. Newport supposed himself to be just off the coast now, and so was forced to lie under bare poles, facing seaward to prevent being driven ashore. But the next day, the storm still continuing, he ordered out the lead line but could discover no bottom.

The sounding went on during the next day and the next, with the same result. Ratcliffe was now in favour of abandoning the expedition, and said so publicly. The coast of Virginia was not likely to be found, and supplies were running short, so it would be better to make for home. Evidently Captain Newport's navigation had been at fault for several days. On the twenty-fifth of April no ground was found at the end of a hundred fathom,



and the storm not abating, they were forced again to lie at hull, as, during the four days that had elapsed since the storm began, they had obviously been driven nearer to the shore. Many of the expedition were in despair that night, and heartily wished themselves back at home. The next morning the horizon cleared, and they saw ahead a point of land. They had come, by a happy accident, to the very part of the coast which the records of Raleigh's expedition had led them to believe would be most suitable for settlement. The one chance in a thousand that they should find Virginia, at all, had happened. The same day they entered Chesapeake Bay and landed a small party. The storm had passed away, leaving the Virginia woods green under young leaf, the meadows starred with April flowers. Every brook was full, and chattered and sang over its stones. It was like Paradise to the weary hearts of the men, and they did not quit the land until darkness warned them that they must seek the side of the ship.

Unfortunately watchful eyes had been busy spying on them from the hills, and dark fingers touching on bow strings had waited for this moment. When they were ready to be taken aboard again, perhaps standing in a little group on shore, waving a lantern to the three ships riding out in deep water, for the longboat to put off, there suddenly came a shrill yell from the bushes, and a flight of arrows. Archer, who had been chosen to lead this shore-party, had an arrow through both his hands, and a sailor was hurt in two places of the body, danger-

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ously. The rest of the company let off their muskets. At the sound of the roar, shattering the quiet waters and the dance of the moonlight over the shallows, the Indians went back to the woods, with a great number of war-whoops and yells. The first brush with the wilderness had occurred.

The expedition carried on board the flagship, in addition to an ordinary ship's boat, a shallop capable of carrying a larger number, which was stowed on the deck in sections, ready to be set up in case of emergency. The emergency had now come. It was dangerous to manœuvre the ships themselves nearer to the shore, and it was equally undesirable to go ashore with a small party. Accordingly, the next two days, the twenty-seventh and eighth days of April, were spent in setting up the shallop. Meanwhile a small party went ashore, and found a spot where the Indians had been roasting oysters; some were still frying in the fire and were tasted. A canoe was also seen, lying in a meadow, and spring flowers and strawberries were everywhere. Further into the woods they saw great smokes arising: "We marched to those smokes, and found the savages had been there, burning down the grass; as we thought, either to make plantation there, or else to give signs to bring their forces together, and so to give us battell." \* Had Percy, from whose invaluable account these words are taken, been given the magic power to look into half a dozen of the

\* The presence of these fires may perhaps suggest that the attacking Indians of the previous day, were a hunting party. See Chapter X.


Indian villages that lay up-country from this spot, he would have doubtless seen half a dozen war councils debating what to do, and several fleet-footed messengers starting out on the trail to carry the news of the white man's arrival further on. For the Indians already knew of the whites. Spanish ships had already visited this bay, as we will see; and the attack on the landing party of a few nights before had been due as much to surprise as to premeditation and was now being doubtless discussed, with many head-shakings, by half a dozen plumed and painted sachems.

The same night, finding that the ships lay in shoal water at low tide, out of the channel, they rowed over to a point of land opposite, where the channel lay deeper. For this reason they gave the point of land the first name given by white men to that part of the coast. They named it Point Comfort.

Certainly the bay into which they had come seemed on the face of it to offer everything that the expedition had come for: a good shelter for ships and a large river running westwardly, which seemed navigable. This river, opposite the mouth of which they were anchored, must be their next objective. The voices that had been heard in favour of abandoning the expedition were now silent. The land was rich in game, and though there were everywhere signs of Indians about, there were men aboard the ships who knew how to deal with the Indians. Gosnold and Archer (though the latter was now wounded) inspired fresh confidence. As for Smith, he

seems to have dropped out almost completely from the story. Ever since the mutiny mentioned by Galthropp he had been under a cloud; perhaps it was just as well for him, since he knew nothing of the country to which he had now come, and could not air his views on how the Indians ought to be treated.

It was decided to take the ships as far up the river as possible, in search of a good place to make settlement, thereby fulfilling the orders given them from London. But before this was done, the land must be taken possession of in due form. Accordingly the ships dropped down the bay again, and on the 29th of April they put up a cross of wood at the point of land where they had made their first landfall, and gave this point the name it still bears in geography books, the name of the young and promising Prince of Wales, who was as popular with the English people as his father, King James, was unpopular. They called this point of land Cape Henry.



## SEVENTH CHAPTER

### *Trouble in Utopia*

MEANWHILE, while the ship's company were busy putting up their cross upon Cape Henry, the feathered groups about the council fires had doubtless come to their decision. Most of the tribes were in favour of letting the white man enter the country in peace; a few opposed, but they were in a minority. The prospect of obtaining beads, copper utensils, hatchets, and trinkets in return for a few furs or ears of corn overbore the voices that spoke for resistance.

The history of the relations of the white men and red men in the settlement of the American continent is a topic on which no white historian can ever speak without prejudice. The documents, such as we possess them, were all written from the point of view of the whites. If the Indian had a point of view, he did not commit it to writing. To the whites the conduct of the Indians on the Atlantic seaboard, at first friendly, later employing every art of surprise and calculated treachery, seemed so monstrous that they could not do otherwise than seek to annihilate their red foes. But the red man, in his

curious blend of natural dignity and natural hardihood, at least deserves the tribute of respect we generally pay to the dead. His attitude may be expressed in this way: He was ready in most cases to welcome the paleface, to admire him as a superior being, to give him free access to his hunting grounds, to barter valuable furs and game for trumpery trash. But to permit the white man to settle permanently on the lands which the gods had given him was too much for his patience. Every expedition he regarded first as a friendly visit, second as a nuisance, third as an unjustifiable imposition. The resistance he was able to offer was pitiable, owing to the fact that it was not generally made until the whites were already well-rooted, and owing to the looseness of his own social system.

In the case of these Virginia Indians, the tribes, when discovered, were midway in social development between the Algonkinians of the New England seaboard and the great Creek and Cherokee confederations further south. They lived in villages, in houses made of thatch and wattles. Not more than twenty or thirty houses ever stood in the largest village. Over every village there was a head man, or werowance. The whole group of tribes owed a very loose and easily interpreted allegiance to a 'King' chief, who lived in a house of more elaborate pattern, and who exacted a certain amount of tribute from the whole confederation. This chief was succeeded not by his son, but by his younger brother. He, like all the rest, was unashamedly polygamist. Wives were gener-

ally bought, and such family affection as existed was generally between parents and children, and was very strong, as we shall see. The religion of these Indians, like all the other tribes of Delaware stock, was a thoroughgoing Animism. Every morning, in the villages, the women went with their children to the nearest stream and washed the children there, in order to transfer the spirit of the swift, cold running water to the prospective brave. A stream was never crossed without strewing tobacco on it, as an offering to the water spirit. Offerings were made before hunting, or any other important enterprise. We read of two idols, one in the king's house, and another in the Potomac country, to which offerings were occasionally made if rain was wanted. In the house of the king's idol was generally gathered the tribute of the tribes, and it was there that his ancestors were buried. It is possible that human sacrifice of young children was sometimes made, and war captives were invariably sacrificed, usually after preliminary torture. Punishment for tribal offences was severe, and consisted usually of the death penalty, which was inflicted alike for theft, adultery, or murder. The offender's bones were broken with sticks, or his brains were beaten out with a hatchet, and the body was then flung on the fire. To non-enemies the red man's hospitality was lavish and princely. Such was the mode of life practised by the tribes of Virginia when the white man came to their shores.

The expedition soon had a taste of Indian hospitality.



On their return to Point Comfort, they were asked ashore by the tribe settled there, and visited their town. The tribe received them on land by making "a doleful noise; laying their faces to the ground, scratching the earth with their nails," as Percy narrates. If this were not enough, they followed it up with a banquet and a dance. Yet the nerve of the whites was still so shaken by the night attack made at the first landing that they for a time objected to sitting on the mats spread for the banquet, with their savage hosts. After the banquet, the pipe of peace was smoked, and had the whites cared to do so, they might have stopped there quite contentedly.

Newport, however, was determined to carry out to the letter the Virginia Company's instructions. Accordingly the ships passed up the river. On the way up no opposition whatever was offered, except from one werowance of the Appomattox tribe who, holding his bow in one hand, and the peace pipe in the other, seemed to order them to be gone. Perhaps they mistook the sense of his gesture. The combination of the bow and the peace pipe seems to suggest that the demand was rather "Peace or war?" On making signs of peace, they were allowed to land, and went on through the woods undisturbed.

Even more princely was their reception in the Paspahegh district, where the werowance of the Rapahanna tribe, occupying the opposite side of the stream, "came down to the water side with all his train, as goodly men as any I have seen of Savages or Christians: the werowance

coming before them playing on a Flute made of a Reed with a Crown of Deer's hair colored red, in fashion of a rose fastened about his knot of hair, and a great plate of copper on the other side of his head, with two long feathers in fashion of a pair of horns placed in the midst of his crown. His body was painted all with crimson, with a chain of beads about his neck; his face painted blue, besprinkled with silver ore as we thought; his ears all behung with bracelets of pearl; and in either ear a bird's claw through it, beset with fine copper or gold." Percy, to whom we owe this invaluable description of savage magnificence, records that this chief seemed jealous of the white men settling on the lands of any other tribe, that he showed them his town and his corn-fields, as good "as ever was seene in any country," and that he swore by the sun to be their special friend. But this opportunity to make alliance was rejected by the suspicious settlers.

On the way up the river, Archer had pointed out a plot of land projecting into the river, which was sufficient with a little labour to fortify and defend themselves against any enemy. This he promptly named Archer's Hope. The point was well stocked with game of all kinds, birds, and wild turkeys. But because the ships could not ride near to the shore, Newport decided against it, which made both Archer and Gosnold angry and sulky. Eight miles further up a place was found where the ships could be moored to the trees of the fore-shore, in six fathoms of water, and it was decided to

build there. It was in the Paspahgh tribe's country, and on its site was to be built the settlement of Jamestown.

Meanwhile, the box that the adventurers had brought with them from London was opened and the names of the councillors read out in assembly. Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall were named councillors. They were to choose a president for one year, and Wingfield was elected as the first holder of the office. Unfortunately, the memories of the suppressed mutiny at Dominica still rankled among them, and before taking possession of the settlement an oration was made showing cause why Smith should not be admitted to the council. We do not know who made this speech, but Wingfield undoubtedly had some cause to suspect Smith, and he may have made it. On the 14th of May, 1607, the site of Jamestown was taken possession of, and building immediately began. Wingfield, however, whether because he thought the savages now would prove friendly, or whether he was jealous of every other opinion than his own, forbade any other fortification of the position except by the boughs of trees cut down and heaped up on the ground, like a palisade, in the form of a half moon, which work was undertaken by Captain Kendall.

The site for the colony had several disadvantages. In the first place, no site could be found clear of trees, as the Virginia Company had directed them to find, and it was necessary to cut down trees to find place for the

tents. There was no fresh water near the settlement except what the river provided, and this was brackish, and at low tide muddy. There were other disadvantages, such as the low-lying soil, but Newport and Wingfield, who were now acting together in agreement, decided that supplies would run low anyway soon, and that the settlement must be put on a working basis before Newport put back to England. Gosnold and Archer fumed and fretted because the point of land they had preferred for a settlement, eight miles down the river, had been passed over. But a start had been made, and it was too late to draw back.

Meantime, the problem of the Indians was becoming troublesome. The werowance of Paspahegh, in whose country the new settlement was to be made, seemed friendly enough, but the whites persisted in their attitude of suspicion. On the very first night, finding "some savages sailing close to our quarter, presently there was an alarm given; upon that the savages ran away, and we were not troubled any more by them that night." Four days later the werowance himself came, with a present of venison, but while his party of a hundred warriors was in the settlement, one of them picked up a hatchet, whereupon one of the whites gave him a blow on the arm. Instantly there was a rush to arms on both sides, and seeing the whites take up their guns, the "Indians went away in great anger," as well they might, reflecting doubtless on the quality of white hospitality. Nevertheless, the Indians again sought out the whites

in friendship, and on the twentieth of the month came again with another deer, but this time asked to be allowed to spend the night in the settlement. This was promptly refused, and more bad feeling was caused by one of the whites who, observing the remarkable shooting quality of the Indian arrows at wooden targets, had a steel target put up, which naturally split the arrow. So over the blue skies of the Arcadia or Utopia that the whites had found began to draw the shadows of mutual suspicion; shadows that soon were to grow darker, thanks to the divided opinions of the whites.

Meanwhile, Newport decided that it would be better to make his report to London as complete as possible, and so fitted out the shallop for a voyage up the river, determining to find the head of it, which, according to what the whites could gather from the Indians, was somewhere near a lake, or the Appalachian Mountains. On the twenty-first of May he left the settlement to Wingfield's charge, and went up the river with five gentlemen, four mariners and fourteen sailors. The gentlemen were Percy, Archer, Smith, John Brooks, and Thomas Wooton. Thus, though Smith was still in disgrace for his mutiny, it is evident that Newport realized his value as pioneer, and was willing to make use of him.

The expedition passed up the river without incident, being met everywhere with courteous and overflowing hospitality by the natives, and on Whitsunday, May 24, discovered the falls and the highland on which at present stands the city of Richmond. This was in the



territory of a chief named Powhatan, not the main chief Powhatan whom we will later meet, but a subsidiary with the same name. Newport in his ignorance of the Indian tongue seems to have confused the one with the other. When they arrived at the falls, it was his purpose to march overland to the mountains, in order to look for copper, of which the chief Indians possessed small specimens. But the redskins dissuaded him, saying that it was a long march and that the mountains lay in enemy country. Newport saw that though the Indians were friendly, they seemed very discontented at his determination to proceed with his discovery, and accordingly he decided to return to the settlement.

It was a wise decision. The attitude of the Indians had now hardened to the intruders. The tribes that lay nearest to the settlement were determined to test the fighting capacity of the colonists; only those that lay remote were still to be counted on to maintain a peaceable attitude. On the day before Newport's return, the 26th of May, the settlement was assaulted by two hundred armed braves, swarming in broad daylight over the brushwood barrier while everyone was working at housebuilding and had laid their arms aside. A dozen of the Englishmen were wounded, and one man killed, as well as a boy. Four of the council who had not gone away up the river were hurt, and Wingfield himself received an arrow through his beard. Climbing up the ineffective barrier of brushwood, the savages shot through the very tents of the settlers. It was a desperate moment,



and had not the ships been present to stop the assault with a sudden broadside, the whole infant colony might have been overwhelmed. Newport, on his arrival next day, instantly gave orders for a strong palisade of logs to be set up. It was a damaging blow to Wingfield's reputation, from which he did not recover.


A week went by, the palisade being carefully built, clapboard made, and corn sown, while the Indians lying in the long grass outside amused themselves by picking off stragglers. But now feelings were already running high among the settlers. If they were to stay there, in a perpetual state of hostility with the Indians, it would be better to have a fighting man at the head of affairs. On the sixth of June, accordingly, a petition was sent to the council signed by many of the company "against certain preposterous proceedings and inconvenient courses." The feeling ran so high against Wingfield that it took all of Newport's conciliatory oratory to persuade the colony to remain where they were. On the tenth of June this purpose was effected, thanks to Newport's undoubted experience in handling men. Wingfield was allowed to stay, but his great enemy, Smith, was at last admitted to the council, and so the stain of disgrace was lifted at last. It was the first triumph of our hero. As on every other occasion, Smith had begun this enterprise under a cloud, but was now on the point of retrieving his fortunes.

Work now proceeded apace, and the palisade was put in order, as well as a quantity of clapboard cut to load

the "Susan Constant" on her return voyage. Nor was the work interrupted save by an occasional death of one of the settlers who happened to stray too far from the palisade, and too near the shelter of the nearby woods. Up-river Indians now visited the settlement, and still appeared very friendly, even up to the point of advising the colonists to cut away the long grass and weeds that had sprouted inconveniently close to the palisade, and which concealed many a lurking warrior. On the 21st, all being quiet, Newport came ashore from his ships for the last time. A communion service was held, good-byes were said, and the two ships, the "Susan Constant" and the "God Speed," hoisted up their sails, and bore up for England on the day following.

Newport left behind him a collection of rotting tents, standing inside a palisade, and sheltering one hundred and five souls. The only water available was that of the river, which was brackish and, at low tide, muddy. The amount of supplies he left behind could not have been very great; he personally promised to return to the colony after thirteen weeks with a fresh supply, but he can scarcely have left that amount behind, in view of the long time the expedition had been away from London. It is possible that the colony had enough to feed them for a month or so. The beer, aqua vitæ, and sack remaining were given into the hands of the president, only to be doled out on necessity. The rest of the provisions were put in the hands of a "Cape merchant," a single officer deputed to ration the men equally. Outside

were the Indians, whom few of the colonists now cared to face, and if Newport could not fulfil his promise to return before winter, the prospects of survival were small. Nor was this all. The colony was not only nearly helpless without, but at loggerheads within the palisade. Gosnold and Archer had not gotten over their disappointment at not having their advice accepted in regard to the correct point to settle; Smith was still an object of suspicion to Wingfield; others of the colonists had been hurt, and all were becoming discontented with the situation. Although corn had been planted at last within the palisade, it would not come up for many months: meantime there was nothing to vary the diet of pork and ship's biscuit but an occasional pike caught in the river. Yet it was perhaps just as well that Newport left when he did: he would have much to do in London to persuade the Company to loosen their purse-strings and provide a fresh supply for the winter. At court, when he returned in the middle of August, voices were wagging and wondering how the Spaniards—about whom King James was anxious—would take the affront of finding a town filled with Englishmen forty miles up a river on the American continent!



## EIGHTH CHAPTER

### *The Fall of Wingfield*

NEWPORT had not been away more than three days when an Indian came to the palisade and asked to be shown the governor. On Wingfield's appearance he announced that he came from Powhatan, the great chief of all the Indian tribes in the country. Furthermore, he added that Powhatan wished the friendship of the whites; and that he would give orders that the two tribes, Paspahugh and Chickahominy, who as near neighbours were especially harassing the whites, should make peace.

The news was as unexpected as it was startling. That all the Indians were under a single leadership in the event of war had not occurred to any of the whites; still less that this particular chief lived in a village up the next river northwards, and that this village was barely more than fifteen miles as the crow flies from the settlement. The attack on the settlement during Newport's absence had shaken everybody's nerve, and no one now dared go beyond the stockade. Wingfield must have heaved a sigh of relief when the message came

that the Indians intended to cease their attacks at the orders of one man, and must have felt much happier when this message was followed by presents of venison from Powhatan himself and other chiefs. Yet he failed to take the opportunity open to him, and instead of sending instantly to Powhatan for fresh supplies, waited upon the pleasure of the Indians. For their part, the Indians became indifferent to the white man's proximity, and disinclined to trade. They occasionally visited the settlement to see what they could pick up, but for the most part relaxed into apathy.

The summer was now upon the settlement, and to the surprise of many the heat proved more intense than that of Spain. Wingfield's sole idea was to stick to the settlement until relieved by Newport, and the rest of the colony acquiesced. The stifling heat, the thunderstorms, the hosts of stinging mosquitoes at night, the trouble of labouring by day at the job of building houses to replace the tents, sapped everybody's spirits. Although the corn had been planted, there was small hope of it coming up, owing to the lateness of the date at which it had been put in the ground; nor had the Indians much corn to offer, their winter's supply being spent, and their new corn not grown. Their only answer to Wingfield's anxious enquiries for the precious vegetable was to ask, "Where are your ships gone?" Wingfield, with his mind still running on a possible attack, thought it best to tell them that the ships had gone on to Croatan, to seek for the ill-fated colonists who had



been abandoned there by White. So July passed, leaving the colony plagued by heat and by the resultant slackness which, as Anglo-Saxons used to the chilly and rainy climate of Northern Europe, they were ill prepared to combat. And it is possible that, although the whole of the supplies were in the hands of Thomas Studley, the "Cape Merchant" appointed by the council, he may have been lax in rationing them, and have permitted the "gentlemen," who for the most part were already weary of the enterprise, to take more than their just share permitted. Wingfield himself was to admit later that the supplies were given in gross to Studley, and that none knew their exact amount.

With the coming of August, disease suddenly smote the colony. Dysentery from drinking the bad water; swellings from insect bites; malaria from the low-lying swamps; all these in turn ravaged the settlers. Most of the council fell ill, including Smith, Ratcliffe and Martin. By August 22 Bartholomew Gosnold lay dead; and by September, according to Wingfield's account, only six able-bodied men were left to man the palisade. Forty-six in the meantime had been buried, and the miserable remnant were living in tents now rotten, on dwindling rations of barley porridge, which were withheld by Wingfield's order whenever sturgeon appeared in the river, or some passing Indian sent in a deer as present. Winter, which was to prove long and severe, could not now be far away; the men were too weakened to resist it, and the corn that had been sown had come



to nothing; nor did it ever occur to Wingfield or his associates to alter, despite the Indians' protestations of friendship, from their own attitude of watchful suspicion.

Meantime, within the palisade itself, complaints against Wingfield were coming to a head. Even before Gosnold's death, the smouldering quarrel between Smith and Wingfield broke out into flame. Smith accused Wingfield of breaking the rationing order to suit himself; whereupon Wingfield remarked that he had only done so to help one of the worst of the sick; and if Smith asserted otherwise, he lied. But this was mere prelude to what followed. First, at some unknown date during the height of the sickness, George Kendall, one of the council, proposed a general mutiny of the colony against the president's authority, and was accordingly deposed from his position and sent under close arrest to the pinnacle, lying off shore. Next, Captain Martin, one of the council, who had come to the prospective paradise of Virginia not only himself, but who had brought his son with him (who was now ill), induced the council to demand a larger allowance for themselves and for some of the sick. Wingfield, however, now stood his ground; but since the council had demanded to be shown the true state of supplies, he revealed to them that all the oil, vinegar, sack, and aqua vitæ which had been brought over was now spent, with the exception of two gallons of sack and the same of brandy, the first of which he had reserved for the communion table, the second

for cases of dire extremity. Furthermore, he asserted that Gosnold had, before his death, agreed to this arrangement. The council departed, dissatisfied, but now secretly plotted to depose Wingfield.

On the 10th of September Ratcliffe, Smith and Martin appeared at the door of the president's tent with a warrant deposing him of his office. According to Wingfield's own account, written on his return to England, these three as a triumvirate had now taken the whole business of the council in their hands in connivance with Archer (who was not a member of the council). According to Smith's account, the whole of the council remaining (Kendall being deposed, and Gosnold dead) had unanimously agreed on this course. It is unlikely that Wingfield's account is entirely true in this matter of detail, but the situation was now obviously such that only strong and instant action could save the colony till Newport's arrival. For this reason, we cannot altogether blame these men for taking the law in their hands. Wingfield at best had been a very spineless and characterless sort of leader for the enterprise. Instead of boldly moving up-country, where the colony might have established themselves upon the better soil and in the purer air of the Richmond hills, or attempting to get more food for the starving, he had clung to his palisade so long that now there seemed little chance of any leaving it alive. He had allowed things to drift towards this crisis, without taking the necessary steps to overcome it. For the moment, he was now told he must consider

himself under arrest, that "if they did him wrong, they would answer for it," and was accordingly shipped off to the pinnace under the hand of a sergeant.

The next day following, instead of leaving Wingfield alone on the pinnace and taking steps to improve the situation of the colony, which was now within twenty days of sheer and absolute starvation, the three chief mutineers, Smith, Ratcliffe, and Martin, sent for Wingfield to come ashore and answer to their complaints. One can perhaps account for this piece of gratuitous folly by saying that both Ratcliffe and Martin were still far from recovered from their illness. But the quality of the complaints they made, as well as Wingfield's answers to them, throws a flood of light on the characters of the men to whose direction the fortunes of Jamestown were now entrusted.

According to Wingfield's account, Ratcliffe was the first to speak. He declared that he had been denied a chicken (of which many had been brought out alive in the ships), "a spoonful of beer," and that he had been served with rotten corn. With that, he pulled some grain out of a bag, showing it to the company assembled. It was a theatrical sort of gesture, but the assembled settlers, seeing something was up, no doubt thought it a bold one.

Smith next followed. His complaint was quite different from Ratcliffe's. Wingfield, as we have seen, had called him a liar in Gosnold's tent and the accusation yet rankled. Furthermore, Wingfield had asserted that

though he and Smith were equal in Virginia, yet in England Smith had behaved in such a way as not only to scorn Wingfield, but to declare that his own body-servant was the better man. And lastly, Wingfield had somehow learned of that unfortunate walking-trip in Ireland, and asserted Smith to be a beggar. For all these insults, Smith demanded redress.

Martin followed with more or less a repetition of Ratcliffe's complaints. "He reporteth that I do slack the service in the Colony, and do nothing but tend my own pot, spit and oven; but I have starved his son, and denied him a spoonful of beer."

In the wording of these three complaints we get a precious insight into the character of the main figure of this story. It was Ratcliffe's characteristic trait to wish to be legal, even when acting without warrant, and so he pulls out a bag of corn and shows it to the assembled company (who no doubt have been eating corn of precisely the same quality for months), in the hope of winning their favour. Martin, the weakest of the trio, was agitated over his son's illness, to the extent of joining the conspiracy; it is obvious that some sharp remarks of Wingfield, about his lack of public spirit had gone home as well, which makes us think that Wingfield was more or less in the right. But Smith disdained such methods of attack. Though he had been ill himself, and was still under a cloud of suspicion for the events in Dominica, he boldly faces the President with "What right have you to call me a liar? What right have you to say

that I am too proud to be your associate? ” One can almost see the broad red face growing purple, the blond beard bristling as those words were uttered. Smith is Smith still; a swaggering Elizabethan to the end.

Wingfield's game was now to temporise, and though one cannot acquit him of being a bad administrator, all his best qualities as a man now came out in the way he met his accusers. He asked, “ Are there any other complaints? ” For answer, Ratcliffe pulled out a paper book with a list of written complaints, and gave them to Archer, who was present, to read. Ratcliffe was going to be legal in his way of proceeding to the end. But Archer's willingness to read the articles, and the apparent fact that he had written them himself, made Wingfield at last despair. Archer had enjoyed Gosnold's confidence, and was, like Smith, a stirring ambitious spirit. Now that Gosnold was dead, and Newport far away, and Archer in opposition, Wingfield knew himself helpless. Percy, who seems to have supplied the president with information as to the intentions of the conspirators before the affair came to a head, was not even a member of the council. Poor Wingfield was trying to make a delay by asking for a copy of the articles, and promising a reply in writing, when Ratcliffe himself unexpectedly threw out a rope of salvation. He interrupted the reading of the articles with “ Stay! Stay! We know not whether he will abide our judgment, or whether he will appeal to the king.” Wingfield had apparently never thought of this; so he instantly replied, firmly, that he



threw himself upon the mercy of the king. Whereupon he was taken back to the pinnace.

The whole affair was now in such a state of embarrassment that the conspirators would have perhaps done better to leave it for Newport's return to settle. But instead they ordered Kendall, as a previous victim of Wingfield's administration, to come ashore again. And on the 17th of September they again sent for Wingfield. This time the ringleaders, realizing they could not touch Wingfield's life or record, had decided to hurt him as much as possible legally and financially. Accordingly he was ordered to stand his trial, not for maladministration, but for libel. One John Robinson came forward and swore that the president had said that he had intended to take the shallop and run away with it to Newfoundland. This he now regarded as a libel on his character, and he asked for substantial damages. The jury awarded Robinson in this case one hundred pounds. He was followed by Smith, who claimed in turn damages for a libel on *his* character. Wingfield had declared that he had concealed an intended mutiny at Dominica. To this, the ex-president retorted, "But that case occurred outside the limits of the jurisdiction granted to this company by the king." Nevertheless, the jury in this instance also awarded damages against Wingfield to the tune of two hundred pounds.

One can excuse Smith for many things, but in this particular case one cannot help feeling he acted somewhat basely. It mattered very little now what Wing-



field had said or not said. The whole question now was whether his administration had helped the colony over a difficult and dangerous period. That question could only be settled by the King, or by a Royal Commission. Meanwhile the settlers' immediate needs were becoming more urgent, yet Ratcliffe now asks Smith to attack the deposed Wingfield from another angle, and Smith agrees. It must have occurred to Smith that what was needed was the presence of one strong man at the head of affairs; but apparently he did not as yet consider himself to be that man. He had only too recently emerged from under a cloud of suspicion, and perhaps he knew it. So he consented weakly to what Ratcliffe (no doubt with Archer to back him) demanded. But one cannot get away from the fact that Wingfield acted in this case as a gentleman, and Smith did not.

Very soon he was to find more congenial exercise for his talents. The cold weather was now setting in, and the food situation being desperate, he was allowed by Ratcliffe to coast down the river in the shallop to Kecoughtan, the town on Point Comfort, to trade hatchets and beads for food. The rivers were now again full of game and fish, and what was more to the purpose, the Indians' corn was now ripe. At first the Indians seemed indifferent, but the sight of the bright beads, and the excellent iron hatchets displayed, as well as perhaps something in Captain Smith's persuasive manner, brought them over, and they gave him a boatload. Moreover the sickness was rapidly passing away, and more

than twenty of the colony were now fully recovered. Other trading journeys were undertaken by Smith and Martin, and the stores of the colonists kept up from week to week. Thus Ratcliffe started his presidency under far more favourable circumstances than Wingfield.

But not for long did he keep his popularity. He had not been many weeks in his office when some of the gentlemen, Percy among them, sent to the pinnace to ask Wingfield to come ashore again. As a matter of fact their request was a perfectly fair one. Wingfield was now a private citizen, without any authority, and awaiting trial of his case before the Virginia Company in London. He could not be legally kept a prisoner, and Percy and others knew it. The pinnace on which he lay was a small ship of twenty tons, only partly decked, and he was suffering from cold, wet, and exposure. But Ratcliffe had good reason to fear that his own position would not last long if Wingfield were to return. Wingfield had been weak but reasonable; he had even offered voluntarily to lay down his office before the conspiracy deprived him of it. He, Ratcliffe, would show them that one must rule with a strong hand.

The emissary chosen by Percy to go to the pinnace and see Wingfield was one James Read, the blacksmith to the colony. He brought back with him the message that Wingfield expected to come ashore next Sunday, if the weather was fair; further, that if he did come ashore, he would refuse to go back to the pinnace again unless dragged thither by force. Ratcliffe, on hearing

this, decided on instant action. Seeing the blacksmith at work two or three days later, he violently attacked him, beating him with both his fists. The smith retorted in kind. Ratcliffe roared out an order to arrest the smith for beating the president. The order was carried out, and before anyone could protest, Read was condemned to death. Hearing of this, Wingfield decided not to come ashore.

The colony had now obviously exchanged King Stork for King Log. Read, finding himself helplessly caught in the toils, decided to turn king's evidence. He asked for a private conference with the president. This was granted. The evidence the blacksmith had to give was to the effect that Kendall, whom we have seen under arrest in Wingfield's day, was still unsatisfied, and was plotting afresh to make himself president. This evidence was sufficient to spare the blacksmith's life. But Ratcliffe was determined to make an example of someone, simply to show that he was not to be trifled with. Accordingly he ordered Kendall to be shot. Kendall tried to escape by pointing out that Ratcliffe had no right even to his name, but in vain.

Behind the triangular palisade, guarded with semi-circular bulwarks and protected with five pieces of ordnance, that now replaced the simple brushwork barrier which Kendall himself had built, a volley rang out. The Englishmen who had come to this coast only in May, were now, in November, shooting each other over points of discipline of small importance. One wonders what

Smith's thoughts were as, in the shallop, he went coasting up and down the river, supplying now with twenty, now with thirty bushels of corn, a colony often reduced to fourteen days' rations; and what was worse, a colony divided against itself and where the will of the most bullying and despotic of all was now law. In any case Smith did not altogether keep silent. He openly said later, when back in England, that Archer had been back of all this; and that further, the complaints against Wingfield were too ridiculous and frivolous. But for the time being he and all the rest of the colony went too much in fear of the terrible Ratcliffe to speak out.

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## NINTH CHAPTER

### *Powhatan and His People*

ALTHOUGH Captain Smith had, in November, with the barge and eight men twice gone up the river to the Indian tribes bordering on the Chickahominy, and had each time returned with seven or eight hogsheads of corn, yet there was still a party in the colony which was in favor of taking the pinnace and going over to England for a fresh supply, and to this party Ratcliffe now gave his support. Smith, however, and Martin protested, and managed to withhold the malcontents from their foolish purpose. The Chickahominy country having proved the chief source of supply, on December 10 Smith started up the river with the barge, which held about eight men, determined this time to find, if possible, not only a new supply of provisions, but the source of the river. Hopes had not yet died down in the colony, that the headwaters of some of the Virginia rivers might prove to be in close proximity to the Californian coast as seen and described by Sir Francis Drake; and these hopes had been unconsciously fostered by the Indians themselves, who had asserted that at ten days' march from the falls

to the west, lay a country with houses like those the English built, and a great open water.

Smith was precisely the sort of man to make this enterprise a success. That it proved to be a failure, and that it nearly cost him his life, was due to factors which he did not count on; the relations of the Indian tribes themselves to their chief ruler, Powhatan, and the utter inability of the English settlers themselves to carry out to the letter an order. On this journey, for the first time, a white Englishman was to find himself alone and at the Indians' mercy; it is therefore necessary at the risk of being tedious to go back a little, and to see what was the nature of the red man and what was the state of affairs among the tribes among which Smith was now to find the greatest adventure of his career.

The Powhatans, or the Virginia Indians, at the time the whites came among them held the territory westward only to the falls of the James River, where Richmond now stands. Beyond this were the Monacans, a people of Siouan stock, considerably less cultured and much more warlike. Northward the Powhatan territory extended to the mouth of the Potomac, beyond which were the Susquehannahs, a kindred people, of finer physical development, and much more warlike. Eastward in Maryland and Delaware these were loosely linked with the Delawares, which like themselves and the tribes further north on the Atlantic coast, were of the prevailing Algonquin type. Southward their sway extended only to about Cape Hatteras, the site of the





*Matoaka als Rebecca daughter to the mighty Prince  
Powhatan Emperor of Ananogbewick als virginia  
converted and baptiz'd in the Christian faith, and  
wife to the rev<sup>d</sup> Mr John Rolfe.*

POCAHONTAS, THE DAUGHTER OF KING POWHATAN



earlier disaster at colony building at Roanoke; beyond this were the Cherokees, who now are known to be of Iroquoian stock. The whole confederation was of the most recent description; except for seven tribes, its unity had been largely the work of one man, the high chief of the country when the whites came.

Powhatan was, at the time of which we are writing, about sixty years of age. He took his name from the fact that he had been born at Powhatan, the village at the falls of the James, where the city of Richmond now stands. His proper name was Wahunsenacawk, but the whites always called him Powhatan, and so he will always be given this name in these pages. The domain he inherited upon coming to be high chief included this district of Powhatan as well as the districts of Appamatuck (Appomattox), Arrohatock, Pamunkey, Youghtanund and Mattapimient. Of these the first lay on the James River, immediately below Richmond, and above the settlement of the whites; the other three lay on the Pamunkey and comprised the whole course of that river from its head to its source. Powhatan's domain thus was divided by the Chickahominy, and its main strength, as well as the royal capital, lay on the Pamunkey.

Since coming to manhood, Powhatan had successively brought all the other tribes under his sway, numbering about twenty-four, according to Smith's estimate. This was done either by open attack, or by the favourite Indian ruse of sitting down with the enemy to a feast, and having a number of warriors ambushed without,

who turned the feast into a massacre. Neither Powhatan nor his people were free from the strain of cruelty which was a feature of the Indian character. As William Strachey, writing in 1612, observes, "they are soon moved to anger and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury; they are very thievish, and will as closely as they can convey anything away from us; albeit, they seldom steal from each other." At all events, Powhatan through his exploits had acquired, by the time the whites settled on the coast, the fame of a demigod; he had exacted tribute of four-fifths of all the produce of the country from tribe after tribe, and was now living at Werowocomoco, a village some miles up the Pamunkey, but only fourteen miles away from Jamestown, with about twenty-five warriors as a personal body-guard.

As we have seen, however, Powhatan's rule over the Indians did not forbid them from attacking the whites at the outset. The settlers drew the worst conclusions from this, and even went so far as to suppose Powhatan himself responsible for the earlier massacres at Roanoke and the loss of the colony. It may have been so, and it is possible that the old chief was altogether wily in his protestations of friendship with the settlers, but the evidence is all the other way. At sixty, Powhatan seems to have preferred the pipe of peace, and the presence of a dozen young wives, to all the war-whoops in the world. He is described by Smith as being rather fat for an Indian, of a round, open countenance, grave but not

ugly. He undoubtedly heard of the whites long before seeing any — before the Roanoke fiasco, a Spanish Jesuit Mission, in 1570, had been established for a few years on the southern borders of his territory — but he seems to have borne the whites less ill-will than his own red neighbours and enemies to the northward and westward: the Monacans, the Massowomecks, and the Susquehannahs. These he probably would have gladly destroyed and scalped to a man, but he was now growing old, and the confederacy he had established would descend not to any of his sons, but, by Indian custom, first to his younger brothers, and then to his sister's sons, thus following the female line of descent. The brother who was destined thus to succeed him was named Opechan-canough, and lived with two other brothers on the headwaters of the Pamunkey, this being a sort of advanced post of the tribe into what was enemy country.

Among the thirty peoples who acknowledged more or less loosely the sway of Powhatan, the Chickahominy Indians were the most peculiar. According to Strachey, they maintained a sort of independence, and were not governed by any chiefs appointed by Powhatan, but were ruled by their priests, and only served Powhatan in his wars in return for payment, made by means of axes of copper. As the Paspaheghs, the tribe that had attacked the Jamestown settlers from the outset belonged to the Chickahominy people, and as the warriors of this tribe amounted to some three hundred, it seems evident that Powhatan's rule was not so very strong



after all. But I cannot help thinking, for my part, that if the whites had settled anywhere else in the territory except Jamestown, they would have found the same things to say of the Indians who were their nearest neighbours. One must not picture an Indian confederation as furnished with the means of standardised usage, the communications, the police service of a modern nation. Powhatan doubtless did what he could to keep peace with the whites and to win their friendship; they, on their part, would have got along better with the neighbouring tribes had they conciliated the old savage at the outset. They did not, and ere long they were to lose their last opportunity, for the high chief's mind was not a little suspicious, and what he chiefly came to fear was that his land would be taken from him, or he be captured in some raid, and led back in triumph to Jamestown.

Centralised Powhatan's confederacy could not be, in the very nature of things. The Indians divided the year into five seasons, the fall of the leaf, the return of the leaf, the corn-planting season, the corn harvest, and the hunting season. These seasons closely corresponded to certain important changes in their social life. As all the tribes lived generally in villages of eighteen to twenty-five houses, surrounded by small plots of cultivated ground, and numbered not above eight thousand men, women, and children, for the whole of this territory, the amount of cultivation was very small. But even this amount was not enough to keep the red man alive over more than



a part of the year. When May, the corn-planting time, annually came, the game upon which they had lived during the winter months was exhausted (though they had methods of drying meat, fish, and even oysters) and the old corn was always completely spent. During June, July and August, consequently, most of the natives lived, as Strachey said, "scattered and despised," wandering far from their villages in search of nuts and berries. September brought back the season of plenty, of return to the hearth, of corn-harvest and abundant game; and the same Indian who had grown lean and hungry all summer, now became fat and good-tempered in the winter. These alternations of starving and prosperity affected their tempers and their relations with the whites. The demands that the whites made for food all the year around seemed to them selfish and monstrous, especially since it was they who had to find this food both for themselves and for the "Tassantasses," as they chose to call the Englishmen. At the same time, they were in better condition to resist the exactions of the British in the winter, when prosperous, than in the summer, when starving. Their wars, as well as their feasts, usually took place in the winter; and it may be that the attack on the settlement made during the first summer weeks after its establishment could not be pressed home, and that Powhatan was perfectly aware of the fact. His chance was therefore only a slender one: to take the English, as he had taken earlier Indian enemies, by surprise, in the winter season.

In this season Powhatan and his people lived in their celebrated "long houses" which William Strachey, who came to Virginia in 1610, has well described. "As for their houses, who knoweth one of them knoweth them all, even to the king's house itself. They are like garden arbours, at best like our shepherds' cottages, yet made handsomely enough, though without strength, of such young plants as they can pluck up, bow, and make the green tops meet together, in fashion of a round rooffe, which they then thatch with matts throwne over. The walls are made of the barks of trees. In the midst of the house there is a louvre (a square opening) out of which the smoke issueth, the fire being kept right under. Each house hath commonly two doors, one before and a postern. The doors be hung with matts, never locked nor bolted, but only those matts be turned up, or let fall at pleasure; and their houses are so commonly placed under covert of trees that the violence of foul weather cannot assault them, nor the sun in summer annoye them; and the roof being covered, they are as warme as stoves, albeit very smoakye." Strachey goes on to add that round about the interior of each house were bedsteads, made of branches thrown over a low framework, on which the blankets of the inhabitants lay rolled, and that cooking and eating and all the affairs of life went on under the same roof. Only in two ways was any breach permitted of this universal communism. The women did all of the housework, and at every meal time

the warriors did not eat from a common table, but were served separately by their women, on separate mats. Yet the women, too, had one form of privacy: "In the time of their sicknesses they have great care not to be seen abroad; at that time they go apart and keep from the men in a several (separate) room, which they have for themselves; nor will the men, at such a time, press into the nursery where they are." The houses, Strachey adds, were long but narrow, extending in some cases to sixty or a hundred feet; and the villages generally lay near the banks of a stream, on rising ground.

Such was the life that Powhatan and his people led when the white men came among them. Their life was hard, stern, unsentimental, yet not without some human traits. It was quite usual for the chief to have some special favourite, wife or daughter, and Powhatan was no exception. At the time when Smith began his career of Virginia explorer, Powhatan had a daughter, Pocahontas, then some eleven or twelve years old. The name itself of Pocahontas was given her as a nickname by her affectionate father; it means playful, mischievous, sportive. Her real name seems to have been Mataoaka. Pocahontas grew up in her father's "long house" at Werowocomoco, among the scalp-locked warriors and the innumerable wives of the great chief; and doubtless enjoyed her peculiar privileges as the tomboy of the family. As she had not yet come to womanhood, she went about like other young girls of her age, quite

naked, and though Powhatan probably beat his other squaws, she avoided many a beating. The coming of the whites was doubtless the great event in her career; she was curious to see them, eager to know all about them. She was soon to have her desire satisfied in an unexpected way, as we shall see.

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## TENTH CHAPTER

### *The Red Man Hunts for Deer and Makes a Prisoner*

ON December 10, accompanied by nine others, Smith started out on his voyage up the Chickahominy; a voyage that, in more senses than one, was to make history. For the purpose of this trip, he took the barge (evidently the boat that had been brought over in sections by the expedition and which we have seen the colonists fitting up) and he was determined, as having full charge of the venture, to push on as far as possible to the northwestward in the hope of finding a passage to the South Sea, or Pacific, which the colonists supposed must run a few hundred miles back from the coast. This belief had been fanned by reports which the Indians themselves had spread, of a great water (presumably salt) to the northwest; and Smith himself adopted it for the time being, because the colony was still at cross purposes as to whether they would remain at Jamestown. Only a little time before he left, Wingfield, still prisoner in the pinnace, had been haled ashore again, and had publicly offered either to resume the direction

of the colony if Ratcliffe and Archer went to England; or if the majority were in favour of returning to England *en masse*, to furnish them with one hundred pounds out of his private purse towards the cost of fetching the whole company home.

In such conditions Smith set out. The men he took with him were on the whole of the labourer class. Most of the " gentlemen " were by this time unwilling to go, and spent all their time in idleness or furious recriminations. Some sort of houses had at last been provided to take the place of the tents; the food supply was for the time being better; the attacks of the Indians had ceased; and the colony were waiting for Newport's return to have the important question decided whether they would give up the whole enterprise or stay. In such a juncture, Smith felt it was up to him to make an important discovery of some sort. It was no use trying the James River again, because the falls there would prevent his boat from pushing on. So he tackled the Chickahominy, confident that he would get to its source this time.

He pushed up the stream for forty miles without incident of any sort, till he came to a number of islands, which were flooded at high water. Past these he got, and discovered an Indian town, called Apocant. The Indians there assured him that theirs was the highest place inhabited, but he decided to push on. The barge went ten miles further, in the absolute wilderness of virgin forest, and finally came to a halt because of a great tree which had fallen directly across the stream. " Here the river



became narrower, 8, 9, or 10 feet at high water, and 6 or 7 at lowe; the streame exceeding swift, and the bottom hard channell; the ground, most part a low plaine, sandy soyle. This occasioned me to suppose it might issue from some lake or some broad ford, for it could not be far to the head," says Smith to himself in the "True Relation of Such Occurrences as Hath Happened in Virginia," his first account of the colony, and first published pamphlet, written in the months following, and published in England in 1608. It was obvious to him then that he could not get further with the barge. But suppose he could discover a lake? The chance seemed worth taking. So the expedition dropped downstream to Apocant again, resolved to pick up a canoe from some of the Indians and push on. Three or four miles downstream they went, when they discovered two Indians hunting for duck from a canoe in midstream, whom Smith promptly hired to row them up the river the next day.

Here it is necessary to point out that there was something about Smith that inspired the Indians to more confidence than was the case with any other member of the colony. On his trading trips up and down the river he had already proved himself more successful than any other of the settlers, with the possible exception of Martin. It may be that he showed more physical endurance; his body was hammered by hard living into a perfect machine for the purpose, and in dealing with the Indians he did not put on airs of condescension, nor did he appear suspicious. He was fitted for the wilderness in a

way the others were not, and was perfectly at home in a country devoid of landmarks. With his compass and his gun he felt he could go anywhere and be at home; and the Indians seemed to have sensed this quality, as well as his own fellow-countrymen. So we need not be surprised to know that on the day following, he left the barge riding close inshore at Apocant, ordering none of the party to stir, and with two picked men, Robinson and Emery, entrusted himself to a canoe manned by the two Indians, assuring the seven men aboard the barge that he would soon return.

With Robinson and Emery and the two Indians, he therefore pushed on twenty miles further, twelve miles further up the dwindling Chickahominy, his canoe being halted every moment by trees across the river. He was now in a complete wilderness, without the sign even of an Indian habitation. The explorers were tired at last of paddling and lifting the canoe over obstacles, and so Smith, with some reluctance, decided to go ashore and push on on foot. Robinson and Emery were left, therefore, with one single Indian, on a point of land close by the canoe, to boil the kettle and to wait, while Smith and the other Indian pushed on. He had decided to go on until he discovered something, and he would not acknowledge himself beaten. Yet he left orders for Robinson and Emery to fire their guns if they saw any Indians.

Meanwhile, though he did not know it, other feet were moving in the forest trails toward the headwaters of the Chickahominy. Opechancanough, younger

brother and presumptive successor of Powhatan, had gathered a great force of some two or three hundred warriors from the tribes of Chickahominy, Pamunkey, Youghtanund and Mattapimient for a great deer-hunting expedition. The spot chosen for this hunt was to be the wilderness about the headwaters of the Chickahominy, where Smith unsuspectingly lay.

In order to understand what followed, it is necessary to transcribe some words of Smith himself about these hunting expeditions. "At their hunting they leave their habitations, and reduce themselves into companies, as the Tartars doe, and go to the most desert places with their families, where they spend their time in hunting and fowling up towards the mountains, to the heads of their rivers, where there was plentie of game. In betwixt the rivers the grounds are so narrowe, that little cometh there which they devour not. It is a marvel that they can so directly passe these deserts, some three or four dayes journey without habitation. Their hunting houses are like unto arbours covered with mats. These their women beare after them, with corne, acornes, morters, and all bag and baggage they use. When they come to the place of exercise, every man doth his best to show his dexteritie, for by their very excellling in those qualitties, they get their wives. Forty yards will they shoot level, or very neare the mark, and 120 is the best at random. At their hunting in the deserts they are commonly two or three hundred together. Having found the Deare, they environ them with many fires, and betwixt the fires they place

themselves. The deare being thus feared by the fires and their voices, they chace them so long within the circle, that many times they kill six, eight, ten, or fifteen, at a hunting."

Opechancanough's party coming up the river, struck the stream at Apocant and were surprised to see the barge close to the shore. Their first move was to surprise the barge and its occupants. But as luck would have it, they were sighted in time, and by casting off the painter, the barge got downstream. But the Indians by this time were furious that the whites had invaded their hunting-grounds, and though Opechancanough was aware that Powhatan's policy was to keep peace, he and his warriors sought about to find a victim. Unfortunately they found, lurking in the bushes, one George Cassen, a member of the barge party who had, contrary to Smith's orders, gone ashore. He, shaking like a leaf, blurted out that Smith and two others had gone further up the river. This, he probably thought, would induce the Indians to spare him. Unfortunately it did not. The hunting party's blood was up, and like the white mobs that have later imitated their tactics, they tied poor Cassen to a stake, scraped off his skin with mussel-shells, and roasted him alive. They would show the white men what it meant to invade their hunting territory.

Meantime, while the mob was at work, no doubt cheered on by their squaws, Opechancanough was doubtless reflecting soberly. Unlike his brother, Opechancanough was not in favour of any conciliation being shown

to the palefaces. Only a few years (Smith says only a year) before, a ship of the whites (perhaps Spanish) had come into Chesapeake Bay, had sailed up the Pamunkey to the Topahannock, and had there killed one of the chiefs and got away again. Watching the mob torturing Cassen, Opechancanough doubtless grimly approved. Still, orders were orders; Powhatan had said that the Jamestown settlers were to be left alone; but what in the name of all the manitous was this other white, of whom Cassen had told, doing with two companions up the river? The territory into which Smith had gone was sacred; it lay near to the very birthplace of Powhatan himself, and in its midst was Orapaks, where Powhatan's ancestors lay buried, and where he kept his tribute. Summoning his warriors, Opechancanough bade them quit the dead Cassen and double up the river after Smith.

Smith had not gone far (he himself says only a quarter of an hour's distance, but his exaggeration is pardonable) when he heard a whooping of the Indians. What had happened was that Opechancanough's party had come upon Robinson and Emery, nodding by the fire. Before either could snatch up their guns, they were quickly dispatched with some twenty or thirty arrows. The canoe was seized, the barge gone, and Smith now had no chance of succour from any of the whites. He himself suspected from a distant war-whoop that something was amiss, and in order to prevent his Indian guide from running away, "seized him and bound his arm fast to my



hand in a garter, with my pistol ready bent to be revenged on him." His wits were now working rapidly and clearly, as was customary with him in a dangerous situation. The Indian guide, however, advised him to fly and professed ignorance of what was going on. The next thing that happened was an arrow which came hurtling from a thicket, and grazed Smith's right thigh, without hurting him. He looked and saw two Indians drawing their bows, and fired his pistol. They retreated into the thicket, but the sound of the single shot, reverberating among the leafless woods and winter-stilled landscape, must have told Opechancanough's advancing warriors that their quarry was brought to earth.

By the time Smith had charged his pistol again, three or four more Indians were upon him. At his second shot they fell down in the grass, but others began crawling up to take their places. Smith, who kept his wits about him, used his Indian as a barricade against the arrows, twenty or thirty of which came his way, falling short in every case. The poor guide, not knowing quite what to do in this quandary, stood passive and made no resistance. Unfortunately the two men made a standing target, and they were surrounded by Indians who, by taking cover in the grass, could afford to wait till the Englishman ran out of ammunition. Moreover, in his hurried retreat, Smith had taken no notice whatever of where he was going, and the patch of ground on which he was standing proved to be quaking bog. He therefore ordered the Indian guide to speak, requesting peace. He was the



sole leader of this expedition, he added; he wished to retire to his boat and go back with his men whence he came. At this we may suppose that some one of the warriors opposite stood up, or perhaps Opechancanough himself. His reply was to the point. The boat had gone, the men were slain, and the captain himself could only have his life on condition of giving up his arms.

There was nothing to do but submit. Smith had now fired his pistol four or five times without effect. No help seemed forthcoming from any quarter, and without help he could not get back to his boat. He resolved to throw himself upon the mercy of the Indians, much as before in his life he had thrown himself upon the mercy of the Turks. He therefore threw away his arms, and declared himself ready to submit. The move had its immediate effect. The savages pulled him out from the marsh into which he was rapidly sinking, set him on dry land, and conducted him to where Opechancanough stood surveying the scene, with a grim feeling of satisfaction in his heart, no doubt, at having subdued so redoubtable a paleface.

The collapse of the white man's resistance favourably impressed Opechancanough, as did his bearing under capture. Smith was in no way shaken by his misfortune. He greeted the king politely (his previous trading voyages among the Indians seem to have given him a command of the language) as if he were an ambassador come to arrange a treaty rather than a helpless captive. He wished to present him with a souvenir of the occasion.

So saying, he drew his travelling compass out of his pocket, and bade the Chief observe how the needle held true to the north. The sight of the miraculous instrument created a certain impression, and Opechancanough listened while Smith launched into a long harangue about the roundness of the earth and the course of the sun, moon, stars, and planets about it. How much of this Ptolemaic astronomy got into the Indian's mind, or his language, we do not know, but the Chief became more deferential, offered Smith food, and merely to enforce on him the fact that he was now a prisoner, showed him the canoe, beside which lay Robinson's dead body.

After this, Opechancanough ordered his men to conduct the prisoner onwards to where the hunting lodges lay. Smith calls these lodges a town, but, if so, it was a town of the most temporary description. As they went through the woods towards the shelters, Smith could see by the abundance of the fires everywhere that deer were being chased after the method described above. As they neared the settlement, Opechancanough decided that the importance of his captive justified an entry in state. To the astonished gaze of the squaws, the king walked forward, attended by twenty bowmen, arranged in a hollow square, with flankers to each side carrying bows and tomahawks, followed by Smith, with a bowman to each elbow, and succeeded by a long Indian file of painted and armed warriors. This triumphant procession, winding out of the Virginia woods in the afternoon of the lower-

ing December day, was a great success. Swift runners had told of Smith's coming, and squaws and children gathered to cheer on their braves. There followed, as always with the Indians, a dance, and after, each man departed to his lodging.

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## ELEVENTH CHAPTER

### *Powhatan Meets His Match*

MUCH to his surprise, Smith was kindly treated by his red captors, enough food being given him to feed ten men, and even his cloak and compass restored. Eight men were detailed to guard him, but in other respects he was well used. Meantime, in the hunting lodges conferences were held as to what was to be done with the prisoner. There was present in the hunting party the werowance of Paspahegh which was the village lying nearest to Jamestown. His advice was that Smith should be won over to the side of the Indians, that they should enlist his help, and deliver a combined assault on the fort. By means of his friendly address and his previous good relations with some of the Indians there present, the wily Englishman got wind of the plan, and decided to circumvent it. He pointed out to Opechancanough that his death would be presumed by the settlers, and that they would sally out to avenge it unless a letter was written telling them that he was well and kindly used. The Indian was impressed by this, and agreed to send three men with a letter to Jamestown.

Smith thereupon promptly wrote to the settlers warning them of a possible attack and adding for their comfort such details as he was able to pick up from the Indians about the country that lay to the westward, confirming as far as possible all reports of a salt sea beyond the rivers, to hearten the colonists.

The letter apparently was not delivered, because a blizzard now sprang up which made it impossible to travel through the woods. Yet their captive's ability to communicate with his fellow-beings at a distance by making marks on paper further impressed the simple children of nature that their prisoner was somehow a man of importance. The hunting lodges were now shifted and Smith was carried about the country for several days, but not before making another narrow escape with his life. The next day after the letter incident a savage nearly slipped past the guard and brained him with a tomahawk. It appears that during the fight in the swamp, Smith's pistol had mortally wounded his son, and he was therefore bent on private revenge. The Englishman must have breathed easier when Opechanca-nough interposed and again announced that he was not to be put to death.

The attack on the fort was also put off, as Smith laboured hard with all the Indian words at his disposal to convince them that Jamestown was a strong place, well guarded with guns and with mines sown in the fields; and further that Newport was expected to return now any day with his ships. But the Indians, though

they were impressed with these arguments, showed no disposition to allow him to return. Days drifted by without change in the situation. No doubt during this time messengers had been sent to Powhatan, asking him for a decision as to what was to be done with the prisoner, and in the state of the trails they took some time to get back to Opechancanough.

Finally word came through that Smith was to be conducted to Powhatan and that the High Chief would himself decide what disposition to make of the prisoner. The way to Werowocomoco was taken in short leisurely stages, with stops at every village, and abundant food. Everywhere the Indians gathered to see the important captive that had been taken; nor is there any indication that Smith's bearing was in any way shaken by these informal receptions. Rather did he take it all as tribute to himself, and his old self-confidence, which had been under a cloud ever since the expedition landed in Virginia, returned to him. On the way to Powhatan he was taken to see the Chief of Topahannock whose predecessor had been killed, as we have already seen, by a Spanish captain a short time before. The Topahannock people, however, declared that the man who had committed this outrage was much taller than the one now before them, so Smith again escaped. To this incident we owe the only indication concerning our hero's physical build that we possess.

Arriving at Werowocomoco, the Indians did not immediately take their prisoner to see Powhatan, as prom-



ised. They put him instead into a long house by himself, where he spent the night. What followed can best be told in Smith's own words. "Not long after, early in the morning a great fire was made in the long house, and a mat spread on the one side as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many snakes' and weasels' skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together, so they met on the crowne of his head in a tassel; and round about the tassel was a coronet of feathers; with a hellish voice, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began an invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meal; which done, three more suchlike devils came rushing in with the like antic tricks, painted half black, half red; but all their eyes were painted white, and some red strokes, like mustachios, along their cheeks. Round about him those fiends danced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest, with red eyes and white strokes over their black faces. At last they all sat down right against him; three on the one hand of the chief priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chief priest laid down five wheat corns, then straining his arms and hands with such violence that he sweat, he began a short oration; at the conclusion they all gave a short groan; then he laid down three grains more. After that, the song began again, and then another ora-

tion, ever laying down as many corns as before, till they had twice encircled the fire; that done, they took a bunch of little sticks prepared for the purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and oration they laid down a stick betwixt the divisions of corn. Till night, neither he nor they did either eat or drink; and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three days they used this ceremony; the meaning of which they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meal signified their country, the circle of corn the bounds of the sea, and the sticks his country." Whether this interpretation was altogether correct is doubtful. The ceremony was probably performed at the instance of the priests with Powhatan, to remove any magic that Smith may have possessed on his person, so that he would enter the High Chief's presence shorn of his power to accomplish harm. Hitherto everything had helped him to gain confidence; but this last experience must have somewhat daunted him, and the detailed description he gives of it proves that it ate deeply into his mind.

At last, the conjuration being finished, Smith was told that he could now see Powhatan. It was now about the fifth of January, 1608. So these two men were to meet; the short, stocky, determined-looking Englishman of twenty-eight and the grave, majestic, tall Indian of sixty. To anyone who has read this story with any care, it must surely be obvious that they should have met months before; the best advantage that the colo-

nists could possibly hope for was not to wait on supplies from England, but to come to some working alliance with the Indians as early as possible. But whether such an idea had ever crossed Smith's mind was doubtful, and the succeeding events seem to have only confirmed him in the opinion that Powhatan was not to be trusted. The High Chief had prepared a reception in state for his captive. Sitting at the end of the long house, on a platform a foot high, covered with ten or twelve mats, the great werowance had decked his neck with chains of mussel pearls, and was covered with a long cape of raccoon skins, their tails dangling to the ground. On either side of him sat two favourites of his harem; his chief men were ranged on either side of the fire, and behind him many other wives of the chief. Food was brought forward on platters, and Smith was pressed to eat. His spirits rose, and he must have pictured himself free from danger, when Opechancanough, who had accompanied his prisoner all the way to Werowocomoco, was asked to speak. What he said we do not know; to judge by his character, he probably tried to persuade his brother and superior to put Smith to death, or to hold him to ransom. According to Smith's own account, Opechancanough expatiated on the extent of Smith's astronomical and other powers, but we know this account was touched up for English consumption, and we may well doubt this particular. After he had finished, Smith himself was bluntly asked by Powhatan why the English had come into the country.

Being thus put on his guard, the Englishman decided to lie, and the stronger the lie, the better. "I told him that being in fight with the Spaniards, our enemies, being overpowered, near put to retreat, and by extreme weather put to this shore; where landing at Chesapiack, the people shot at us, but at Kecoughtan they kindly used us, we by signes demanded fresh water and they described us up the river was all fresh water. At Paspahegh they also kindly used us, and our pinnace being leakie, we were inforced to stay to mend her, till Captain Newport my father came to conduct us away."

Powhatan must have known this story to be false, for it left unexplained the long wait during the summer months and the endurance of famine and sickness, about which he or his spies were probably perfectly aware. However, he raised another point. Why had Smith come so far with his boat? To this the answer was that Smith was looking for the back sea, where salt water was to be found. Further, that Newport had had a child slain, which the colonists supposed had been done by the Monacans, enemies to the Powhatans; and this death he had intended to avenge.

A long pow-wow followed. At its close, Powhatan motioned to two of his warriors. They brought forward two great stones and laid them down before the fire. Others of the warriors seized the unresisting Smith and dragged him forward. Just what was to happen he did not know. He was thrown down upon the stones, and tomahawks were lifted as if to beat out his brains, when suddenly,

darting forth from the ranks of the women, a young Indian girl came up and, kneeling down, laid her head beside his. There was a shout from the warriors of "Pocahontas!" The great Chief motioned the executioners to step back; at his favourite daughter's request the foreigner's life would be spared him. He should live and make him hatchets, and serve Pocahontas with bells, beads, and copper. The warriors grunted assent. Smith was free.

This incident has caused more ardent discussion and denial than anything in Smith's career, indeed than anything in American history except the famous cherry tree story of George Washington. The reason is that Smith does not refer to it in his first account of the expedition written in the following months, nor again in 1612, in his description of Virginia; and his first account of it is contained in a letter to the queen, presumably written when Pocahontas was already the lion of London society in 1616. And it is upon his account, and his account alone, that the credibility or otherwise of Pocahontas' rescue of him as a captive, rests. It is, moreover, notorious that as Smith aged and the heroic period of his exploits became more and more distant, he exaggerated what he had done and undergone. Yet there is good reason for supposing that this event occurred as I have told it. In the first place, Powhatan, though his own intentions were peaceable, could not have set Smith instantly free without mortally offending Opechancanough, his brother and destined successor; Opechancanough had



had men killed in the pursuit, as we have seen, and demanded revenge; and it was not until he and his warriors had departed, believing in Powhatan's promise to keep Smith a captive, that the Englishman was told he could go. In the second, Powhatan himself probably wished to impress Smith with the fact that he owed his life altogether to the clemency of the Indians. As a matter of fact, Powhatan had probably decided what he would do while his captive still lay in the hunting lodges, and everything done between then and now, including the parading of Smith up and down the country, had been done to impress him with the thought that, however powerful the English might be behind their Jamestown palisade, here the Indian was all-powerful. Lastly, if the incident did not occur as Smith told us, there is still his suspicion of Powhatan's sincerity to be accounted for. Over and over again he tells us that he did not trust the great Chief's professions of friendship; and this not in 1616, but in his very first account written in 1608.

As for Pocahontas's part in this episode, there is no reason to believe that she had any particular interest in Smith, nor that her action was dictated by any sentimental consideration—such things do not cross the mind of a young Indian girl, and are, indeed, much more commonly found among modern sophisticates than among savages. She did only what was customary to her kind in such cases, and may have been schooled in her part before Smith's arrival. It was the universal practice



among Indian tribes to grant the life of a captive, white or red, only at the instance of some favourite squaw; and Pocahontas was notoriously Powhatan's favourite daughter. His policy, it cannot be too often repeated, was to conciliate the white man as far as possible — the direct opposite of Opechancanough's idea. Had he not held to this policy, it would have been perfectly easy for his forces to have destroyed the whites during the months of August and September; the opportunity had now gone by and it was Powhatan himself who was alone responsible. He was now faced with the alternative of letting Smith go and facing his own brother's discontent, or of slaughtering Smith and awaiting a punitive expedition on the part of Newport within a few weeks. His diplomatic brain found this way out, and it must be admitted the compromise satisfied everyone for the time being. It was a formal victory for his side, but the actual victory remained to the whites.

In order to understand how much a part of Indian custom Pocahontas' act was, it is necessary only to look at the narrative of De Soto's expedition to Florida in 1539. This expedition found on the coast, when they landed, Juan Ortiz, a Spaniard who had been captured twelve years before by the Indians while engaged in looking for an earlier expedition, then lost. Another Spaniard, captured at the same time as he, had resisted and paid for his resistance with his life. Ortiz was bound and laid on stakes, and a fire was kindled beneath to torture him to death, when the Chief's daughter stepped

forward and begged his life. The captive was kept by the Chief as a private guard to a temple, containing mummified chiefs, for three years; at the end of that time it was decided again to make him a sacrifice, whereupon the same girl warned Ortiz to escape to a neighbouring tribe of hostile Indians. There Ortiz was well received and told that if the whites ever returned, he could consider himself free to seek them, which he did, twelve years later. The whole story was known in England by 1609, thanks to Hakluyt's translation of the "Narrative of the Gentleman of Elvas" who accompanied De Soto; and Smith may have read it, and have decided that Pocahontas' action was so common as to be not worth mentioning. But he had other causes for concealment, as we shall see later on. Meanwhile Pocahontas herself, as was natural in such cases, looked on the Englishman as one who was in a sense already her property. Had not Powhatan said that the captive was to stay behind and manufacture bells and beads for her, and amuse her in other ways?

Scarcely, however, had Opechancanough departed, when Powhatan had another and more private conference with Smith. He began by telling the Englishman that he was quite correct in surmising that the rivers led to a sea beyond. This sea lay in a country inhabited by the Massawomecks, who, with the Monacans, were his enemies. There was, furthermore, somewhere in this country people apparelled like the Englishman, with houses like his and plenty of gold and other metals. All



POCAHONTAS PLEADING WITH KING POWHATAN TO  
SPARE CAPTAIN SMITH'S LIFE



this country could be conquered by the English if they wished, but first it was necessary to make an alliance. The English were to quit their fort and come and live at Capahowasick, at the mouth of the Pamunkey, and make common cause with the Indians. To all this you may be sure Smith rapturously consented. He was ready to promise anything now, if he could only see Jamestown again.

The Chief pressed on with what he supposed to be his advantage. He demanded two or three guns as a ransom for the Englishman. Smith likewise agreed to this, and thereupon Powhatan informed him that in four days he could consider himself free.

On the seventh of January Smith, guided by four Indians, started out to cover the fourteen miles that lay between himself and safety. Owing to reluctance or laziness on the part of his guides, they did not get the whole way, but were forced to lie in some deserted hunting lodges of Paspahagh during the night. On the next morning the fort appeared, but Smith, whose confidence was now restored, decided on a characteristically Elizabethan piece of deceit. He had promised the Indians at least a gun apiece. On the bastion, guarding the entrance to Jamestown, stood two demi-culverins, guns of four thousand five hundred pounds weight, capable of carrying a ball of nine pounds weight a considerable distance. Smith motioned to the sentry to fire one. The ball hit a tree and a shower of icicles and twigs fell to the ground. The Indians, in terror at the white man's

mighty magic, ran away to the woods; and Smith, no doubt laughing at his own cleverness, stepped into Jamestown, after just having taken part in a scene which his contemporary Shakespeare might well have thought worthy of the utmost of his own dramatic art.



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## T W E L F T H   C H A P T E R

### *The Arrival of Newport and What Followed*

WHEN Smith stepped into the fort again, it was to encounter a new peril, even more threatening than that which he had recently escaped under Powhatan. In his absence, Ratcliffe had decided to admit Archer to the council, and had done so, despite the protest of Martin. Archer and Ratcliffe were now plotting again to take the pinnacle and escape to England, a procedure which would have left behind only twenty-seven souls, including Robert Hunt the devoted chaplain to the colony, Anthony Gosnold son of the dead Captain, Thomas Wooton, and some ten or twelve others of what were called the better sort, including the unfortunate Wingfield, still a prisoner.

Smith's arrival, safe and miraculously sound, put a sudden stop to the scheme. He did not bring any food with him, but the pictures he drew of the plenty in which he found Powhatan living must have considerably heartened those who wished to stay in Jamestown. With consummate tact he decided to say nothing about his own narrow escape from death, as it might darken the

prospect, which thanks to the severe weather of the last few weeks was now none too bright. And it was just as well that he should suppress any part of the truth that was unpleasant. Ratcliffe, who had not recovered from his illness of the autumn, was now a mere tool in the hands of Archer; and that worthy was determined at all costs to clear out of colony-making. When Smith appeared with a tale of new hopes, he decided that Smith's persuasive tongue must be silenced. Accordingly, he persuaded Ratcliffe to indict the truant for the heinous crime of permitting Robinson and Emery to be killed; and so the hero of the recent encounter with Powhatan found himself under arrest. His trial, a mere formality, was set for the next day; and Smith had nothing to look forward to but a death with several English bullets in his body or a noose of English hemp around his neck, when an unexpected event occurred that completely altered the course of fortune.

A ship was suddenly perceived sailing up the river, and on examination it proved to be Captain Newport, on his return journey. This unexpected arrival must have seemed like an interposition of Providence in their favour, to the thirty-eight hungry and half-frozen souls who were now all that were left to the colony. Smith and Wingfield, aboard the pinnace, must have especially heaved a great sigh of relief. Before night of this momentous 8th of January, Newport had landed men and supplies, had relieved the colony, and had informed everybody that he had successfully petitioned the Lon-

don Council for a double supply, and that his ship would be shortly followed by another, bringing over still more colonists and food.

In the outburst of joy that followed this event the smouldering differences among the colonists were temporarily forgotten. Nobody stopped to question Smith more closely about what had happened while he was being kept prisoner, and so the Pocahontas episode was not brought to light. Indeed, Smith's party among the colonists received an unexpected accession of strength by the arrival of Master Scrivener, who seems to have been an old personal friend, and who was promptly admitted to the council. There also came two brothers, Michael and William Phettiplace by name, who either were or soon became his devoted adherents; and a sturdy soldier, Anas Todkill by name, who seems to have served with Smith either in the Low Countries or the Turkish Wars, and who proved to be one of the most resolute and uncompromising of his champions. As for Ratcliffe, he must have expected almost to lose his office; but Newport contented himself merely with deposing the troublesome Archer, and allowed Ratcliffe to continue in his position. The president's mind must have been somewhat consoled by the fact that a relation, Michael Sickelmore, was on board Newport's ship; but from now on Ratcliffe took less openly a hand in the fortunes of the colony. Indeed, according to one account, it was within a few weeks after this that in discharging his flint-lock, he blew off a portion of his own hand; a

circumstance that must have convinced him still more that fortune was not in his favour, at least so long as Newport remained with the colony.

Within a week after the arrival of this succour, a further accident occurred which was almost fatal to the prospects of the whole enterprise, and would have been entirely so, had Newport not been present. The thatch of one of the flimsy buildings which had been erected caught on fire, and within a few minutes nothing but the palisade was left of Jamestown. Master Hunt, the cleric who had already sacrificed so much for the good of the colony, was now called on to witness the loss of his books and all his possessions, except the clothes on his back; yet he did not complain. Unfortunately, this is the last record we have of this remarkable man; henceforth he simply disappears from our story, and what became of him we do not know.\* He would have been an admirable apostle among the Indians, who were more fitted to appreciate his fine qualities than the collection of turbulent spirits gathered behind the Jamestown palisade. The thoroughness of this disaster to the colony made Newport relax an important regulation in the list compiled for him by the Virginia Company back in London. He gave orders that the sailors aboard his ships should be allowed to trade freely with the colonists and with the Indians. Thus it was hoped to ensure a new supply of precious foodstuffs to replace those lost in the destruction of the storehouse; but the regulation worked

\* Smith, however, refers to his death in his last pamphlet.

to the disadvantage of the colonists later, as we shall see. Meanwhile, Newport decided to remain and see the colony rebuilt; and immediately set his men to work building a new storehouse, a new church, and a number of dwellings.

The Indians, on their part, were not behindhand in keeping the colonists supplied with game, corn, furs, and everything they possessed, and as the ship was plentifully supplied with salt beef, pork, sack, and other eatables and drinkables, it was used as a kind of "removing tavern" by the hungry men while the work went on. In the flush of plenty, all differences were forgotten, and the rebuilding of the colony went on apace. Meanwhile Smith was in his element, regaling everyone with tales of Powhatan's plenty, the South Sea, and the rocks along the Pamunkey which, he believed, looked as if they might contain minerals. At this last piece of information everyone in the colony, especially Newport, pricked up their ears.

For the facts of the situation in regard to the London Virginia company were these: the shrewd merchants of London were likely soon to become indisposed to risk their pounds and shillings in sending new expeditions overseas, unless they could have a quick return of profit. The example of Spain had shown that no quick return was to be looked for unless gold was found; the Spanish empire, despite its disastrous wars in the Lowlands, was still the wealthiest of European powers, in possessing Peru and Mexico. Moreover, during the very time of



which we write, Raleigh, the immensely popular hero of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, who had been committed to the Tower by King James for his anti-Spanish intrigues, was diverting himself with writing his *History of the World*, and appealing to the throne to be given a chance to lead an English expedition to the shores of South America, where he declared a gold mine could be found without entrenching on Spanish territory. The wisest heads in England were aware that the country could not keep up its naval establishment, its colonial enterprises, and its supplies of armed forces to the cause of the Netherlands Estates, without either finding gold somewhere, or reverting to such direct taxation as later imperilled the throne of Charles I. Newport had assured the company that he would make an attempt to find gold on this expedition; and had brought with him several refiners and one jeweller to aid him in this purpose. He therefore hailed with delight the idea of paying Powhatan a visit.

At some time in February, the expedition set forward, consisting of Newport, Scrivener, Smith and some twenty men, in the pinnace. They coasted up to the Pamunkey and arrived off Werowocomoco without incident. Here, however, it was found that the tide had fallen, and that a mile and a half of mud lay between them and Powhatan's residence. Thereupon it was decided to put Smith ashore with a small force, in order to inform Powhatan of the expedition's arrival. Unfortunately, our worthy captain had by no means recovered



from the fright that must have seized on him when he found himself earlier abandoned to Powhatan's mercy; or perhaps he remembered certain unfulfilled promises that he had made in order to obtain his release. At all events, Smith on this occasion showed himself to be in a state not far removed from panic. He and the men he took with him, in a canoe, first mistook the creek that led to Werowocomoco, and found themselves ashore at some distance from the town. On the way thither, they had to pass over another creek over which the Indians had made a rough bridge of stakes and rails. Smith at this grew positively terror-stricken at the prospect of being cut off, and refused to cross, despite the fact that one of Powhatan's sons was present, unless he were allowed to intersperse the crowd of the Indians with his own men, half of whom he left as a guard to one side of the bridge till the other half had crossed. His conduct in fact was so extraordinary that it can only be explained by supposing that the rescue accomplished by Pocahontas was still present in his mind. Had his escape from Powhatan been without danger or incident of this sort, he could not have acted as he did.

Arrived at last at Werowocomoco, Powhatan again received him as before; sitting on a throne at the end of the long room, with more dignity than Smith had ever seen "either in Pagan or Christian." He invited Smith to a seat beside him, which was a signal honour, and bade him welcome in kindly terms.

Smith now presented him with a suit of red cloth, a white greyhound, and a hat. All these gifts he received with dignity, and in return ordered one of the inhabitants of his harem, whom Smith calls the Queen of Appamatuck, to bring forward water to wash the Englishman's hands, as well as a cooked wild turkey, and Indian bread, made of corn. These gifts he now offered to Smith as Newport's ambassador. Whatever private animosity he may have felt in his own mind against his prisoner, who had so cunningly overreached him, he was determined not to show it. Smith had no ground for his unworthy suspicions.

There followed the ensuing conversation which Smith literally reports, but not in the first person, into which I have taken the liberty of transposing it: —

Powhatan. Your kind visit makes me feel happy; but where is your father Newport, whom I much wish to see? Is he not with you?

Smith. He is still aboard the ship and will visit you tomorrow.

Powhatan (smiling). And where are the guns that you promised me, when we last met?

Smith (his face flushing slightly). I offered your men the best guns we had, four demi-culverins at our fort; they refused to take them.

Powhatan (laughing despite himself). You should have given us less heavy ones; I am sure none of my men could have carried off guns like that. But have you

brought any of your men with you? Bid them come in.

Smith (after his troop had filed in two by two and had been given welcome). Has Powhatan now the corn and the land that he promised me, when I departed?

(This was a home thrust and Powhatan knew it. If Smith had failed to keep his promises about the guns, Powhatan had equally failed to keep his to take the colonists under his protection and give them a plot of land on the Pamunkey to live on.)

Powhatan (after a moment of awkward reflection). You shall have the corn, and likewise the ground I promised; but first your men here present must lay down their arms at my feet, as do all my subjects.

Smith (not to be beaten). That is a ceremony our enemies desire, but never our friends. We are your friends, and tomorrow my father Newport will give you one of his children in assurance of our love. Not only that, but whenever you think it convenient, we will conquer the country of the Monacans for you.

Powhatan (feeling this battle of wits has gone far enough). Warriors of Powhatan here assembled, know that I have this day made Captain Smith a werowance of this tribe; ye shall all so esteem him; no man shall account these men strangers, nor subject to the Paspahigans in whose territory they are, but my subjects; and the corn, women, and land of Powhatan shall be to them as to my own people.

After this ceremony, Smith went to look for Newport. But the pinnace was unable to come ashore that night. With the following morning, however, the tide had risen, and Newport and Scrivener landed safely. Preceded by a trumpeter, the whole body of the English now marched into the great chief's presence, where Newport presented him with a boy of thirteen called Thomas Savage who had recently come over, to be held by Powhatan as his son. Not to be outdone in courtesy Powhatan presented the Englishman with a young savage named Namontack, of "a shrewd subtill capacity." The trading for corn (for the pinnace was deeply laden with copper, hatchets, knives, grindstones, beads, bells, etc. for this purpose) was put off till next day.

The next day after breakfast, the King (as Smith calls him) again asked the English why they came armed, seeing that his warriors had hung up their own bows and arrows; did they doubt the Indian friendship?

At this Newport, despite some lame attempts of Smith to keep the soldiers present, ordered his little force of twenty to retire to the shore, some six hundred yards away. He, Smith, and Scrivener would alone remain with Powhatan. But the idea of an ambush was so insistently running now in Smith's head that he made some excuse, and went off with the soldiers to the barges. It was the most cowardly action of his whole career, and utterly inexplicable except upon the presumption that

he had but recently narrowly escaped death at Powhatan's hands. However, he was finally persuaded to come back.

The Indian, now feeling that his dignity was at stake, and being, quite rightly, nettled at the brusque manner of the English, next made the following speech, which we will give in the words of that sturdy soldier, Anas Todkill:

“ Captain Newport, it is not agreeable with my greatness in this peddling manner to trade for trifles; and I esteem you a great werowance. Therefore lay down all your commodities together, and what I like I will take; and in recompense give you what I think fitting their value.”

At this there was another long consultation among the colonists. Smith, on one of his previous voyages among the Chickahominies, had apparently been met by the same demand, and he was sure that it meant that the Indians intended to cheat the whites. Newport, however, was still conciliatory, and after a great deal of palaver, it was agreed to try what Powhatan would offer for twelve bars of copper. Smith's fears were only too well grounded in this instance: the chief offered as much corn for the bars as had been obtained by Smith at Chickahominy for a single bar of smaller size. If Powhatan was not great as a warrior, at diplomacy he was more than holding his own. Todkill disgustedly remarks in his account of the expedition: “ Powhatan valued his corn at such a rate, as to think it were better cheap in



Spain; for we had not four bushels for what we expected twenty hogsheads for.”

The situation was now growing dangerous, not between Powhatan and the whites, but between Newport and Smith. The latter was now in favour of breaking off trade altogether; a move which would undoubtedly have been fatal to the success of the enterprise, as being an insult to both Newport and Powhatan. At last, however, our hero was pacified; and seeing him fingering a few chains of blue beads, Powhatan asked their price. Instantly Smith, who was itching to show that he and not Newport was master here, pointed out that the beads were scarce, and said that as the tide was ebbing, he would mention the price next day. The result was that Powhatan, kept waiting, offered two bushels of corn for a string, which brought up the price of all the beads in the parcel to some two hundred bushels, according to Todkill.

Smith was now satisfied, and the expedition stayed several days in Powhatan's territory, being feasted by Opechancanough, and meeting with no further difficulties except occasional objections on the part of the Indians at the white men so often appearing under arms. In fact, during part of the time, Smith went off alone, with the familiar barge (which also seems to have taken part in the expedition, as well as the pinnace) to dig a rock, where the whites supposed a mine to lie, at Cinquaoteck, twenty miles from Werowocomoco. Nothing, however, but mica was found, but the yellow dirt of the



district seemed to promise something, according to some of the refiners present. All this time the whites were unmolested, and were assured into the bargain by Powhatan, that if they ever did desire to try conclusions with the Monacans lying in the country behind the falls, that he himself would supply two of his sons, Opechanca-nough, and one hundred bowmen to help them towards the accomplishment of their purpose. Whereupon Smith sagely remarks: "This fair tale had almost made Captain Newport to undertake to discover the South Sea; which will not be without treachery, if we ground our intent upon his (Powhatan's) constancy."

On the ninth of March, 1608, the expedition returned to Jamestown, bringing back with them two hundred and fifty bushels of corn, supplies sufficient for twelve weeks, and the prospect at last of a settled peace with the Indians. Yet that prospect was to be nearly destroyed before the year was out, and this was largely due to Smith's own high-handed conduct. As a matter of fact, throughout this expedition he appears in the most unfavourable light; either he could not get over his suspicion of the Indian's hostility or he could not forgive Newport for taking from him his glory of being the presumptive first discoverer of the back country. Whether he was most moved by jealousy or fear in his actions, I must leave to the reader; but the Smith who appears in this chapter is the Smith who was suspected by his contemporaries, by Wingfield no less than Newport, by Percy and Archer, as a very vain and braggart

sort of man. His refusal to admit Newport to a share of his own greatness was after all only a minor incident; but his refusal to conciliate Powhatan, his grudge against the Indian, worked havoc, and was the beginning of that tale of woe which has run through all the relations of white and red from the founding of Jamestown down to our own day.

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## THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

### *Newport's Departure; Smith on the Warpath*

ON April 10, a month after the momentous journey to Powhatan's territory, Newport finally left Jamestown, Smith and Scrivener accompanying him in the barge down the river to Point Comfort. The reason why Newport had delayed for a month longer is one of those mysteries of history that takes superhuman skill to penetrate. It is true that he had expected shortly to be followed from London by the "Phoenix," a consort ship; but inasmuch as he had arrived in Virginia in December, and that this ship was, in March, three months overdue, there was really no further excuse for staying. The careful reader of Smith's and Todkill's accounts of this period will however gain a surmise of what Newport was doing during that period. He had now assumed that he had discovered gold, and was encouraged in this belief by Martin, whom the reader will remember as acting as one of the triumvirate that deposed Wingfield. Quantities of yellow dirt supposed to contain the precious metal were now brought to Jamestown and there is some reason to suppose that Newport's ship was freighted with

it. Smith says vaguely and guardedly "having furnished him with what he thought good, he set sail for England the tenth of April." But Todkill is more explicit. He winds up a chapter of typical Elizabethan railings with the following blunt remarks: —

"But the worst was our guilded refiners with their golden promises . . . there was no talke, no hope, no worke, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, loade gold, such a bruit of gold, that one mad fellow desired to be buried in the sands least they should by their art make gold of his bones; little neede there was and lesse reason, the ship should stay, their wags run on, our victualls consume fourteen weekes, that the mariners might say they did helpe to build such a golden church that we can say the raine washed neere to nothing in fourteen days.

"Were it that Captaine Smith would not applaude all those golden inventions, because they admitted him not to the sight of their trialls nor golden consultations, I know not, but I have heard him oft question with Captain Martin and tell him, except he could shew him a more substantiall triall, he was not inamored with their durty skill. . . . Never anything did more torment him, than to see all necessary business neglected, to fraught such a drunken ship with so much guilded dust. . . . Till then we never accounted Captaine Newport a refiner."

Whether or not Newport actually came home with his hull full of Virginia earth, we do not know; his arrival is not mentioned in any contemporary document

that has come down to us; but he took away from Virginia two old enemies of Smith, Archer and Wingfield, so our hero had really no cause to complain. As a matter of fact, he was now in reality, if not in name, the sole president of the colony. Ratcliffe was too much of a broken man to care for anything more than his own comfort; and so Smith had things his own way. In view of the fact that he and some of his supporters later declared that there was starvation in the colony this spring also, it is worth mentioning that only twenty-eight of the colony in all died from the date of Newport's arrival in January to October, and that the food supply was now practically in Smith's own hands, he having taken over the position of "cape-merchant," or corn factor to the colony from the date of Studley's death the preceding August. There is also to be noted another and a still more conclusive circumstance.

On April 20, while the colonists were busy at work sowing their corn, hewing down trees, and thatching the new storehouse which Newport had built, there was an alarm, and every man ran for his guns. A strange ship was coming up the river. It proved to be the "Phoenix," the long-lost consort that Newport has expected to follow, which had beat about the Canaries, being storm-bound, for more than a month, before Captain Nelson could take the way to Virginia. He had, however, by replenishing his ship at the West Indies, carefully husbanded his provisions; and he now brought over with him enough supplies so that, added to what Newport

had collected, the colony might consider themselves fed for half a year. In addition to this he brought further colonists, bringing up the number transported by Newport and himself to 120. The colony therefore now held about one hundred and fifty-eight souls, not allowing for such deaths as occurred in the bitter cold that had followed the burning of Jamestown shortly after Newport's arrival.

The names of those landed in this "first supply" (as the two ships of Nelson and Newport were ever after called) have come down to us; it may interest the reader to know that there were thirty-three gentlemen, twenty-one labourers, six tailors, two apothecaries, a jeweller, two goldsmiths, two refiners, a gunsmith, a perfumer, a surgeon-barber, a cooper, a blacksmith, and a tobacco-pipe maker among them. Such was the material England was sending out to the New World.

Unfortunately, the arrival of Nelson coincided with fresh trouble with the Indians. When Newport departed, Powhatan had politely sent him a boatload of turkeys to replenish his ships, requesting a few swords such as the Englishmen wore in exchange. (It appears, by the way, that when the whites arrived in Virginia, they found the natives carrying wooden swords; whether they had invented these for themselves, or had but recently taken to making them from seeing an earlier white expedition thus equipped, is a question we must leave to archaeologists). Newport had promptly sent twenty swords. Now, on Nelson's arrival, Powhatan



sent more turkeys, apparently expecting more swords. But Smith had decided not to have anything more to do with the Indians, and rejected the turkeys with contempt, refusing to send anything. The Indians still hung about, and as strict orders had been left behind by Newport not to interfere with them, they entered the fort. One of them there picked up two swords, and was about to make off, when Smith saw him and persuaded the council to give him authority to make him prisoner under irons, if he returned. The next day, with three other Indians, he came back, whereupon Smith ordered them out of the fort. The Indian grew angry, and lifted his wooden sword as if to strike Smith. Whereupon, Smith struck him first. The result was a petty brawl which only reached an end when Smith summoned five or six of the soldiers standing thereby, and chased the savages out of the Jamestown peninsula with bullets and gunpowder.

It was an inauspicious beginning, but worse was to follow. It was impossible to keep the Indians away from the settlement. In the first place, they had a natural curiosity to see the place and the new ship that had just arrived; in the second, they were now eager to trade; in the third, the whites were already employing several of them as labourers on some fishing weirs nearby. A few days after this another Indian picked up a hatchet, and was unavailingly chased. Next, Smith and Scrivener taking a walk outside the palisade were suddenly surprised to find two Indians circling around them, as if

they would have clubbed them to death. They got back only in time, in Smith's opinion. Next, a whole deputation of Indians arrived who offered to beat any of their number who had ever offended the whites. Smith apparently made some rude remark at this, whereupon they started to strike him. Another brawl, and four more Indians arrested. Appeal to the council, and decision taken that the Indians were plotting to surprise the fort, as they had done at the outset of the colony, a year before. Fresh arrests and a decision to keep the sally-ports closed. Once again the atmosphere of terror closed around Jamestown.

This atmosphere did not lift, despite an embassy on behalf of the red men for peace. Two of the whites were next unfortunately found wandering in the woods, and these the red men made captive, deciding to hold them till the seven or eight Indians now prisoners behind the palisade were released. The whites now manned the barge and began carrying the war into the enemies' country, by destroying all the Indian villages within reach. Thereupon the two white prisoners were released and sent back to Jamestown. But Smith's blood was now up. He was not to be fooled with. One of the wretched Indians was released, but the Anglo-Saxon apostles of civilization proceeded to inflict the Elizabethan version of Prussian *Schrecklichkeit* on the others. At Smith's insistence, the council decided that torture should be tried on the captives.

Two of the unfortunate Indians were selected for the

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experiment. They were each tied to the main-mast of the "Phoenix" and were threatened first with the rack, and later with death in the shape of "six muskets with match in the cocks." One of them refused to make any answer; but the other babbled out a tale to the effect that it was the combined tribes of Paspahagh, Chickahominy, Youghtanund, Pamunkey, Mattapanient, and Kiskiack that had taken Smith captive; that the two tribes of Paspahagh and Chickahominy had now combined to surprise the whites while at work in order to have their tools, and that Powhatan intended to remain friends with the whites till Newport's return, whereupon he would ask for the Indian Namontack to be returned to him again, and would then surprise Newport at a feast, and make him captive.

This rigmarole was scarcely enough to have convinced any level-headed man. But Smith was now fairly out of his senses. In spite of the objections of the more sensible of the council, it was decided to keep captive the white boy, Thomas Savage, whom Newport had given Powhatan "as an earnest of his love," and who had been sent to Jamestown with the turkeys. And yet in the meantime, the council had already sent to Powhatan for one Weanock, an Indian, to serve as guide; a request which Powhatan freely granted!

There is small wonder, then, that in his account of these matters, Smith becomes confused and gives the impression of a man wishing to exculpate himself. Indeed, one cannot avoid the impression that he was —

as Wingfield described him — at bottom so haughty of spirit that he could brook no interference with his cherished prejudices. The notion had rooted itself in his mind that the theft of a few hatchets on the part of the Indians was a crime of heinous proportions, and that he was the leader destined by God to save the colony from the peril of the Indians. Unfortunately, Martin seems to have supported him in this idea, for reasons that we now have to narrate.

The idea that Martin had embraced was that there was a mine of silver or gold in the country beyond the falls. Since the "Phoenix" had come, he had been insistent that this country should be explored, and that specimens of ore should be sent back to England. As the supposed mine lay beyond Powhatan's jurisdiction, in the country of the Monacans, it was necessary to send an armed force. The project was adopted by Smith, and he had been spending the weeks since the "Phoenix's" arrival in drilling a body of seventy picked men to march, fight, and skirmish in the woods. It was necessary, however, to have a guide to conduct the expedition, and for this purpose Powhatan was asked to send Weanock. He agreed, despite the fact that his spies must have affrighted him not a little with tales of the warlike preparations of the whites and his own possible danger.

However, Powhatan was not to be outdone by his own fears, in showing every courtesy possible. The tale of this Indian's generosity shines through the record of sordid intrigue that was going on at Jamestown, like

the gleam of a single star in a cloud-blanketed night sky. He had heard by now that the whites were detaining certain captives and instantly sent Pocahontas accompanied by Rawhunt, one of the oldest and most level-headed of his counsellors, to ask that they be released. He knew that Smith could not, without complete sacrifice of his own honor and self-respect, refuse to Pocahontas, to whom he owed his life, anything that she requested. So the young girl came at last to Jamestown.

Her appearance amongst the colony excited an extraordinary interest. Most of the colonists had gone so long without seeing a woman that even the presence of a young girl of twelve, copper-coloured and almost completely naked, among them, brought them to something of a more humane cast of mind. Smith began to let his resolution cool at once, and went about declaring Pocahontas to be a nonpareil of beauty. The young girl, on her part, enjoyed the situation immensely, and was soon up to innumerable mischievous tricks. Strachey, who was not then in the colony, and who never saw Pocahontas, declared on the testimony of those who had seen her on this occasion, that she gathered together all the serving-boys of the settlement, on to the parade-ground, started them to turning cartwheels, on their hands, herself followed, and "wheeled so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over." Perhaps she was parodying Smith's military drill. At all events, she soon got her way with the colonists. The prisoners were released, the



boy Savage was sent back to Powhatan, and the colony settled down to peace again.

But the question of a mine still remained unsettled. The "Phoenix" had come in April, and here it was the end of May, yet nothing had been done to load her for the home voyage. Martin was insistent that a gold mine was to be found up country. Some colour was added to his hopes by the coming in of one of the Paspahegh Indians with some bits of stone containing a glittering substance, probably mica. Smith agreed to go up the river with the Indian and a dozen men to the spot where these stones came from, and dig. But the moment he got away, he began to lose his temper, and to suspect the Indian wanted to decoy him into the woods for some other purpose. And so, after two miles of the river, he landed and refused to proceed farther, declaring the Indian's tale false. Furthermore, in his own words: "I shewed him the copper which I had promised to have given him if he had performed his promise. But for his scoffing and abusing us, I gave him twentie lashes with a Rope, and his bowe and arrows, bidding him shoote if he durst; and so let him goe." Evidently Smith was no longer in the mood for seeking gold mines in the woods.

The next obstacle came from Captain Nelson himself. He now refused to assist the colonists with volunteers from his ships, unless the council paid them their wages, and paid him as well for the loss of time he was incurring, by hiring his ships over the period of their assistance. Voices now began to be raised in the council



itself against the whole proposal. It was stated in no part of the commission granted to the colony, that they should discover a mine; only Newport had a prescriptive right to make such discoveries. The zeal for finding gold collapsed as quickly as it came. Perhaps the balmy airs of the Virginia spring now coming after the severe winter had something to do with this. It was decided to load the "Phoenix" with nothing more valuable than cedar wood.

While the "Phoenix" was loading, Smith occupied himself with the writing of his first account of the colony, from which many of the preceding pages have been taken. In doing so, he was careful to omit any references to the supposed munity at Dominica, or to the rescue by Pocahontas, both being episodes that did not redound to his credit. Indeed there is reason to believe that this account was written largely as a counterblast to Martin, who, being disgusted at the failure of the attempt to discover the mine, had now decided to return to England. Martin might conceivably, as an old tried, trusty, and loyal — but now totally disillusioned — friend, spread some unpleasant facts about Smith in England. So the pen got to work, and a pamphlet was born which began the long series of works that Smith was to write later for his own justification. The pamphlet was edited carefully by the friend to whom it was addressed, before it appeared in August 1608 in London. The editing seems to have taken the shape of a suppression of many passages relating to the supposed discovery of gold, and a conse-

quent confusion of the latter part. But the record of Smith's torture of the Indians, so damning to his character, though he no doubt was proud of it at the time, was allowed to stand.

Meantime the Indian captives — Paspahaghans and Chickahominies for the most part — went back to their smoky lodges in the wilderness. No doubt Powhatan heard some of their stories, and no doubt he decided in his mind what he would do if Smith and he were ever to meet again. With Newport he had no quarrel; but this other Englishman was the devil incarnate. He had been forced to send Pocahontas to Jamestown, and had been thoroughly dishonoured into the bargain by the very man whose life but a few months back had lain in his hands. Powhatan began, long-sightedly, to plan a revenge. It was well for Smith, writing in Jamestown, that he could not see what the splendid old savage was thinking, behind those bushy eyebrows; if he had, he would perhaps have dropped the pen and gone about his daily work with less confidence.

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## FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

### *The Discovery of the Chesapeake*

THE second day of June, 1608, when the "Phoenix" was ready to sail, John Smith, with fourteen others, set out in an open barge of two tons' burden to discover the country bordering upon the Chesapeake. Leaving the "Phoenix" at Cape Henry, they began coasting along the eastern shore of the bay. The names of those accompanying Smith on this expedition have come down to us; they were Walter Russell, a physician brought over by Wingfield in the last supply; Ralph Norton, Thomas Momford, William Cantrill, Richard Fetherstone, James Bourne, and Michael Sickelmore, gentlemen; Anas Todkill, Robert Small, James Watkins, and John Powell, soldiers; James Read, the blacksmith; Richard Keale, a fishmonger; and Jonas Profit, a fisherman.

The object of this expedition was to investigate the resources of the country, and more specifically its possibilities of mineral wealth, before Newport, who had promised to return in the fall, got back from England. As the colony now, for the first time in its history, did

not lack for food, despite some who grumbled at the shortness of the rations, it was possible to carry out this purpose. The possibility became actuality because Smith and his party, who were now in the ascendant, wished to hold on to the colony, explore the back country and overawe the Indians with a display of military force. This scheme, which had now taken the importance of a settled policy in Smith's mind, was workable only if the colonists could show to the London company some return for their expenses in sending out semi-annual supplies of new colonists and provisions. The discovery of a mine of gold, silver, or copper would be the best means of effecting this purpose; it was quite unlikely that any immediate return could be looked for from the extension of colonisation, even granting that the Indians would accept this extension, or that King James would so far relax the terms of his charter as to permit further lands to be held in free tenure by the colonists. So far, all the English had was a trading post on a peninsula, out of which none dared venture unarmed, except for short excursions. It had been decided that it was too dangerous to explore the country beyond the falls (beyond the later site of Richmond); this boat trip up the Chesapeake, it was argued, might be a safer and easier means of finding something of value.

There was another reason why the exploration of the Chesapeake was now undertaken. It had been gathered from the relations of the Indians that a large river, named the Patawmeck (now the Potomac) lay to the

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north of the bay. This river was infested with certain enemies of Powhatan known as the Massawomecks (presumably the Iroquois). Near its mouth, however, lay certain mines which the Indians valued, as they produced a glistening silver-like powder which the braves used for their war-paint. A few bags of this powder had been brought to Newport, and he had promptly declared it was either antimony, or half silver. To discover this mine was now Smith's purpose.

The expedition went at a leisurely pace up the east side of the bay and it was not until the 14th of June that they were abreast of the Potomac. Unfortunately Smith had chosen for this trip a period when thunder-storms were prevalent, and had not been gone many days when his main-mast and sail went overboard in a sudden squall. The foresail was also blown to rags, and had to be patched with the men's shirts, and it seems that the fishing tackle must either have been used up in rigging new sail, or have been forgotten and left behind at Jamestown, because despite the fact that Smith had carefully added to his personnel a fisherman and a fish-monger, there was nothing on board to catch fish with. An attempt was finally made with frying pans, at the mouth of the Potomac, whereupon Todkill remarks grimly: "Neither better fish, more plenty or variety, had any of us ever seen in any place, swimming in the water, than in the bay of Chesapeake, but these not to be caught with frying pans." As a result, the provisions

began to run short and grumbles became loud and frequent.

Thirty miles up the Potomac the expedition went, expecting to see some Indian village where they could obtain supplies, but nothing appeared. At last two Indians arrived who conducted them up a little creek towards a village named Onawment; where to their great surprise the woods proved full of Indians, to the number of two or three hundred, all covered with war paint, and ready to shoot. They were ambushed, and as soon as Smith became aware of the fact, he ordered a volley. The sound of the guns, which none of these Indians had ever heard, took all the fight out of them instantly, and it was immediately agreed to exchange hostages for good behaviour. Accordingly one of the chiefs was handed over to the care of the whites, and James Watkins was sent as a hostage to the Indians, who conducted him to their head chief, six miles up the river.

It appeared from later conversation with the Indians that the attack had been deliberately planned. Powhatan had got word of the expedition, and had sent word to all the tribes that Smith's life was not to be spared. At this news, Smith must have realised that he had made one enemy for life, and that the enemy was in the red man's camp. He, however, tried to take the sting out of the situation by spreading another report that Powhatan had been persuaded to do this by the discontented at the colony. It would not do, he reflected, to let the other colonists suppose that he was *persona non grata*



to the Indians. It was now to be his mission to parry the red man's attacks and to keep the confidence of his own people at the same time. A difficult feat, only to be compassed at the price of eternal vigilance.

After the exchange of hostages had been effected, the Indians proved quite friendly. They reprovisioned the half-starving men and offered plenty of furs for the copper hatchets which the whites had brought along. And the high-chief of the country offered to conduct them to the mine.

The country indeed seemed to promise mineral wealth to many of the Englishmen. "Here we found mighty rocks, growing in some places above the ground as high as the shrubby trees, and divers other solid quarries of divers tinctures; and divers places where the waters had fallen from the high mountains and left a tintured spangled scurf, that made many bare places seem as gilded. Digging the ground above in the highest cliffs of rocks, we saw it was a clay sand so mingled with yellow spangles as if it had been half pindust." The mine itself for which the whites had come to seek lay seven or eight miles farther inland, and proved to be a hole dug by the Indians with shells and hatchets in the side of a rock, with a brook of crystalline water running nearby. The dust, when washed out by the Indians, resembled powdered silver and was sold up and down the country. The whites were offered as much as they could carry of this substance by the chief, but it proved later to be of no value.

It was now high time that the expedition should return. The provisions were running short, and two or three of the members were ill. So Smith did not delay any longer in searching out the country, but decided to get back quickly. Provisions still being short, he decided to look in at the mouth of the Topahannock (now the Rappahannock) River, where a werowance lived that had kindly used him during his captivity. Off the mouth of this river, the boat, finding itself in very shoal water, the expedition was reduced to such sore straits that they took to spearing fish with their swords. A fish that Smith caught in this way proved to be a stingray, and within a few minutes after removing it from the sword, his hand and arm were so terribly swollen that he seemed to be in immediate danger of death.

As a matter of fact, this stingray, from which Smith immediately christened the island at the mouth of this river, Stingray Isle, proved probably the means of salvation to its victim. Smith was by no means anxious to go ashore again, after his reception up the Potomac; he knew that he might now expect the same everywhere. But his men were absolutely starving, and so he had given in. Now being in undoubted pain, he declared that he was about to die, and asked to be buried on the island, and so worked on his men's feelings that they consented to push on without any more grumbles about their hunger.

The swelling of the stingray was soon reduced, thanks to an oil applied by Doctor Russell, and the expedition

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arrived at Jamestown duly on the 21st of July, having been absent since the 2d of June. On their way up the river, Smith artfully caused it to be given out that the appearance of the barge (with a mast broken, and furs, bows and arrows, and other spoil cluttering its decks), as well as his own bandaged arm and another sailor's broken shin, were due to the fact that they had met and defeated the hated Massawomecks. The news went through the tribes of the Indians like wildfire that Captain Smith's magic was still working strong.

On their arrival at Jamestown, the explorers found the colony in an unsettled state. The heat of the summer and the unhealthy situation of the settlement were working nearly the same havoc among the new arrivals as it had worked among the first settlers. True, the situation was not, as then, complicated with starvation; but of the new settlers most were malarious, and Scrivener, who was in charge of affairs, was extremely ill. The older settlers were busy railing at Ratcliffe who was now consuming the best of the rations for himself, doing nothing, and to crown all, had started to build a palace for himself in the woods. Smith's news, to the effect that the mine was a fact, and that the bay went on beyond the mouth of the Potomac northwardly in the direction as he supposed, of the South Sea, gave them good hope of making the colony a success. They were ready to appoint him to the presidency, by the simple means of deposing Ratcliffe, but Smith very wisely refused. He felt that more glory would accrue to him if he could go on

pursuing the bay to its end, and within a few days, he was once more afloat, with nearly the same crew, on the continuation of his voyage.

That he should have taken the barge again up the bay, and ignored the bad condition of the settlers, is a fact that has caused later writers to criticise strongly Smith's conduct. He, however, did the best he could for the ague-racked settlers by leaving Doctor Russell, who had previously accompanied him, behind. And in reality he was much more useful as a discoverer than as anything else, and he knew it. If the South Sea could be found, he was the man to do it; and it was of more value to the colony to have a dozen men away living off the Indians than to have to support everybody on Newport's and Nelson's dwindling supplies. The Indians would not be ready to bring in their new corn till September; and meanwhile the colony could not exist without some prospect of further discovery. The charter of the Virginia Company was very strict on that point, and if nothing were done before Newport's return, the whole enterprise must fall through. With all his faults, Smith had a very strong love of pioneering; and his constitution was such as to make him capable of enduring any degree of hardship.

He must have regretted, however, his haste in setting out; for though the Indians at Kecoughton, hearing that the expedition proposed to make war on the Massawomecks, feasted them in a friendly fashion, and were greatly impressed by two or three rockets that were

thereupon set off, the forces of nature were working against the white men. By the time they had passed the Potomac, and were coasting up the red clay cliffs of the upper Chesapeake, all of the twelve men on the barge were down with ague, except five, who were more seasoned to the climate. That Smith was not among the malarious, goes almost without saying; but what would happen if they were to chance to meet a war party of the dreaded Massawomecks, who, according to the story spread about by Powhatan's people, infested this upper bay with canoes both stronger and larger than any of theirs? The idea had scarcely crossed the leader's mind when in crossing the head of the bay, after exploring two of the rivers that flow into it as far as possible, seven or eight canoes full of painted savages suddenly appeared.

The barge at that moment was being rowed along at a slow rate by the more or less disabled crew, and there were no sails on her. Smith, seeing the canoes crossing his bows, decided that there was no way of taking flight, and decided to put a bold face on the matter. He ordered sail to be hoisted, and the barge to continue her course. Meanwhile the sick were bundled under a tarpaulin, but their hats, stuck on sticks, were neatly arranged along the side of the barge, to make it appear that she was fully manned. Thus equipped, Smith sailed down upon the Indians. This desperate ruse, strange as it may seem, succeeded. The Indian canoes turned back to the shore, where they stood staring at the strange marvel of a ship



under sail, till Smith came to anchor over against them. It was only with a great deal of persuasion that he could induce finally two of these redoubtable savages to come on board.

They proved to be, as Smith had suspected, a war party of Massawomecks, who had been raiding the territory of the Tockwoughs, a tribe on the eastern side of the bay. Once they realised that the whites meant them no harm they readily came on board, offering many gifts of venison, bear's flesh, bows, arrows, clubs, shields, and bearskins in return for the copper bells which the whites gave them. Unfortunately they did not speak or understand the language of Powhatan's people; and it was impossible to communicate with them except by signs. The night coming on, they seemed to feel uneasy at being still in enemy territory and took to their canoes again; but the whites supposed that they intended to return the next morning. But when the morning came, not a Massawomeck was to be seen!

Smith now understood that he was near to some settlement of the Indians, and accordingly ordered the barge up the Tockwough (presumably the Elk River), as they had already passed the mouths of the Susquehanna and the Northeast River without finding any settlement. It was necessary to find out whether any of these rivers went farther, or if any sea, apart from the Atlantic, was known to the natives; and it was also necessary to recruit his men's strength. He had not gone very far beyond Turkey Point when he was surrounded

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with war-canoes, filled with the Tockwoughs, bent on revenging the late raid of the Massawomecks. Fortunately, one among them understood the dialect of the Virginia tribes when Smith spoke to them; their own language was similar, being Algonkinian, though they were not subject to Powhatan, nor had they ever heard of him. Smith declared that he had come to fight the Massawomecks, and showed them the gifts just left behind by the fleeing war-party as earnest of what he said, representing them as spoil. He may have perhaps gone further and declared that his crew's seedy appearance was due to their recent battle; at all events, the Tockwoughs showed themselves highly delighted and invited the white men to their town, consisting of the usual long houses, but here arranged behind a circular palisade, as precaution against attack.

The Indians here were seen to possess hatchets, and knives of iron and brass, and on being asked whence they had obtained them, replied that they had come from the Susquehannas, a people inhabiting the northernmost river, which emptied into the great bay. Smith had attempted to get up this river, but had been stopped by rapids at the entrance, and he was curious to get any possible information as to the possibility of a passage to the South Sea, so he immediately persuaded these Tockwoughs to send an interpreter after the Susquehannas. A few days later the interpreter returned bringing with him sixty of these Indians. They proved to be the finest savages Smith had ever seen, being of giant-like stature,

and wearing commonly the skins of bears or wolves. One of their chiefs was sketched by a member of the expedition and duly makes his appearance on Smith's celebrated map of Virginia published to accompany his General History in 1624. These Indians proved to be very friendly, and immediately made Smith a chief, covering him with a great painted bear's skin and hanging shell-beads about his neck and begging him to remain among them to make war on the dreaded Massawomecks. Smith, however, departed after a few days' stay, having learned from these Indians that their copper hatchets came through the French of Canada via the Massawomecks. He had now reached the head of the bay, and nothing lay beyond except "some great lake, or the river of Canada," so it was obvious he had not gone far enough to the westward to find that mysterious salt water about which the Indians kept talking.

His next move was not to return to Jamestown, but to make another attempt to get to the Pacific by pushing up through Powhatan's territory. This move was perilous, but by now all his men had been restored to health. He had worked out furthermore a system of demanding a hostage from every tribe he visited and of offering a hostage in return. The system had served well so far, and he hoped to see it continue to do so. By sticking close to the barge, he expected to hold an initial advantage, and perhaps he also hoped that Powhatan had forgotten his enmity. In any case, he embarked on this new venture, realising that he had gained little so far, and

knowing that it would not do to return with empty hands to Jamestown.

The river he chose for this purpose was the Topahannock, now called the Rappahannock. Smith chose this river because its general course lay to the northwest, and it thus fulfilled the conditions laid down by the directions of the Virginia Company, that all such rivers should be carefully explored, as one of them might afford a passage to the South Sea. He had already been up the Potomac to a spot close to the present city of Washington, having followed this river to the northwestward as far as the elbow beyond which it runs northwest again. The Pamunkey he did not dare to attempt; it was, as he knew, in enemy country; but he thought that by getting up the Rappahannock, he might run to earth the persistent reports among the redskins that another sea could be sighted from the hilly country above the falls, occupied by the Monacans. So he set out, without returning to Jamestown. As we have seen, he had already on his first exploring voyage made an attempt at the mouth of this river, but had been held back by the stingray. He was now to go on and brave fortune once again.

One cannot withhold a meed of admiration from this man, though he was utterly unable to understand the Indians' rights, or their feelings about this country. He was, in his own way, the best servant that England had sent out to the country. He was determined that if there was a mine, to find it; if there was a passage to the South

Sea, to find it also. The persistence with which he kept on for week after week was amazing. He had departed in July and it was now already August, yet up the Rappahannock he went, sailing into the very jaws of danger, persisting in being the first white man to see those fields that two centuries and a half later were to be stained with the blood of so many thousands of other white men.

At the outset he had a stroke of luck which aided him considerably. At Moratacund, the first halt, he discovered an Indian by the name of Mosco, belonging to the tribes far up the Potomac, who happened to be wandering in this territory, and who now was re-identified by the fact that he wore, unlike the other Indians, a black bushy beard. This Indian had previously helped in finding the supposed mine of antimony; he now offered help in getting up the river, but counselled the whites not to go further. However they did, and soon met the Rappahannocks in warlike array. Smith immediately demanded a hostage, and offered Anas Todkill, the brave soldier and pamphleteer in his service whom we have met before and will meet again. The Indians consented, but the exchange had no sooner been effected, and Todkill taken ashore, than the white man suddenly spied other Indians waiting with bows bent behind the trees; and started back for the boat. His guides, however, would not abandon him, but dragged him towards the woods, whereupon Todkill cried out that they were betrayed. The whites had their matchlocks burning; and their volley enabled Todkill to get back, but he was

obliged to lie flat in the grass for some time to escape the arrows that hurtled past him.

The next moment, the Indians attacked the boat, but were beaten off by another volley. Todkill got on board covered with blood but not seriously hurt, and the Indian hostage who had attempted to escape was killed by Watkins. Up the Rappahannock they went, still guided by the faithful Mosco. From time to time a shower of arrows was sent after them from the banks, but there was no further damage. Smith had ordered the ship's bulwarks to be protected, by hanging alongside a row of the light-woven but tough shields, which the expedition had taken as spoil from the Massawomecks. Thus equipped, the barge on its journey up the Rappahannock must have looked like those viking boats in which Smith's own ancestors had come to England many centuries before.

At some islands farther upstream, there was another halt. Smith says simply: "There it pleased God to take one of our Company called Master Fetherstone, that all the time he had beene in this country, had behaved himself honestly, valiantly and industriously; where in a little bay, called Fetherstone's Bay, we buried him with a volley of shot." Whether Fetherstone had died a natural death, we may be doubtful; no doubt his grave is there still, along with those of so many veterans of a later war. A little further than this the expedition went, but it never reached the junction of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. According to Smith's map,



somewhere about modern Fredericksburg the last halt was made.

Here, however, it was necessary to come to some agreement with the Indians, if any information was to be obtained as to the country beyond. Unfortunately nothing but arrows came in the white men's direction. The brave Mosco, however, by dodging about the woods, managed to persuade the attacking party to retreat, and on following them up, discovered an Indian wounded in the knee. Thanks to the skill of the barber-surgeon, Bagnall, whom Smith had taken on board to replace Doctor Russell, left behind in Jamestown, this Indian was revived. He proved to be a Monacan, not one of the Powhatan Indians, and brother to one of their chiefs.

By now it was growing dusk, and the whites decided to retreat down the river, away from the high bluffs, towards a bay where the river was broader. Twelve miles they went bearing their new prisoner, who begged them to stay, assuring them that his brother would be sure to come back and look for him. All that night they could hear the savages calling to each other on the bank, and an occasional arrow told them that they were pursued. But as soon as the sun was up, they untied the shields from the bulwarks, and taking their swords in their hands, and ranging their prisoner in the midst, bade him call out to his friends ashore. This he did, begging them to be at peace, as the whites had used him well.

The result of this was that the Monacans ceased their



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attacks, and began to fraternise with the white men. A pow-wow followed on "a low marrish poynt of land," and it was discovered that these redoubtable Indians, who took the pistols of the white men hanging at their belts for tobacco-pipes, knew nothing whatsoever of any country beyond the mountains to westward. The only people that they had ever heard of apart from themselves were the Massawomecks, who lived upon a great water to northward, and the Powhatans. But they readily supplied the boat with fresh provisions and took back the prisoner again with gladness. The last Smith and his company saw of them, they were singing and dancing about their council fire on the banks of the Rappahannock.

It was now high time to get back to Jamestown, as the summer was nearly spent, and so far every section of the Chesapeake country had drawn blank as to mines, and as to the South Sea passage. But before he returned, Smith wisely decided to reload the barge with provisions, knowing that by this time the colony would probably be in want again. So on his way back, he decided to drop into the Nansamund country on the southwest side of the bay, to see what he could find. On the way thither, outside Point Comfort, he ran into another of those sudden thunder-storms for which the Chesapeake is famous, and was nearly driven ashore in the pitch blackness. Fortunately, however, they were able to steer by lightning flashes, and managed to escape the peril and get safely into the Nansamund country.

Here, in sailing up a creek, again they were openly attacked, and again they managed to beat off the attackers (this time loaded into canoes) with a volley. Many of the savages abandoned their canoes at the roar of the matchlocks and swam ashore. These canoes Smith ordered his men to seize, and to threaten to break them up, if the tribe did not instantly make peace. The ruse succeeded. The poor Indians, in order to save their canoes, as well as the neighbouring village, which the whites also threatened with burning and destruction, consented to lay down their arms. Smith was again the master of the situation, and did not let up in his threats till the redskins had promised to load his boat with four hundred baskets of corn. With these promises, he felt he could face Jamestown.

The expedition that had set out on the twenty-first of July, now returned on the seventh of September. And it returned with Smith's star very much in the ascendant over that of any other person in the colony. He and he alone had now a clear-cut policy, and he had carried his tactics of bullying the Indians to the point of a fine art. Moreover he was now the most travelled man the colony possessed, and none could rival him in knowledge of the back country, as during his recent peregrinations he had covered three thousand miles. Whether his policy had been the correct one we well may question, but it had worked, and no one had a better policy to oppose to it. The simple, hard-bitten soldiers whom he had chosen to lead trusted him to the uttermost, and there was no one

else they could trust. Ratcliffe had proved himself to be a clog, and Percy was too openly a partisan of Newport and of the policy of conciliation, while Scrivener was at the best merely a lieutenant under Smith's orders. He had seen to the gathering of the new harvest, but owing to bad roofing of the storehouse, much of the remaining supply of salt meats had been spoilt by the summer rains. The voice of the colony was unanimous that Smith should be chosen the next president. He might have accepted the office earlier, but he chose to wait till the tenth of September, the anniversary of Wingfield's deposition. Then, Ratcliffe's term of office being out, he consented to take up the reins, and to become in fact what he already was in all but name, the president of the colony.

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## FIFTEENTH CHAPTER

### *Newport Fails at Last; Powhatan Shows His Hand*

IF Ratcliffe during the latter part of his presidency had done nothing to advance the colony, the new president showed that he at least was determined not to follow that example. The building of the palace Ratcliffe had planned was stopped; the church was repaired, the storehouse rethatched; another building was prepared for the fresh supply expected through Newport. Nor was military preparedness omitted. Smith was above all a soldier, and he reformed the fortified palisades into a pentagonal figure, renewed the order of the watch, trained men to act as sentries, and made the whole company take exercise every Saturday in a field prepared for the purpose. The Sunday sermons of Master Hunt which under Wingfield had sometimes lapsed, and under Ratcliffe had not been too well attended, were probably also looked after; on his Chesapeake journey Smith had made the boat's company sing psalms every day, to the great amazement of the savages. Indeed the colony was being rapidly transformed by his determina-

tion and strenuous Protestantism from a collection of half-starved fugitives to a model commonwealth. Hard living and pioneering enterprise were rapidly taking the place of Wingfield's idealism or Newport's golden dreams.

The boats were again made ready for trade, and had already started out for the Nansamund country, to obtain those four hundred bushels of corn that we have seen promised, when Captain Newport's sails were seen above the horizon. It was now October presumably, but the exact date of Newport's return to the colony remains unknown. He brought with him seventy more persons, which with the remaining settlers (twenty-eight having died since his last trip) brought the colony up to two hundred. Among them was a woman, Mistress Forest, wife of one of the new settlers, Thomas Forest, with her maid Anne Burrowes. How these two women, not the first Englishwomen to settle in America (for Virginia Dare had been with the old colony on the Roanoke back in 1589, but had disappeared) but the first to come to a permanent settlement — how these two women endured the long voyage in the stinking, tiny ship, which normally took six to eight weeks in those days, we are not told. Anne Burrowes, the maid, evidently had a stout heart and was young; for, not long after, she married John Laydon, a simple labourer, who had survived all the ups and downs of the colony from the very start.

Newport's new enterprise was costing the Virginia Company about two thousand pounds — the equivalent

of fifty thousand dollars in money of the present day. He had been empowered to hire certain Poles and Dutchmen, skilled in the manufacture of "soap ashes"—that is to say, lye—from the burnt substance of trees, as well as tar, and glass. These Dutchmen and Poles had come over to the number of eight. There were in addition to this no less than fourteen artisans, men skilled in various branches of manufacture, twelve labourers, and the usual number of gentlemen. Two men of military rank, Captain Richard Waldo and Peter Winne, were also brought over and their names were added to the council. Altogether, this new supply of Newport measured well up to standard, and showed a determination on his part to make the colony a success. Unfortunately, for some reason, the supply of provisions and trading articles that had been brought in was short. Smith roundly declared that the whole was not worth one hundred pounds, and the new provisions not worth twenty, but in his frame of mind at the time there is reason to suspect some exaggeration.

It was not long before the most complete hostility was established between Newport and himself. On his departure in April, Newport had apparently carried back a letter from Ratcliffe to Salisbury, King James' own Lord Chancellor, in which the president of the colony had declared that the differences of opinion among the colonists were so great that the only remedy would be to divide the country into various tracts under separate controls, or else to send back the trouble-makers



(meaning Smith and his party) to England, or to give over the enterprise altogether. This letter had produced such an effect that Newport had found great difficulty in obtaining a supply at all. He had only got it at last by offering to bring back one of three things: a lump of gold, or definite facts concerning the South Sea passage, or some news of the famous Roanoke expedition which, as we have seen, was earlier abandoned to its fate by John White back in 1590. So Newport had loaded the deck of his ship with another pinnace, dissected into five pieces, to aid in the discovery of the South Sea, and had set out.

Smith, though the colony was now nearly on starving rations again (thanks to the additional mouths and the non-delivery of the corn promised by the Nansamunds), had now nothing to do but to fulfil orders. But the orders he had to fulfil were of the sort that made him completely lose his temper. For Newport, in order to placate Powhatan, and to obtain guides from him for the projected journey to the westward, had brought over certain presents for the old chief. These consisted of a crown, a scarlet robe, a bedstead with canopy, and a "ewer and basin"—or, in modern words, a washstand set. These he proposed to present to the great Chief in return for his friendship.

Smith, knowing well that Powhatan and he must be enemies to the end of time, was furious at this. Of course he could not prevent Newport from doing what he liked in the matter. His own need of provisions was growing

acute, and Newport could use the threat to withhold the supplies his ships carried. But at least he urged that time should not be wasted over sending all this to Powhatan, but that the chief be asked to come to Jamestown to receive these presents. And he offered to go himself with only four men, to request Powhatan to come. This offer was accepted.

The little party went overland, covering the fourteen miles that lay between Jamestown and Werowocomoco in a day. Unfortunately, they found Powhatan absent, but they were lavishly entertained by Pocahontas and the other women while the big Chief was sent for. There was no sign of hostility among the Indians; on the contrary. Doubtless, the wily old chief had already heard from his spies of Newport's arrival, and was waiting events. The next day he duly appeared and invited the white men to his presence. Smith informed the Indian that his Father Newport had brought him certain presents; he asked him to come to Jamestown to receive them. His father had also sent back to him the savage Namontack, as an earnest of his goodwill. Smith added that Newport's purpose was to send a war party into the Monacan country in order to find the Atquanachucks, a people supposedly living on the great salt water, who had killed a son of his.

Powhatan, however, had his reply ready. According to Smith it went thus: —

“ If your king have sent me presents, I also am a king, and this is my land. Eight days I will stay to receive

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them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort; neither will I bite at such a bait. As for the Monacans, I can revenge my own injuries; and as for the Atquanachucks, where you say your brother was slain, it is a contrary way from those parts you suppose it. But for any salt water beyond the mountains, the relations you have had from my people are false."

With this reply, Smith went back to Newport. Powhatan had now clearly shown his hand, but Newport was not to be turned back from his final attempt to placate the Indians. The three barges were sent around by water, and Newport, with fifty armed men, marched overland, was ferried across the Pamunkey, and offered his presents. But even here there was a difficulty. Powhatan would not kneel to receive the crown. He would not abate a jot of his dignity for the sake even of the representative of the king of England. Persuasions, arguments, instructions, even when delivered to him by the Indian Namontack, were of no avail. "At last, by leaning hard on his shoulders, he a little stooped, and Newport put the crown on his head; when by the warning of a pistol, the boats were prepared with such a volley of shot, that the king started up in a horrible fear, till he saw that all was well." A recent writer, in his life of John Smith, commenting on this, calls it a "comic" coronation. People have strange ideas of what is comic. Already in Powhatan's mind was working the horrible terror, induced by Smith's actions, that he might be the next hostage that the whites would take; already in

Smith's mind was the determination to treat the Indians as his inferiors in every respect. The coronation was useless, certainly, but if it had been carried out six months earlier, it might have left the whites and Indians working out their common destiny in peace. As it was, all that the whites obtained from it was a present of fourteen bushels of corn.

The next move was to disburden Newport's ship which had not yet completely unloaded, and to prepare for the expedition into the Monacan country beyond the falls, where Newport expected to find either gold or some passage to the South Sea. Smith was left behind on this journey; as president of the colony, his place was at Jamestown, and Newport was now determined to inflict as many snubs as was in his power. He was given charge of over eighty souls, and directions to reload the ship with everything that was of value. The rest of the colony, one hundred and twenty in all, went off to the falls. They sailed up the river as far as the falls and arrived there without incident, then, guided by Namontack, marched forty miles up-country, discovering two Monacan towns, and taking as hostage one of their chiefs, to act as guide. They could get no news whatever of the South Sea, but on their return spent some time looking for mines. One William Callicut, a refiner of the party, persuaded Newport and himself that he had found earth that contained a small quantity of silver, and so they returned to the falls, to the town which was Powhatan's own birthplace on the later site

of Richmond, then ruled by Powhatan's son, Parahunt or little Powhatan. The Indians, however, would not sell them any corn, and the expedition had now run out of food. "The Savages fained there were divers ships come into the bay to kill them at Jamestown." Obviously, Powhatan had given his orders again, to boycott the trade of the whites till they were starved out of the country. Newport was afraid that the Spaniards might indeed be on his track; for after his return to London from his previous journey, arrests had been made of persons trying to ship into Spain to warn the Spanish that the English were now successfully established in what the Spanish considered to be their own territory; so he therefore decided it would be better to get back, since he had left Smith with one small boat to guard the entire colony. He returned with such speed that, of the one hundred and twenty men — mostly tenderfeet unused to the country — that he took with him, ninety got back lame and ailing.

Obviously, things were going badly with Newport. He might perhaps have stayed a little longer, and tried to accomplish the journey to the Roanoke country to look for traces of the old Raleigh and White expeditions, but the fact of the matter was, that on his arrival, the first harvest that had been ever raised by the settlers had been adjudged insufficient to feed half of the one hundred and twenty souls in the colony; and there were now seventy additional mouths to feed. There was nothing for Newport to do but to get back to England, as soon



as possible, since most of the new settlers were more or less disabled and disillusioned from their experiences in the Monacan country, and the old settlers stood out stoutly for Smith. It was decided to reload his ship as quickly as possible. Tar and soap ashes were manufactured, clapboard cut, and Smith drove the men with such a will that he established a logging camp in the woods and persuaded some of the gallants of the last supply to go out with him five miles into the forest and live there, like the natives, while the trees were being cut down. This work being started, he next looked for something else to satisfy his restless fury. Seeing the barges doing nothing, he started off himself with two of them and twenty men to the Chickahominy country to trade for corn. The savages again refused to trade, and held to the boycott; but the landing of his armed men induced them to change their minds. Although the Indians' harvest had been bad that year, two hundred bushels were procured, and with this he started back to Jamestown.

Soon after, Scrivener was sent out also to Werowocomoco, to obtain more supplies. If Smith himself had gone on this expedition, he would probably have lost his life. The Indians were now up in arms, having finally discovered that they were expected to provide two hundred idle white men with food and lodging free of charge, and get nothing of value in return. Even Scrivener found Powhatan's people more ready to fight than trade, and this despite the fact that Newport, whose relations to



Powhatan had always been friendly, was still in the country. Thanks, however, to the presence of Namontack, the Indian who had been sent by Powhatan to Jamestown, the situation was smoothed over, and Scrivener got "three or four hogsheads of corn; and as much Pocones, which is a red roote, which was then esteemed an excellent dye." Thus poke-weed makes its first appearance on the stage of American history. The whites thought it might prove equal to cochineal, from which the Portuguese were now obtaining much revenue.

Smith also saw that Newport's ship was loaded with something else of value. He conveyed on board four barrels of stones which he considered to be iron ore, with notices as to the place of their origin. And by doing this, it must be admitted that he scored heavily over Newport. The iron deposits did prove valuable, as anyone who will look at the returns of trade of Virginia to this day can prove, and by 1619 one hundred and fifty iron workers of England were already settled on Falling Creek, a tributary of the James, and their furnaces were going full blast. Thus Smith, after peregrinating the entire Chesapeake, had discovered something valuable at Jamestown's back door. Characteristically, he said nothing to Newport about it. With the specimens, he sent instead a furious letter, calculated to rouse the Virginia Company one way or the other, pointing out the folly of Newport's notions, the waste of time that the coronation and the journey to the Monacans had cost, and declaring that the supplies sent by the

company were nearly worthless. The letter is full of the most furious hard hitting, and Smith himself did not risk publishing it until 1624. It winds up with the following remark which must have stung the whole London Company to rage: —

“When you send againe, I intreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees’ roots, well provided, than a thousand of such as we have: for except we be able both to lodge them and feed them, the most will consume with want of necessaries before they can be made good for anything.”

This epistle went aboard Newport’s ship, along with the four barrels of iron ore. Had Newport known of its contents, he might have refused to carry it. But as a matter of fact, Newport was now nearly as anxious to return home as Smith was to see him go. The winter was approaching, and the longer his ship stayed, the worse discipline became. Nothing could be done to stop his own sailors from trading privately their provisions to the settlers in exchange for metal tools, and shipping these in turn off to the savages for valuable furs. Within six or seven weeks of Newport’s arrival, of two hundred axes, chisels, hoes, and pickaxes, scarcely twenty could be found in the fort; and meantime the sailors were amassing furs to such an extent that one of them later admitted that he sold his in England for no less than thirty pounds. The ship was simply a floating tavern, ready to sell butter, cheese, beef, pork, brandy, biscuit,

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beer, oatmeal, or oil to any colonist possessing something vendible to the Indians. Before Newport could get away, she was fairly stripped of all her provisions, so that Smith had to put on board three hogsheads of the colonists' own supply of corn, to enable his enemy to get across to England. Along with Newport had gone both Ratcliffe and Archer, at Smith's insistence; and on the 23d of January, 1609, Newport arrived with his cargo of Virginia products, and a doubtful report to present to the commissioners of the London Virginia Company.\*

\* Along with Smith's report, and his specimens, went several copies of a map of the Chesapeake region. One of these came into the hands of Henry Hudson, an old friend, and led to the discovery of the Hudson River the following year.



## SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

### *Things Move to a Crisis*

NEWPORT'S ship had barely gotten away when Smith, realizing that if the colony was to starve, there would be repetitions of the factions and rebellions that had marked the first autumn and winter, made ready the barge and prepared to go to the Nansamunds to obtain those four hundred bushels of corn which had been promised him the autumn before. As a matter of fact, the prospects of the colony were far from rosy. The winter had come, and the settlers had not enough to live through it. The letter that Smith himself had just dispatched to London would make the London merchants shake their heads over sending further supplies, and Newport's own report could not better matters. Trade with the Indians had ceased, and Powhatan was openly hostile. As president of the colony, Smith was faced with an economic crisis, and he had to get the colonists out of it, or acknowledge himself a failure, like Wingfield, Ratcliffe, and Archer.

On his journey, he took with him Captain Winne and the faithful Scrivener. He found that the Nansamunds

were no more disposed to trade than they had ever been, and decided to use the usual threats against what he considered an inferior people. He therefore declared that he would seize all the corn he could find, unless some part of the four hundred bushels was immediately forthcoming. The Nansamunds thereupon gave way, but unfortunately, thanks to a rainy summer, the corn harvest of the Indians had been that year a very poor one. One hundred bushels was the utmost he could obtain.

On his return, he fitted up a second barge, and with Captain Waldo went up the James River to look for more corn. But the savages being now thoroughly suspicious, fled from their villages at his approach, and conveyed their corn to hiding-places in the woods. Only at Appamatuck could he find any supplies, and these not plentiful. One half of the slender stock there he took, and since the Indians offered no resistance, he gave them copper for what he considered its value.

Things were not going at all well, and now Winne and even Scrivener began to fall away from complete agreement with his policy. Percy had long been a doubtful adherent, and was only waiting for an opportunity to trip him up. The next project he laid before the council was one that completely gives an insight into his mind, and was one, moreover, that he must have known could scarcely have been accepted. Waldo was the only one of the council who agreed to it. It was to equip an expedition to go overland, surprise Powhatan, and seize

upon all his provisions. The proposal was instantly voted down.

Whether he heard of this decision or not, Powhatan on his part decided now to intervene once more in the affairs of the colony. He was ready to tolerate the presence of the whites, but he would do so only upon his own terms. And the time for obtaining his terms had now come, with Newport gone, and Smith losing ground daily. So he boldly sent an invitation to Smith to come and trade, offering to load his ship with corn, if he could obtain certain things of which he stood in need. First, he asked for fifty swords, and an unspecified number of guns; secondly, for a grindstone (useful for sharpening swords and hatchets), thirdly, for a cock and hen (useful for increasing his own food supply), and fourthly, for some of the labourers of the last supply, to build him a house in the European fashion. This last request reveals that, after all, Newport's gift of a bedstead and washstand had taken effect.

Smith now decided to temporise, and to make a show of granting Powhatan's demands. After all, Werowocomoco was only fourteen miles from the fort; and it would be possible to arrange for a supply of messengers, in case he needed an armed force to second him. Waldo seemed ready to do whatever he asked, and there was just a chance that if he agreed to build Powhatan the European house he asked for, the old chief might somehow be beguiled again into an attitude of friendliness. So four of the Dutch carpenters and shipwrights that Newport



had just brought over were sent to the Indian capital to start the house, in charge of Thomas Savage, the white hostage who had been given to Powhatan by Newport, and who had just come to deliver the Chief's message. Meantime, forty other picked men were put into the barge and the pinnace. Most of these were old and tried supporters of Smith: one meets again the names of Anas Todkill, James Read, and James Watkins among them. Another supporter, William Phettiplace, was given command over the pinnace, which was the larger of the two boats; and to give the whole enterprise an air of legality, George Percy, as brother to the Duke of Northumberland, and young Francis West, as brother to Lord Delaware, who had been one of the chief financial and moral supporters of the whole Virginia venture from the outset, were brought along, as well as Robert Ford, clerk to the council. Thus equipped, Smith started out on the expedition, on the 29th of December, 1608.

In view of the shortage of provisions at Jamestown, only three or four days' supplies were carried. The first move was to stop on the way down the river, at Werascorack, in the Nansamund country, to obtain fresh supplies. The local werowance received them kindly and gave them what he could; adding thereto, according to Smith, a warning against trusting Powhatan too far. Whether this warning was uttered or not, we have no means of knowing. In any case, it was here decided to leave Michael Sicklemore behind, for the purpose of

going southward and fulfilling the last task laid upon Newport's shoulders by the Virginia Company—that of looking for some of the lost company of Roanoke settlers. Two Indian guides were furnished him for this purpose; and Smith, who had suddenly changed his tone till now he “cooed like any sucking dove,” consented to leave also a page-boy of his behind with the friendly chief, to learn the language. Thus the expedition went on in peace and amity.

The next night, a fresh halt had to be made at Kecoughtan, the weather blowing up a blizzard. The Indians here, as always, seemed to be pleased to see the whites, and feasted them royally on fish, wild fowl, oysters, venison, and bread made from their own corn. It was an unexpected Christmas of rare good cheer, in sharp contrast to the half-starving dismalness of Jamestown. True, the long houses were smoky, but they were snug and warm. The whites stayed here a week, and it was only with difficulty that Smith finally moved them on.

Although none of the accounts directly states the fact, it seems probable that Smith may have taken along a small land force, that accompanied his boats along the shore, and prepared camping places for the night. In any case, he was extremely slow in his movements. Although Werowocomoco lay barely thirty miles up the Pamunkey, he took nearly another week to get there, not arriving till January 12. He was hardening his men to the wilderness by making them camp out under the

trees, in the snow, or in Indian houses. During this time they lived on wild fowl, brought down by their own guns.

On arrival at Werowocomoco, it was found that the river was frozen for half a mile from the shore. By breaking the ice, a way was found to get nearer; but the tide being out, the barge stuck fast in the frozen mud, "more than a flight shot from the shore." Smith, however, was not to be beaten. He promptly jumped into the slush, and ordered his men to follow. Two of them were to remain behind and refloat the barge and join the pinnace. The rest (ten in number) were to come ashore with him. They went on through the half frozen stuff, sinking sometimes almost to their waists, and so cold that one of them nearly died from freezing and exhaustion before reaching the town. But before long they arrived at the first houses, where the Indians promptly provided them with bread, turkeys, and venison, according to their demands.

Meanwhile the two boats, holding the major part of the expedition, hung offshore, no doubt floating closer as the tide came in, waiting to see what was happening. But everything was all right on that lowering January evening. Powhatan sent word that he would see Smith in the morning, and talk over the question of trade. Apparently the old wounds were to be forgotten after all, and friendly relations were to be resumed. So the Indians slept, and the men on the boats out on the frozen York River slept, and Smith slept, but probably uneasily, with a sentry posted at the door. Close to each

other lay white and Indian, and in each busy brain was running the same thought of what the morrow might bring forth.

In the morning, Powhatan sent for Smith and his men. But his opening remarks in the great battle of wits that followed showed that he had not shaken off his mistrust. They were apparently as follows: —

*Powhatan*: I never sent for you to come, and I wish to know how soon you will be gone. I have little corn this year, and my people even less. If you will give me forty swords, I will sell you forty bushels.

*Smith*: But you sent messengers asking me to come here and trade. I have brought what I could, and sent men besides to build you a house. How comes it that you forget this?

*Powhatan (laughing)*: Yes, it is true I sent for you, after all. Bring your men, bring your commodities ashore, and I will see if I like them.

(Here, apparently, the usual hatchets and beads were brought in. The barge had apparently gotten to the shore during the night, but Smith tells us nothing about this. He leaves us to infer either that his men carried their trade goods on their shoulders through the mud, or that the barge came up somehow. The captain is frequently inexact about such details.)

*Powhatan (after the things had been dumped on the floor)*: What, no guns, and no swords! These copper hatchets are of no use to me, and but little use to my people. This year a basket of corn is easily worth a

basket of copper among us. We can eat our corn, but not your copper.

*Smith (getting hot)*: Powhatan, although I had other ways of obtaining provision, I came here because you said you could supply me with my needs. And I sent you these men to build you a house, neglecting my own people. You have forbidden your people to trade with me, and you now think you can starve us into submission. But as for the swords and guns, I have none to spare; and those I have I will keep, to keep me from want. (*Powhatan lifts his eyebrows at this and listens attentively.*) Yet I will not steal or wrong you, nor dissolve our friendship, unless you force me to do this, by your bad usage of me and my people.

*Powhatan*: My people shall be sent for, and in two days' time you will know what my country can spare. Yet let me tell you frankly, I am not eager to help you; for many now report that you come here not for corn, but to invade and spoil us. Therefore, if you are our friends, and come only for trade, let me ask you now to lay aside your weapons; for between friends they are needless.

*Smith (coldly)*: I will think over the matter.

Thus ended the first day's tussle. Smith was again liberally entertained, and the next day, while waiting for the country people to come in with the corn, affected to look over the building which had been started by the Dutch carpenters. Meanwhile Powhatan had apparently yielded in a moment of weakness to another bait. Among



the supplies carried by the whites was a bright new shiny copper kettle. And perhaps Smith had taken good care to show the savage the magic of that kettle; how by putting water in it and standing it over the fire, steam would come forth and the water be made to boil. At all events, Powhatan now sent for that kettle, and Smith, realising his opportunity, demanded an enormous price. But Powhatan could not pay it, and offered ten quarters of corn. Smith then demanded double, or else full ownership of the Monacan country beyond the falls. Powhatan considered this, and offered him Monacan. The kettle was handed over, and the two wily antagonists, the Englishman of under thirty and the old warrior of sixty, looked into each other's eyes for a moment. It seemed there passed a gleam of understanding between these strange antagonists. Then Powhatan, slowly drawing himself erect, and looking down on the packed house full of painted warriors, and Englishmen with spitting fuses dangling from their matchlocks, began his speech, which I give, as reported by Smith himself, or by some of his lieutenants there present (perhaps Phettiplace or Todkill): —

“ Captain Smith, you may understand that I, having seen the death of all my people thrice, and not one living of those three generation but myself, know the difference between peace and war better than any in my country. But now I am old, and ere long must die. My brethren, namely, Opitcham, Opechancanough and Kecataugh, my two sisters, and their two daughters, are in

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turn each other's successors. I wish them to live as long as I have done, and your friendship for them to be no less than for me; but this report from Nansamund that you are come to destroy my country, so frights my people, that they dare not visit you. What will it avail you to take by force what you may have quietly with love, or to destroy those that provide you food? What can you get by war, when we can hide our provision and fly to the woods, whereby you must famish? And why are you thus suspicious, seeing us unarmed, and still willing to feed you with what you cannot get but by our labours? Think you I am so simple not to know it is better to eat good meat, lie well, and sleep quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, or whatever I want, being your friend; than be forced to fly from all, to lie cold in the woods, feed upon acorns, roots, and such trash, and be so hunted by you that I can neither rest nor eat nor sleep, but my tired men must watch, and if a twig but break, everyone cries: 'Here comes Captain Smith'! Then must I fly I know not whither, and thus with miserable fear end my miserable life, leaving my pleasures to such youths as you, which, through your rash unadvisedness, may quickly end as miserably for the want of what you never know how to find? Let this therefore assure you of our loves, and every year our friendly trade shall furnish you with corn if you will but come in friendly manner to see us, and not thus with guns and swords, as if to invade your foes."

To this speech, a masterpiece of natural eloquence, Smith replied in terms proper to some European potentate of the period. The difference between savage and civilised mind becomes clear when we read what he said: —

“ Seeing you will not rightly conceive of our words, we strive to make you know our thoughts by our deeds; the vow I made to you of my love, both myself and my men have kept. As for your promise, I find it every day violated by some of your subjects: yet we finding your love and kindness, our custom is so far from being ungrateful, that for your sake only, we have curbed our thirsting desire of revenge; else you had known as well the cruelty we use to our enemies, as our true love and courtesy to our friends. And I think, your judgment sufficient to conceive, as well by the adventures we have undertaken, as by the advantage we have, by our arms, of yours, that if we intended you any hurt, long ere this we could have effected it. Your people coming to Jamestown are admitted with their bows and arrows, without any exception; we esteeming it with you as it is with us, to wear our arms as apparel. As for the danger of our enemies, in such wars consist our chiefest pleasure: for your riches we have no use: as for the hiding your provision, or your flying to the woods, we shall not so unadvisedly starve as you conclude, for we have a means to find supplies which is beyond your knowledge.”

One might suppose by the tone of this speech that it was Queen Elizabeth lecturing Mary Queen of Scots,  
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or one of her own fallen favourites, rather than a blunt English soldier talking to a simple child of nature. Powhatan might have retorted that the whites had a strange way of showing their love to the Indians, by threatening them with ruin if corn were not forthcoming; that his control over his own subjects was not so absolute as that of the whites, not being backed by gunpowder; and that the whites were not so much "thirsting for revenge" now, as simply starving for corn, and not knowing how to get it. But alas, Powhatan was no match for sixteenth-century Machiavellianisms of this sort and was quite sincere in his remark about being an old man. He seems to have given way, and consented that Smith should keep his guard for a time.

The day wore on and small parties of savages arrived, with whom Smith began to trade. But now, being afternoon, and the tide gone, Powhatan once again grew restless. The smell of the long matches dangling from the guns, spitting and smoking, made him feel sick perhaps. At all events the old Chief decided on a supreme appeal. His speech on this occasion was short and its only existing text bears strong signs of having been tampered with in Smith's interest. What he said apparently was: — "I loved Newport and he gave me whatever I desired, and we traded together peaceably without guns. But you alone of all the white chiefs will not do as I request, yet you will take whatever you wish, and give me for it things of no value. In refusing to send away your guard you disobey your father Newport, as well as


myself; yet we must still strive to content you. But once I acted to you as a father, and as a father I ask you to do whatever you will, but send away your guns, as a sign of your love to me.”

Smith must have winced at this open reference to the captivity of the year before, and the rescue by Pocahontas. What he said in reply matters little, and was admittedly spoken only to gain time. For he now had decided to carry into effect the project that he had been turning over in his mind ever since leaving Jamestown, of surprising Powhatan and making him a hostage for the good behaviour of all the other Indians. The old Chief, though he did not know it, was now, at this moment, to share the fate of Atahualpa the last Inca, and of Montezuma the last of the Aztec kings. Accordingly Smith sent away some of his guard with orders not to depart, but to summon the boats to come up and land more men. And he asked Powhatan, in order to cover this move, for certain savages to break the ice, in order to help the boats to come up, and get the corn that was now accumulating. Meantime, while all this was being done, Smith, in order to gain time for his men to surround the house, looked the great Chief for the last time full in the face, and said: —

“ Powhatan, you must know that as I have but one God, I honour but one king; and I live not here as your subject, but as your friend, to pleasure you with what I can. By the gifts you bestow on me, you gain more than by trade; yet if you would visit me at Jamestown,

you would know that it is not our custom to sell our courtesies, as a vendible commodity. Bring all your warriors with you as a guard, I will not behave suspiciously towards you. But to content you, to-morrow I will leave my arms behind, and trust to your promise. I call you father indeed, and as a father you shall see I will love you; but the small care you have had of such a child, causes my men to persuade me to look to myself."

This speech was deadly insult, and both Powhatan and Smith knew it. Between the two men, staring hard at each other, there rose silently the terrible tension and strain of a crisis, a crisis that has outlasted their day, that will not alter or pass till the last red man and the last white man lie down together in death and the land over which they fought become again an untrodden wilderness.



## SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER

### *The Crisis and What Followed After*

THERE followed a scene of great confusion. What precisely happened we do not know; but apparently Powhatan, suspecting Smith's plot to surround him, made some excuse, got out by the back door of the long house, and fled, leaving Smith and John Russell, his sole attendant, talking with the women inside. Meantime, the natives, who were bringing up corn, began to surround the house. What their purpose was is not clear. Whether Powhatan would have killed Smith in full sight of the boats, and the remainder of the guard gathered on shore (which according to Smith's first account consisted of only eight, but according to his second version was eighteen men strong) is doubtful. But Smith believed he was about to be killed, and charged out of the house like a wild bull, with pistol, sword, and shield, tumbling over several Indians at his first shot, and so regaining his guard.

It was impossible now to set sail until midnight, as the barge was aground, nor yet loaded with the corn that had been brought, and it would not be high water



till that hour. In the meantime, Smith and his men waited ashore, superintending the loading. They were considerably bothered by groups of hostile Indians; but the mere sight of the cocked guns and the hearing of a few words of command caused them to lay down their bows and arrows. Seeing himself now master of the situation, Smith became grimly humourous, and resolved to humiliate Powhatan still further. He ordered the Indians standing near him to pick up the loaded baskets and carry them to the boat. Strange to say, they obeyed, perhaps because of Powhatan's absence.

As for the great Chief himself, wherever he had fled we do not know, and Smith did not inquire. We may presume that it was not far. His breaking off of the conference and flight had been a tactical blunder of the first magnitude; he had simply left his people without direction of control, and his only excuse was that Smith's complete coolness and high-handedness had seemed to him a superior kind of magic. More and more Powhatan was becoming convinced that do what he could, the gods of the white men were more powerful than his gods — this explains his desire to live in an European house, and even to some extent his desire to own guns (which none of his people could even load or shoot). It would have been far better had Powhatan waited, let the white men seize on him, even let them put him to death, than to have given way to panic in this fashion. He could now neither issue orders, nor in any way avenge the fresh wrongs that Smith and his guards

were inflicting on them. But he recovered himself sufficiently to send one of his counsellors to Smith with a present of a pearl necklace and bracelet, saying that his flight was due entirely to fear of the white men's guns, and that he now wished the whites to send away their corn, but that he did not propose to return to Werowocomoco until they had either departed, or sent away their arms. —

May this speech be taken as a clue by the historian who is anxious to get at the truth, to the effect that Smith had actually openly dared to threaten Powhatan with his life, unless corn were immediately forthcoming? We do not know. At all events, Smith, seeing that by the old Chief's sudden loss of courage, he could do whatever he pleased, resolved to wait until high water before embarking. Not much corn had been forthcoming after all, so he would have to go on to Pamunkey. But it would not do to show these dirty redskins that the palefaces had any fear. So back to their quarters went Smith and his little band, swaggering through the hosts of savages, who stared amazed, having but recently seen their king take flight at the mere sight of their weapons.

They had not been long in their quarters, and were preparing supper, when suddenly Pocahontas slipped in. It is true that Smith, in his first account of these adventures, says nothing whatever about this episode; and it was not until 1624 that she is re-introduced into the story at this point. Nevertheless, if we accept the

story of the first rescue, this new intrusion of Pocahontas offers but little difficulty. Smith was in a sense her property; his life has been sworn to as sacred by Powhatan, while she was responsible for the keeping of this oath. She now came to him with a warning to this effect: — The Indians would send in the usual food, covered and steaming in great wooden bowls, to the whites presently. But while the whites were sitting down to eat it, either the Indians within the house, or those without, led by Powhatan himself, would kill the white men. Pocahontas in addition added that she begged the whites to be gone at once. When Smith offered her something for her trouble in bringing this message, she refused it, adding that Powhatan would kill her if he knew.

This extraordinary scene was followed by one still more extraordinary. Within an hour there came "eight or ten lusty fellows," bearing platters of venison and other dishes. They urged the whites to taste them, and asked that the smoking matchlocks be laid aside. But Smith, being now fully warned, refused. The dishes he simply sent back, with word to Powhatan that he might come whenever he liked, for he was ready for him. But before sending them back, he did something even more foolish. He made the savages taste every dish! Surely, whatever faults the Indians may have had, the business of poisoning the banquets they offered to their foes was hardly in their line. They left that to the more civilised and refined Borgias.

At high-tide, Smith now marched down to the shore, and embarked in fine fettle, having obtained corn, frightened Powhatan, received private assurance that Pocahontas was still bound to guard his life, and having concluded his triumph by trampling on the most sacred law of the whole Indian code: the law of hospitality. His methods, very similar to those of Cortez and Pizarro, were successful, so long as his luck held and the awe of his prestige did not wear off among the Indians. So far, he was riding the floodtide of fortune. Just to show how little he actually cared for Powhatan or for his people, he consented to leave behind not only the two Dutchmen, Adam and Francis, to continue with a third, Samuel, the job of building the palace, but also one Brinton, with gun and ammunition to kill wildfowl for the Chief. This last act suggests that the Indians themselves were actually suffering from famine, or near it; had Smith suppressed this detail about Brinton he might have better served his purpose of blackening Powhatan's conduct as far as his pen would permit.

As soon as his boats were out of sight, steering straight up the river to the next important settlement which was Opechancanough's town at the junction of the Mattaponi, which Smith insisted in calling Pamunkey, Powhatan returned. He sent the two Dutchmen hot-foot to the fort, with a report that everything was going on well but that Captain Smith had use for their arms, and they now requested new ones. The Dutchmen did not hesitate in carrying out this message. Their

brief stay among the red men had completely converted them to Powhatan's point of view, and they were as eager to get even with Smith as was the old Chief himself. They stopped at the fort two or three days, and discovered that a minority of the settlers were already getting tired of their new governor, and were ready to further plans to get rid of him. By this means, they managed to convey to Powhatan fifty swords, eight guns, and eight pikes — a number that seems to indicate that the number of malcontents back in Jamestown was far from diminishing.

The expedition was, on its arrival at Pamunkey, well received at first, the Indians showing no signs of hostility at its approach. This was undoubtedly done to avoid suspicion, for whatever Powhatan may or may not have wished, Opechancanough's mind was made up. He was determined to make an end of the white men and of their claims for dominance, and he had assembled a great force of warriors to accomplish his purpose. Strachey, in his "History of Travel in Virginia," previously referred to in these pages, speaks of three hundred men being under the direct control of Opechancanough, who we may suppose had sent messengers out for others, and had gathered as many of the other tribes as possible to his standard. At all events, when the whites arrived, and landed Smith and his usual body-guard of fifteen to march the quarter of a mile from the river required to reach the Chief's house, they found everything deserted, and nothing but a lame fellow



and a boy on hand. Shortly after, Opechancanough arrived, surrounded by bows and arrows; and declared frankly that he was indisposed to trade. But Smith would not be content with this. He pointed out that last year the barge had been freighted, declared he did not propose to starve, and offered Opechancanough free choice of his commodities. The savage seemed to soften at this, and promised that baskets of corn would be on hand the next day. Accordingly, Smith and his bodyguard the next day marched up to the Chief's house, where four or five people were gathered, each with a basket of corn.

Not long after, Opechancanough himself turned up. With a forced air of cheerfulness, he pointed out that he had great trouble among his people to get them to bring in anything at all. While they were talking, suddenly John Russell crept up and whispered something into Smith's ear. The house in which they stood was surrounded with, according to Russell's estimate, seven hundred armed savages. And a quarter of a mile of woodland lay between them and the safety of the barge!

It was the supreme crisis of Smith's life. He had trained his bodyguard with great care, and every man in it was reliable, having been promised beforehand a month's extra rations free, if the enterprise was successful. They were eager for a fight, and they knew that with their matchlocks they could probably make an end of Opechancanough, who was inside the lodge with them, and enough of his warriors as well to win back

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their way to the boat. But Smith did not want an open fight. He knew quite well that in a few months, if not weeks, Jamestown itself would be starving. His business was to stop the complaints of the council by providing the colonists with what Newport's ships had wasted. So he cried out to his men not to make a move and quickly explained to them what the position was. Then he added: — "If we must fight, let it be for something; let me first deal with them, and see their conditions."\* The bodyguard assented and were probably glad of it, as some forty Indians now surrounded Opechancanough, and could have made a great deal of trouble for them, if a fight had been started inside the lodge.

Meanwhile the warriors and Opechancanough stood silent, as if expecting the first move from the whites. It was not long in coming. Smith strode up to the Chief and rattled off this challenge in his most Ancient Pistol-like vein: —

"I see, Opechancanough, your plot to murder me, but I fear it not. As yet your men and mine have done no harm, but abide our direction. Take therefore your arms, you see mine; my body shall be as naked as yours; the Isle in your river is a fair place, if you be contented; and the conqueror of us two shall be Lord and Master over all our men. Or if you prefer I will back my fifteen men there against all your people; if you have not enough here, take time to fetch more, and

\* Here Smith in his narrative gives a long speech he says he made his men. I prefer to think that the speech was short, and to the point.

bring as many as you will; but let everyone of them bring a basket of corn, and I will stake its value in copper that we shall win."

Opechancanough might have said a good deal in answer to this piece of bragging valiancy, but he forbore. He was not disposed in any case to let Smith get free from the house to the island in the river, and he must have known that a naked body armed with bow and arrows is not well matched against another body equipped with gun and sword. He did not however raise any of these interesting points, but he merely pointed out that Smith was quite mistaken, and that his people had come not for warfare, but with a present for him. Would the English captain step out of doors to receive it?

At this, Russell, who was busily spying, pointed out that at least two hundred Indians were outside the door, and that a tree beside lay athwart the path quite close, behind which he could see thirty with arrows nocked, ready to shoot the moment Smith stuck out his head. Here was another quandary. Either Smith must decline to receive the proposed present, and thereby mortally offend Opechancanough, or he must risk his neck. In this extremity Smith's coolness did not desert him. He ordered a soldier to go to the door and receive the present, but the man flatly refused. In this extremity even his boasted discipline amongst his followers was breaking down.

But the resource and bravado that had carried this



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH MAKES A PRISONER OF THE KING  
OF PAMAUNKEE



young fighter through so many dangers in Hungary, Transylvania, and Turkey were not yet at an end. His habitual attitude of mind towards the Indians, that they were his inferiors in courage and in intelligence, came once more to the rescue. A few short sharp orders to his men were sufficient. Percy, West, and the rest of the bodyguard were to level their guns at the Indians inside the house, and to see that none stirred: Powell and Behethland were to do the same at the door, while Smith, red with rage, marched up to Opechancanough, seized him by the scalplock, bent his pistol against his breast, and led him out, trembling with fear, amongst the people outside. It was a repetition on the grand scale of the ruse that had saved his life the year before and, like it, was successful. Thanks to the Indian's dread and terror at the mystic effects of fire-arms, most of the savages threw down their bows and arrows instantly. Then standing at the door, Smith delivered his ultimatum: —

“ I see, you Pamunkeys, the great desire you have to kill me, and my long suffering of your injuries hath emboldened you to this presumption. The cause I have forborne your insolencies, is the promise I made you, before the God I serve, to be your friend, till you give me just cause to be your enemy. If I keep this vow, my God will keep me, you cannot hurt me; if I break it, He will destroy me. But if you shoot but one arrow to shed one drop of blood of any of my men, or steal the least of these beads or copper, I spurn your Chief

here before you with my foot; you shall see I will not cease revenge. If once I begin, I will continue so long as I can find one of your nation that will not deny the name of Paumunk. I am not now at Rassaweak half drowned with mire, where you took me prisoner; yet then for keeping your promise and your good usage, and saving my life, I so affect you that your denials of your treachery do half persuade me to mistake myself. But if I be the mark you aim at, here I stand, shoot he that dare. You promised to freight my ship ere I departed, and so you shall: or I mean to load her with your dead carcasses: yet if as friends you will come and trade, I once more promise not to trouble you, except you give me the first occasion; and your King shall be free, and be my friend: for I come not to hurt him or any of you."

This speech, like Powhatan's, given some pages earlier, is a masterpiece of its kind of eloquence. Those who have eyes to discern the truth will know who was right, the savage whose ancestors had possessed the land for generations, or the invading Imperialist adventurer. For the rest, I make no comment.

Opechancanough knew well realising that if his people took up this challenge, Smith would see to it that he was not the only one to lose his life. He now ordered his people to lay down their arms and to submit themselves to the great werowance, Captain Smith. For two or three hours, the Indians were forced to come forward and do homage to the white man who had conquered them



single-handed by sheer audacity. Meanwhile Smith kept his two guards at the door, and the bodyguard within held Opechancanough's chief warriors at bay. Smith made all the Indians within sight lay down their weapons, and ordered his men to take charge of them. For the corn and provisions brought forward, he gave whatever price he felt inclined.

After several hours of this, the Indians being then apparently completely cowed, the hero of the day decided to snatch a little rest. His victory to all intents and purposes was complete, and he might now at last consider the stain of his former captivity wiped out. But what happened proved once again the extraordinary hold that Smith as a campaigner had on his men so long as he was able to keep them on the alert; and how this hold became relaxed the moment his own vigilance slackened. Smith had gone to sleep in the house, still keeping Opechancanough and his council as hostages, and the savages outside had laid down their arms. Yet a small party of forty or fifty, some of them with English swords, had escaped the disarmament order, and these had crept nearer and found the door momentarily unguarded. They were getting into the house, when Smith luckily wakened. It only took him an instant to rouse the neglectful guard, and to send them flying back. His victory was complete.

This however was not the full tale of events of this exciting day. In the midst of the most desperate peril of his life (for though Opechancanough and some forty

of his warriors were completely in his power, Smith had no guarantee of getting back to the ship safely, and had possibly sent out messengers asking for more men to be landed, to safeguard the road) there suddenly appeared a messenger from Jamestown itself, named Richard Wiffin, a firm and tried adherent of his party and policy. The tale Wiffin had to tell was enough to make Smith look serious. Nine days after his departure, Scrivener, who had been left behind as deputy-governor, was so worked upon by the party of malcontents gathering at Jamestown as to agree that the order permitting Smith to go to Werowocomoco had been a mistake. If Powhatan was to be surprised and seized, the colonists would have not only starvation, but Indian war to face; and there was nothing to show that Smith had abandoned his project of making Powhatan a captive. The party in favour of Newport's policy of conciliating the Indians was still strong; and they now momentarily got the upper hand. At any rate, Scrivener was completely overborne, and it was decided to equip a boat and send it out, with orders to recall Smith. A barge was freighted, with Scrivener, Waldo (who had been won over to the opposition), Captain Anthony Gosnold; (old Gosnold's son), who was openly an opponent, and eight others. At the mouth of the river, they met the same blizzard that had delayed Smith at Kecoughtan and the barge was sunk, how or where was unknown; but some of the savages, presumably the friendly natives at Kecoughtan, found the bodies several days later and

brought the news back to the colony. Everyone refused to carry it to Smith, and several days elapsed before anyone could be found to undertake the journey. Finally Wiffin had offered to go, but when he arrived at Werowocomoco, he found Smith already gone up the river, and such preparations for war among the Indians that he had to go into hiding for a time. Finally, after three days' weary travel, he had hit on Smith's trail; and duly came to deliver his report on this momentous 22d of January, shortly after the scene with Opechancanough, narrated above, had closed.

Here we may pause to comment on Smith's extraordinary luck throughout this journey. Not only had he missed the effects of the blizzard that had wiped out the expedition sent out to recall him, but the destruction of that expedition had given him time to carry out his policy, and had even given his own party back in Jamestown moral support. His opponents, though increasing, had become so afraid of his anger that they wished to withhold the news from him; and Wiffin himself had only got through by good fortune, and had come in the nick of time, when Opechancanough's people were cowed and disarmed. Had Wiffin reached the spot a few hours earlier, he would probably have been put to death. Smith might well suppose that the goddess Fortune was on his side, and, having received Wiffin's report, decided to suppress it and to say nothing. Accordingly, he arranged with the Indians that the next day they should bring their corn and supplies to the river bank, and that

they should come unarmed. On this condition, he delivered back to them Opechancanough and his councilors safe and sound, and went back to his ships to spend the night.

The next day, the shores of the river were covered with Indians carrying baskets and unarmed, ready to trade. They refused, however, upon being summoned, to approach the boats, and would do nothing unless Smith came ashore. The president had by this decided not to put his life in jeopardy a second time by going ashore again; but being unwilling to lose any chance of provision, he pitched on a spot where the banks of the river sloped upward to a low natural rise, like a levee embankment, and disposed his boats immediately beneath this, so that they were hidden from the Indians. This done, he came ashore, with West, Percy, and Russell as supporters. Opechancanough did not put in an appearance, but the savages trooped up to the embankment and handed their commodities to other unarmed whites, ready to receive them. This went on for some time till suddenly Opechancanough himself was seen approaching with two large bodies of Indians. The chief was burning for revenge, and he had arranged his remaining warriors in the approved Indian fashion, in the form of two half-moons, with arrows bent, but concealed from Smith by a screen of women and children bearing painted baskets of corn. As soon as they reached within shooting distance, these women and children fled, revealing Opechancanough's advance. But before he was

able to deliver the war-whoop and charge, Smith, from his post on the top of the embankment, surmised what was afoot; and in an instant his men had tumbled out of the boats and were racing up the embankment to second him. The Indians promptly took to their heels at the sight of the matchlocks. It was the end of resistance.

Smith should by now have started back to Jamestown, as there was a danger that in the absence of any legal head the colony might break up, the malcontents drifting off to join Powhatan, and the remainder starving to death, or perishing in a concerted Indian attack. Yet, having the upper hand so completely, he resolved to stay as long as there was an ear of corn to be obtained in the country. He however consented to send off two of his company, Crashaw and Ford, in a canoe down to Werowocomoco, where they could make their way overland easily by the usual trail to Jamestown. The Indians watching from the banks and seeing these men depart, instantly concluded that reinforcements were being sent for to carry out Smith's policy of burning Indian houses and breaking up canoes; and they were by now so afraid that some of the threats that had already been made to this effect were about to be carried out, that they instantly sent more corn. For five or six days Smith was kept busy. Even Opechancanough sent a bracelet of pearls, as a sign that he wanted peace. Nothing further happened to the expedition except that Smith and some others fell sick from something they



had eaten, and suspected poison for a time, without any grounds whatsoever for it.

Meanwhile every Indian village, every house in the immediate neighbourhood, was ransacked by armed parties of the whites. The people of Mattapimient and Youghtanund were so near to starving, that they gave up the little they had with tears from the women and children; whereupon Smith remarks sagely that "had this happened when the unhappy discovery of Monacan was made, we might have freighted a ship of forty tons." Possibly; but the Indians would have had then still longer to starve. Smith forbade any burnings, however, and refrained from pushing things too far, because he still intended on his return to Werowocomoco to carry out his earlier purpose, and to surprise and seize upon Powhatan.

The opportunity however was not given him. Arrived opposite the Indian capital, Smith sent two spies ashore, to see how matters stood. They discovered that Powhatan had fled, with all his provisions and the Dutchmen as well; and that he had taken refuge at Oropaks, in the very heart of that Chickahominy wilderness where Smith was first taken captive. Powhatan had gone back to the one thing that would protect him from the whites' double dealing and treachery — the virgin forest. He was destined never to lay eyes on Smith again in his life. He had however left behind some of his warriors, who were so desperate that, though Wiffin and Coe, Smith's two emissaries, were well armed, and the flotilla lay



just outside, they were not long in forcing the whites to beat a hasty retreat. Smith did not land at Werowocomoco again.

The net result of this civilising expedition, the chief event as it proved of Smith's presidency, was that for twenty-five pounds of copper and fifty pounds of iron and beads, forty men lived off the country for six weeks, from 29th December to the 8th of February the following year, and had collected a month's extra provisions for themselves, given to them by Smith as a reward for service, as well as delivering, to boot, in the store at Jamestown, two hundred and seventy-nine bushels of corn and two hundred pounds of deer fat. No doubt, the enlightenment the Indians had obtained by contact with the Christian charity and Anglo-Saxon gentility of Captain Smith and his apostles of culture, was great indeed; how many of them starved later as witnesses to this fact we do not know nor do we know what toll this expedition took in slaughtered Indians; all the accounts preserve a significant silence on this point. John Smith might however now rest easy; he had, like Nelson on another occasion, "done his duty" to his country very thoroughly. No one of his people would suffer, though some of his chief enemies had drowned themselves; and altogether throughout the winter, only six further lives were lost from the entire colony.



## E I G H T E E N T H   C H A P T E R

### *The White Men Win Every Battle, but Lose the War*

WHEN Newport's ships departed in December, 1608, the provisions that had remained in the store were found to be so rotten with the summer rains, and damaged by the rats that had swarmed off the ships, that no one could eat them. A certain number of hogs and chickens had been brought over by the last expedition, and on these the colony subsisted during the whole time of Smith's absence. It is not to be wondered at that the Dutchmen, Adam and Francis, found many of the settlers ready to listen to their proposals for selling guns to Powhatan, in return for the bare necessities of existence.

The party of the malcontents which was in favour of either giving up the colony, or of going over to the Indians altogether was in fact rising again, as the winter wore on. When Crashaw and Ford, the two delegates whom Smith had sent forward to tell the colony of his coming, were covering the ground between Werowocomoco and the settlement, they discovered four or

five of the white men stealing through the woods to join the Dutchmen at Werowocomoco. They took to their heels, upon being sighted, and managed to regain the colony. The new glass factory established by Newport in the woods a mile out of Jamestown had already become a sort of underground depôt for contraband trade, and a rendezvous for stolen meetings after night-fall. In the absence of any authority but that of Captain Winne, the whole colony seemed on the point of disintegration.

Smith's return with large supplies restored something resembling order. His first act was to proclaim that everyone in the future would be expected to work; and he divided the whole colony into separate companies, each with a special task allotted to it, fixing the hours of labour at four per day. During the three months that followed, a considerable amount of pitch and tar was produced, as well as soap ashes; an attempt was made to start the glass works, some twenty houses were built, the church was re-thatched, and to stop the underground trade between the Indians and the colony, a blockhouse was built in the neck of Jamestown peninsula, guarded by a garrison, with strict orders not to let anyone, Indian or white, pass through without the president's permission. In addition to this, a well was dug within the settlement — until then, all the water had come from the river — and some thirty or forty acres were planted with corn. Smith was not behind-hand in showing the settlers that his orders were to be

respected. At the very outset he informed them that there was now no council left, so his acts were now law without appeal, and must be obeyed. And he set up a notice-board with the names of all the settlers on it, with marks for good conduct given, to encourage the slack (about three-fourths of the settlement) to improve in their behaviour. Meanwhile, his own life was still far from being safe. The three Dutchmen, Adam, Francis, and Samuel, were still with Powhatan receiving arms and instructing the savages in their use. They had persuaded some others to quit the colony, but as these did not now turn up, they sent one of their number, disguised as an Indian, to the glass-house in the woods to report. Smith, hearing of this by some means we do not know, sent out twenty shot after the fugitive. They continued to pursue him through the woods, beyond the rendezvous, while the president, who had just learned of the purpose for which the glass-house was being used, examined the premises. After waiting for some time, he decided to return to Jamestown, but had not gone very far when he suddenly found himself faced with an armed Indian. It proved to be no less a person than the Chief of the Paspahighans themselves, and he was carrying a gun, while Smith had now nothing but his sword. But before he could make use of the match-lock, Smith was upon him, and they both rolled to the grass, wrestling and fighting till at last they tumbled down a steep bank into the James River flowing below. Fortunately two of the Polish glass-workers were on

the sands nearby, and ran up to the rescue. The Indian, struggling in the water, was held tightly by the hair and throat by Smith; and the reinforcements of the Poles helped him to bring him ashore and make him prisoner. Shortly after, one of the Dutchmen was also brought in and put into irons, despite his protest that he had been forced by Powhatan to act as spy on the whites, and that his request to Winne for arms during Smith's absence had been misunderstood, owing to the fact that Winne and he spoke in different languages.

Smith now conceived of the brilliant project of obtaining the two other Dutchmen again from Powhatan, in return for the Paspaheghan prisoner. But all the messengers he sent came back with but one answer — that Powhatan was willing to let the Dutchmen go, since he had abandoned his house at Werowocomoco, and gone into hiding at Oropaks; but the Dutchman on their part refused point-blank to come. Meantime it was impossible to keep the Paspaheghan hostage in close confinement; so one fine day he escaped. Captain Winne pursued, but found that for every volley of shot his men made, the Indians returned a volley of arrows with interest. Their fear of firearms was wearing off now, with increasing familiarity; and all that Smith could obtain after several sallies in search of the escaped chief was the aid of two already corrupted and semi-whitened savages called Kemps and Kinsock. A few of the neighbouring villages were burnt and ravaged, canoes broken



up, seven or eight Indians were killed and double the number made prisoners, but the Dutchmen did not return from Powhatan, nor did the Indians cease from their hostile attitude.

Thus affairs ran on for three months, Smith and his company expecting every day the return of Newport and a fresh supply of provisions. In addition to their other activities, a small blockhouse had been put up at Hog Island, one day's sail down the river, in order to notify the company if relief should come, or prevent the Indians in their war canoes from coming up to the settlement. Smith had returned in February and it was now April. Nothing further had happened except that Michael Sicklemore, who had been left, as we have seen, by Smith with the Nansamunds, with instructions to seek out the Roanoke colony, came back without finding anything. The winter had gone, the spring had come, and it was time to sow again for the next winter's harvest.

Now upon opening some of the casks of corn which had been brought back from Powhatan, a horrifying discovery was made. About half the corn was discovered to be rotten, and the other half had been so heavily damaged by rats, which had swarmed about the place ever since Newport's departure, as to be practically useless. Instead of months of security being in prospect, the colony would face starvation in very few weeks. And the fact that everybody had lived on good rations for the last three months made the prospects worse. If only

more had died during the winter there would now have been fewer mouths to feed! Instead, simply for lack of a periodical inspection of the storehouse, Smith's whole structure, like a house of cards, toppled to the ground.

Smith knew well that, whatever the Indians had yielded in the winter, they had nothing to yield now. Their remaining corn, unlike that of the whites, was now in the ground and would provide nothing till September. If Newport did not turn up — and the frame of mind in which he had gone away the last time made a pessimistic conclusion possible — then the situation would soon be hopeless without some aid from the Indians. Smith's first move was therefore to set free the prisoners he still had on hand; and to do all he could to placate the Indians. They could not bring in corn, but they produced turkeys, deer and squirrels at the rate of a hundred a day for a time, which enabled him to hang on.

But despite the fact that the ill-used and despised red men were now openly feeding the whites, the situation got worse and worse. As soon as the colony learned that starving was in the offing, the opposition to Smith rekindled. To prevent it, he threw in his private supply as president, into the store, and ordered an equal distribution. But in view of the coming catastrophe, all work at the colony instantly languished. Without losing a battle, Smith was now losing the whole object of his effort — to make the colony efficient and self-support-

ing. He was in the position of a commander whose troops desert after victory has been won.

The chief danger in which he stood was that some revolt at Jamestown would bring his power suddenly to an end. To obviate this, he sent sixty of the settlers down the river to live upon oysters, and soon after ordered twenty others under Percy to go to Point Comfort and try fishing there for a time; twenty more were sent under young Sir Francis West to try the country about the falls, where they discovered nothing but acorns. This left about one hundred in Jamestown, mostly men who were openly opposed to him; for he had not dared send away those who might never desire to return at all. This sending away of half the settlement prolonged the agony for a few weeks, but soon everyone was starving again. There was literally nothing to eat but sturgeon from the river, and the roots of a plant called tockwough, which, by splitting and drying, the Indians used, in default of corn, for meal. The taste of the bread it produced was very astringent and bitter, but it was better than nothing. Smith now ordered that this should be gathered and used. Instantly a murmur went up. One Dyer, an ancient enemy of Smith, went about declaring that Powhatan still had corn, but that Smith had not courage to get it. For this Dyer was arrested and flogged; but the rumour was one believed in by many. Smith now was fairly at bay, and he faced the colony with this speech, the last speech of his reported: —

“Fellow-soldiers, I did little think any so false to report, or so many to be so simple as to be persuaded that I either intend to starve you, or that Powhatan at this moment has corn for himself, much less for you, or that I would not have it, if I knew where it were to be had. But dream no longer of this vain hope from Powhatan, nor that I will longer forbear to force you from your idleness, and punish you if you rail. And if I find any more runners for Newfoundland with the pinnace, let him assuredly look to arrive at the gallows. You cannot deny but that by the hazard of my life many a time I have saved yours, when might your own wills have prevailed, you assuredly had starved; and you will do so still whether I will or no: but I protest by that God who made me, since necessity has no power to force you to gather for yourselves those fruits the earth yields, you shall not only gather for yourselves, but for those who are sick. And this savage trash, you scornfully repine at; being put into your mouths, your stomachs can digest it; if you would have better, you should have brought it, and therefore I will take a course that you shall provide what is to be had. The sick shall not starve, but equally share of all our labours, and he that gathers not as much as I do, the next day shall be set beyond the river, and be banished from the fort as a drone, till he amend his condition or starve.”

This hard-hitting speech convinced the settlers that they had better keep quiet. But now one Bentley, despite Smith's guard, ran away and joined the Dutchmen

at Powhatan's settlement. Smith decided to make a desperate attempt to reclaim these fugitives before it was too late, and for this purpose engaged one William Volda, a Swiss, to go to Powhatan and offer him much copper and friendship if he would send back the fugitives. But Volda proved utterly unworthy of the confidence Smith reposed in him. Before leaving, he went about among the discontented and gained recruits to his scheme which was as follows: — Instead of asking Powhatan to grant Smith's request, he proposed to request from Powhatan an army to attack the settlement. The island where the remaining hogs were quartered would be cut off, the pinnace handed over, the gates opened, and the town fired. The Indians would rush in, kill Smith and those still faithful to him, and in a few minutes end resistance. Then the malcontents would be free to make terms with Powhatan or to take the pinnace and be off to Newfoundland or the Spanish settlements farther south as they pleased.

This scheme would have been put into operation, but two of the people to whom Volda revealed it, carried the news secretly to Smith. He advised no immediate interference with the plan, and counselled them to pretend to agree to it until Volda had safely got away. It was a wise decision on his part, for in his present situation it would not do to take too much notice of the rising wave of discontent. A few days later Volda left the colony, with all his plans apparently matured. He had no sooner gone, however, than Smith selected two




of his old bodyguard, with orders to go to Powhatan and demand both the Dutchmen, on pain that if he refused their return, they should either shoot or stab them as they stood in Powhatan's very presence. It was a desperate expedient, but he could only be saved by desperate courses.

Arrived at Powhatan's retreat, the two emissaries boldly demanded the lives of the Dutchmen, declaring that it was by Smith's orders that they were to be put to death. Apparently Volda had not yet turned up, and the Dutchmen knowing themselves betrayed, and suspecting that Volda had been their betrayer, began accusing him of having been the sole author of the plot. They lived far away from the whites, they pointed out, and were quite unaware of what was going on at Jamestown. And they certainly had nothing to do with this plan of Volda's. At this news, Smith's envoys naturally wavered in their determination to kill the Dutchmen. Powhatan completed their discomfiture by declaring that he was not detaining the Dutchmen, but that they were staying on at their own free will; and that he would do nothing to prevent Captain Smith's commands from being carried out. He added that he would not displease Smith for anything, or anger him in any respect.

With this unsatisfactory reply, having decided that it would be a mistake in tactics to kill the Dutchmen at present, the two emissaries now returned. But before they got back, on the 11th of July, 1609, an event oc-

curred which saved Smith from immediate destruction though the news it brought was such as shook the colony to its very foundations. An English ship—not one of Newport's, but undoubtedly English—came beating up the river.



## NINETEENTH CHAPTER

### *The Fall of an Adventurer*

THE ship proved to be under the command of Captain Samuel Argall, an interesting mariner who plays a not inconsiderable part in the remainder of this story. Captain Argall was, by all accounts, a very enterprising sort of man. He had conceived the idea that the Virginia voyage might be considerably shortened if, instead of following the old route by Dominica and Nevis, the ship kept straight across the ocean, passing to northward of the Azores, on the route first followed by Captain Gosnold on his voyage to New England in 1602; and he had waited for some years in order to put this idea into execution. Finally, one Cornelis, a wealthy Dutch merchant resident in London, had given him his opportunity. Newport had brought back glowing reports of the plenty obtainable in Virginia, and especially of the sturgeon inhabiting its rivers. Sturgeon meant caviare, and if Cornelis could obtain caviare without having to go all the way to the Baltic for it, which was impassable for ships from November to April, he would have an immense advantage over all the other London

merchants. On his part, Argall agreed to make the voyage out in five or six weeks, and he was as good as his word. But unfortunately for him, he came not to a land of plenty, but to one of starvation. Half the inhabitants were trying to live off oysters at Point Comfort, and the other half were grubbing up roots in the woods.

Captain Argall's ship was well provisioned, and though he had come out on a purely private enterprise (which the Virginia Company had agreed to permit), the colonists immediately seized on his stock of wine, beef and biscuits. Smith must have felt himself almost saved by a miracle of Providence, by this lucky accident. But the news that Argall's ship brought was disquieting.

In view of the fact that the main profit from the colony seemed likely to come from agriculture, or from the development of the iron deposits that Smith's specimens had proven to exist, the Company had appealed to King James for an extension of the original charter. James, though stubbornly and stupidly determined to do nothing to cause a quarrel with the Spaniards, who claimed the whole of the American continent as theirs, was finally overborne, and gave way. The feeling that the Spaniards, as the leading Catholic power, should never be allowed to take all America for themselves, was increasing ever since the explosion of anti-Catholic feeling that had shaken the country on the occasion of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605. As a matter of fact, a tremendous scramble for the unknown parts of the American

continent was now taking place among the northern and Protestant countries of Europe, concurrently with the slackening of Spain's effort. Champlain was in Canada, looking for a passage to the Pacific up the St. Lawrence; and in this very year of 1609, Henry Hudson, a well-known navigator of England, went into the service of the Dutch in an effort to find the same passage to the South Sea. Hudson had been fired to this very project by a letter and a copy of a map of Virginia, which he had received from his friend John Smith, upon Newport's last return. It was up to the Virginia Company to act quickly, and they had responded well.

The main change was that King James had at last agreed to allot lands in Virginia to all settlers. Under the terms of the old charter, the king was to own everything outside of Jamestown. Now he agreed to divide up the whole territory into freeholds, at the end of seven years. It was the sort of move that would make the Virginia enterprise immensely popular, as England at the time was already over-populated and swarming with the landless and the unemployed. Everyone who had twelve pounds ten shillings (worth then, however, about five hundred dollars in our money) to invest, was entitled to one share in the Company; and each shareholder would be allowed at the end of seven years to partake equally in the division of the colony. The original administration was now completely reconstructed, with Sir William West, Lord De la Warr as Governor of Virginia (we have seen his son, young Francis West,



already in the colony), Sir Thomas Gates as Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Somers as Admiral, Captain Newport as Vice-Admiral, Sir Thomas Dale as High Marshal, and Sir Ferdinando Weinman as Master of the Horse. The response to the scheme was so great that no less than nine ships were got ready, seven of them being in the Thames and two others in Plymouth Harbour. About five hundred people applied to go out, including several women, and among other supplies at Plymouth, twenty mares and two horses were taken aboard.

Smith was duly warned of these events by Captain Argall. He also received letters by the same hand from the Company in London, complaining of his needlessly cruel attitude towards the savages, and the insufficient cargoes he had sent over. It was apparent that, having made use of him as a pioneer, the Virginia Company were now about ready to throw him aside. He could do nothing until the ships came, and he decided to conceal his distress until their arrival by detaining Argall at Jamestown.

The expedition assembled at Plymouth on the twentieth of May, 1609, and was by far the largest colonial fleet that England had yet gotten together, recalling by its numbers and magnificence the great array of ships that Spain had sent out for a century past to the New World. The flagship was called the "Sea Venture"; in this Lord De la Warr, as the new Governor, should have sailed, but it was decided at the last moment that he would follow later, so the government was delegated to

Gates, until such time as De la Warr should arrive. Thereupon a squabble over precedence arose between Gates, Somers and Newport, with the result that all were packed into the "Sea Venture," which carried one hundred and fifty souls in addition to these three most important officers. The remaining ships were the "Diamond," Vice-Admiral, which carried Captain Ratcliffe and Captain King; the "Falcon," Rear-Admiral, in which were Captain John Martin and Master Nelson; the "Blessing," in which were Captain Gabriel Archer and Captain Adams; the "Unity," in which were Captain Wood and Master Pett; the "Lion," under the charge of Captain Webb; and the "Swallow," which was Somers' ship, but owing to the quarrel above mentioned, was commanded by one Captain Moon. The two remaining ships were a ketch and a pinnace, called the "Virginia," which had actually been built in the now abandoned colony on the Maine coast by the West Country Company some years before.

The interesting fact that this catalogue of ships and captains contains many names of old friends and enemies of Smith, can scarcely have escaped the reader's notice. Here are Ratcliffe, Archer, Martin, returning to Virginia. No doubt it seemed, to those partisans of Smith's actions who were so enthusiastic about their hero as to admit of no spots on the sun, monstrous that these old enemies should be allowed to come back; but the whole Company was now reconstructed and these men put in their money and took their chances with the

rest. Moreover, the old council had been abolished by the new charter. De la Warr, or, in his absence, Gates, was to have full control over the colony henceforward. So Archer, Ratcliffe and Martin were returning as private individuals.

The fleet, which set sail from Plymouth on June 2, was delayed by contrary winds and had to put into Falmouth till June 8. They then got under way again, and kept in sight of each other till July 24. The course followed was to the eastward of the Canaries and southward of the Azores; not so short a way as Argall had laid out, but a considerable improvement over the old route. Its main inconvenience was the heat, which grew intense after the expedition reached the tropic of Cancer, which was the point of turning westward. Aboard many of the stuffy, ill-ventilated ships, many prospective settlers died of the dreaded "calenture"; it was even rumoured that plague was on board the "Sea Venture": from two ships thirty-two bodies were thrown overboard.

On Monday, July 24, St. James's Day, the fleet was suddenly struck by a hurricane that had been threatening for the whole night before. At that time, in Newport's opinion, they were within a week's sail of the Virginia coast, and had already come to the northward to meet it. The ships immediately became scattered, and after twenty-four hours of struggle, a leak was discovered aboard the "Sea Venture" and five feet of water reported in her hold. After a fruitless search, the ship was

opened in three places and pumps were rigged and bucket chains formed. Everyone turned to the work, which went on despite the fact that no sail could be carried, and the ship was driving northward continually, half buried in the mountainous seas. On Friday morning, eventually, with the ship ready to sink under their feet and the leak gaining on them every moment, Sir George Somers, who was on watch, sighted land. The ship was driven ashore, a total wreck, on what proved to be the uninhabited Bermuda Islands, which the Spaniards had discovered as far back as 1515; but which had been left uncolonised, as, owing to the frequency of storms, the place had a sinister reputation as an ocean graveyard, and was believed to be haunted by evil spirits. Thus St. James, as Patron Saint of Spain and her colonies, had avenged the old defeat of the Armada by wrecking the flagship of the great Virginia expedition, and nearly sending all souls to the bottom.

Our concern is not with Gates, Somers or Newport, though their adventure served to give light and colour to Shakespeare's magnificent swan-song, "The Tempest"; but with the rest of the expedition. About August 3d, the tempest having blown itself out, the "Blessing," "Lion," "Falcon" and "Unity" re-sighted each other, the "Unity" being in a very bad state, with only ten of her seventy passengers fit, and all her seamen but three disabled. The "Blessing" was forced to lend them hands to continue the voyage. That done, they shaped their course to Virginia, finding, says Archer, "neither

current nor winde opposite, as some have reported, to the great charge of our council and adventurers." Apparently it had been supposed before this — except by Argall — that it was impossible to reach Virginia directly, as a current was in the way.

On August 11 these four ships of Gates' squadron arrived at Jamestown. A strange sight they must have made in the river, with their masts sprung, their tackling loosed, and their bulwarks damaged by the storm. A few days later came Ratcliffe in the "Diamond," which had had to cut away her mainmast during the hurricane, and had most of her company ill. On August 18, the "Swallow" sailed in, also minus her mainmast, and leaking very badly. Thus the whole of the fleet was collected except the two small craft and the "Sea Venture," which now lay, an empty hulk, on the Bermudas; and by an irony of fate, the "Sea Venture" had contained the three leading officers of the expedition, Somers, Gates, and Newport.

During the weeks that had elapsed between Argall's arrival and the arrival of Newport's crippled squadron, Smith had done little to avert the blow that was coming. As a matter of fact there was very little that he could do, short of keeping the colony alive and hoping for better relations with the Indians. But when the squadron eventually arrived, overdue and crippled, with the loss of its flagship and commanders, the old attitude of self-confidence began creeping back. He was still legally president up to September at least, and had the power



of appointing his successor. When Ratcliffe, Archer and the rest urged the fact that it was necessary to enforce the new charter, he coolly retorted that the new officers of Government had not come, and that he did not intend to resign his office.

In the meantime, Ratcliffe and Archer had little difficulty in persuading the discontented colonists to hold a meeting and declare Smith deposed. Young Francis West, son of Lord De la Warr was to be Governor until news came through of the lost flagship, or until the council in London sent out further orders. But Smith refused this mandate, and offered the presidency to Martin, who was more or less on his side.

Martin, however, had no desire to rule over the unruly herd of four hundred and ninety souls now assembled at Jamestown. It was necessary, as a matter of fact, to do something towards dividing the colony, as so many could not possibly winter within the small space of the peninsula. Accordingly Martin, with a small body, was sent off to Nansamund, where the Indians' harvest should be ready in a few weeks, and was ordered to establish himself there. Young West, with one hundred and twenty of those who were most suspected of hostility to Smith, were ordered to go up to the falls, to the site where Richmond now stands, and to make a settlement. Archer and Ratcliffe were to stay on at Jamestown under the watchful eye of the president. Thus Smith once again began to prove himself master of the situation.



While all these things were being done or prepared for, Captain Argall got away again in his ship, whether loaded with the sturgeon he had come to seek or not, we know not. At all events, he carried with him a guarded letter from Archer, in which that worthy reveals something of the differences between Smith and the other captains, but disavows the rumours of a mutiny.

The Nansamund colony, under Martin, proved itself to be the first failure. Apparently Smith had emboldened this worthy to imitate his own exploits at Werowocomoco, and had given him instructions to seize upon the island on which the settlement stood, together with the chief, his canoes and his houses. This policy of imperialist grab had worked moderately well in Smith's case; in Martin's it worked not at all. Martin carried out orders, and succeeded in capturing the chief and many of the Indians, together with more than a thousand bushels of corn. But then he suddenly fell into a panic, finding himself far away from Jamestown; and sent post haste to Smith for thirty more guns, while he strove to fortify himself in the Islands. A night attack by the neighbouring Indians did the rest; the chief escaped, the Indians got away, carrying with them their corn, and Martin employed the soldiers sent him as a body-guard to save his own skin on the way back to Jamestown, arriving there alone, having abandoned the colony to its fate.

While these things were going on, Smith had left

Jamestown. Francis West had been ordered to take his men up to the falls, and settle there. The site where Richmond now stands was, as we know, an Indian village, occupied by an Indian Chief, son of the great Powhatan, known to the whites at Parahunt, or little Powhatan. Therefore West could not settle there without fear of attack. He settled his men as best he might on a spot of land not only subject to flood, but overlooked on all sides by the hills, and hurried back to Jamestown to report to Smith.

On the way back he met Smith coming up the river, bringing with him a boy who had been landed from the "Unity," recently arrived. This boy, of some twelve or fifteen years of age, was named Henry Spelman, and was the third son of Sir Henry Spelman, a famous anti-quary of the time, who had run away from home, shipped himself on board one of the fleet, and arrived in Virginia as a stowaway, "beinge in displeasuer of my frendes and desirous to see other cuntries." His account, written in ungrammatical English, with extraordinary spelling, is the most valuable document for telling precisely what happened during the confused days that followed. Smith immediately entered into negotiations with the "little Powhatan" to buy the site whereon Richmond now stands. He offered him abundant copper, and young Spelman to boot. The "little Powhatan" consented, as Smith further offered to defend him against the Monacans, who were especially threatening in this neighbourhood. According to the terms of the treaty, apparently

the Indians were to be allowed to go on inhabiting their houses; the whites were simply to be allowed to build on this site and would not interfere with any other settlement. Otherwise it is difficult to reconcile the clause, mentioned by Smith, to the effect that Powhatan was to "resigne him the fort and houses and all that country for a proportion of copper," with the further clause to the effect that "every house as a custom should pay him a bushell of corn for an inch square of copper, and a proportion of pocones as a yearly tribute to King James for their protection."

The fact that Smith made this treaty and persuaded the Indians to agree to it, proves that he realised now that his old policy of guns and bluster had been a total failure. He was now ready to take a leaf out of Newport's book, and come to terms of alliance with the Indians. Accordingly, young Spelman, who had started up the river blithely in the hope of having some adventures, found himself a hostage in the hands of an Indian Chief. But Smith had reckoned without his white allies. Captain West, who was now approached by Smith with the proposal that he should move his new settlement up to the falls, flatly refused to do so. He had already spent some time and trouble in starting the other settlement, and he did not propose to take any further orders from Smith. A furious quarrel broke out and both men thoroughly lost their tempers. Smith was ordered out of the new settlement, and since he had only five men with him to oppose to twenty, he decided to retreat; yet, by

getting into his boat, he dropped down to the ships that had brought the settlers up to West Fort, as the new settlement was called, and once on board, tried to persuade the sailors to refuse to land provisions to help West and his mutineers.

What happened after that is one of the most doubtful passages in this strange and eventful history. Fate, which a few months ago had seemed altogether on Smith's side, was now completely against him, and the last sands of his year's tenure of the governorship were running out as well; for he was obliged by law to resign his office on the 10th of September, if the furious host of enemies that now surrounded him did not drive him to it. What wonder, therefore, if in his attempt to cover up his failure as Governor, he later made statements that are untrue? We have two entirely different accounts of this last episode in Smith's Virginia career — Spelman's, and the account which Smith himself printed, but ascribed to his old soldiers and supporters, Potts and Phettiplace. Let us see if they do not in some respects agree.

Spelman says bluntly that Smith's next move was to conspire with the Indians under the "little Powhatan" to kill Captain West. Smith does not deny that the Indians attacked the colony. He says, "Now no sooner was the ship under sail, but the savages assaulted these 120 in their fort;" to which is added the significant detail, a few sentences earlier, that the savages were so weary of Captain West's behaviour that they "daily com-

plained to Captain Smith that he had brought them for protectors worse enemies than the Monacans themselves; ” and further, “ so much they importuned him to punish their misdemeanours, that they offered, if he would conduct them, to fight for him against them.” West’s colony was then attacked; and Smith admits that the savages were willing to be on his side. Was the colony attacked at Smith’s orders, then? The weight of the evidence forces us to conclude that it was. For why should the savages attack West, without Smith’s ship being even out of sight, unless they counted on his support?

The attack was unsuccessful. What happened next we do not know. Spelman says simply that Smith was apprehended and carried to Jamestown. Smith, three years after the event, declares that he rescued West and his people from the Indians, moved them to the new site, and was about to leave them in peace, the ship having returned to Jamestown, when West again started to make trouble and insisted on going back to the old site, as being more valuable. Whereupon Smith came down the river, in his boat, and while sleeping, was accidentally disabled by an explosion of gunpowder aboard his boat. This gunpowder story, incidentally, has been accepted by many of Smith’s most eminent critics, including Edward Duffield Niel and Henry Adams. I do not accept it.\*

\* It is possible, however, that Smith was actually disabled by an explosion of gunpowder upon his boat, while he was being carried under arrest



Smith did appear at Jamestown again, and he really was disabled, but not by any explosion of gunpowder. He was shackled and in irons. His last act had been an act of treachery to the colony he had founded. He was therefore deposed from his presidency and George Percy was elected in his place until De la Warr or Captain Gates should arrive.

For three weeks the colonists kept the ships that were ready to cast off again from sailing, while charges were formulated against Smith. First of all the colonists under West complained that he caused the savages to assault them. Second, the Dutchmen were sent for from Powhatan, and came and cheerfully swore that he had threatened to take their lives. Third, the council (which had been revived for this emergency, and apparently now consisted of Ratcliffe, Archer and West) declared that he refused to admit their authority. Coe and Dyer, two rabid enemies, swore that they had heard that Smith had threatened to take away Powhatan's crown and robes, bestowed by Newport, if corn was not forthcoming; yet that corn could have been had if Smith had been willing to barter weapons for it. Finally, some "prophetical spirit" swore "that he had the savages in such subjection that he would have made himself a king, by marrying Pocahontas."

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back to Jamestown. His own account says that someone fired a bag of powder aboard the boat, whereupon he leapt into the water, with his clothes blazing, and was nearly drowned. But would this have happened if Smith had not been ironed to prevent escape? I doubt it.

This last charge alone interests us. We know what truth there was in the other charges; was there any truth in this? Did Smith eventually aim at a great alliance between whites and Indians, with the object of making himself king of the country? We know that Pocahontas often visited the fort during the time he was in Virginia, and that with his departure these visits suddenly ceased. Even if we dispute the original rescue story as being a later invention, there is still to be accounted for the later warning of Powhatan's oration at Werowocomoco. For some reason, Pocahontas had taken an interest in this young British captain, and that interest was sufficiently reciprocated, so that Smith himself refers to her as the "nonpareil of Virginia."

The chief objection to the supposition that Smith was aiming at an alliance of this sort, is that he could not have made himself king of the country by marrying Powhatan's daughter, the Indian law being that Powhatan was to be succeeded by his brothers. True; but was Powhatan altogether bound by such a custom? He had become High Chief of twenty other tribes besides his own, by his diplomatic and political skill; would not Smith's guns and complete support have sufficed to enable him to change the customs regulating the succession, if he had been so minded? The whites, at the time Smith was in the colony, seemed to the savages as demigods, possessed of magic weapons, and other means utterly unknown and inexplicable, of attaining their will. Cortez had earlier in Mexico acquired a great deal

of power through his close association with an Indian woman, Donna Marina; would not the alliance with Pocahontas have added to Smith's power over the Indians, and made Powhatan more secure in dealing with the tribes under his sway? The shrewd old Chief seems almost to have suspected something of this sort, when he refused all invitations to come to Jamestown personally, and when he invited Smith after his captivity to take up his abode nearer Werowocomoco, promising him lands.

But the chief objection to the theory that Smith aimed at marrying Pocahontas is yet to be stated. Smith himself was not imaginative enough to look so far ahead. He had behaved throughout his governorship as a pure opportunist, taking the credit for every successful move to himself, and denying credit to Newport and to anyone else in the colony. Above all, he had held resolutely to the theory that the Indians were inferiors, to be bullied, threatened and tortured at pleasure, and his downfall came about not through the Indian resistance, but through the fact that he could not obtain fresh supplies (thanks to a bad harvest) and through the unexpected return of his chief enemies, Ratcliffe and Archer, who allied themselves with Percy and West. During the last weeks of his governorship, he may indeed have seen his mistake, and have played with the idea of an alliance with Powhatan. But then it was too late to do so, and the opportunity had gone by.

Yet it is easy to see that had he made alliance with the Indians, the whole course of American history, and of England's colonisation effort, would have been different. Such a proceeding would have been illegal; but no more illegal than Cortez' march into Mexico, or Pizarro's seizure of Peru. And such an alliance would have given the English immediately what they had to fight for many years longer to attain — a foothold on the American continent. And it would have made their conquest more merciful, a conquest by absorption rather than a conquest by annihilation. The Anglo-Saxons were destined only to subdue the Indians that faced them by destroying the Indians, root and branch; and Smith began this business. The result was that the Anglo-Saxon strain itself became used up in the process, and had to call in other races. The Dutchmen and Poles that Newport had imported were only the first; and they were content to live on terms of equality with the Indians. Smith and his like were not, with the result that three centuries later the frontiers of America had to be closed, in order to keep up the legalised pretence that the North American continent was to remain under Anglo-Saxon control. In Central and South America a different process was at work. Though the Spaniards were openly eager for wealth and fanatically cruel in imposing their religious faith on the natives, they did not oppose assimilation; with the result that South and Central America became free and have re-

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mained more free spiritually and morally than the United States is to-day. In the study of John Smith's great mistake in government, we are able to cast light on the fundamental defect of intelligence which has made of America that which it is, alas, to-day.





## T W E N T I E T H   C H A P T E R

### *What Became of Pocahontas*

JOHN SMITH was sent back to London to answer for his misdemeanours, with the ships remaining in the James River; and the colony, under their new president, Percy, resumed its normal aspect. But not for long; for though Powhatan sent the usual present to Percy of venison by the hands of the Dutchman, Samuel, receiving in return the youth Spelman, who, after Smith's disgrace, had returned to Jamestown, the food situation remained as acute as ever. The Indians did not feel disposed to exchange good bushels of corn for worthless copper hatchets, and most of the supplies of the new settlers had been loaded aboard Gates' ill-fated ship. In addition to this, the new colonists proved to be a worthless set; scapegrace younger sons of old families, fugitives from debt, rascallions of every description swept up somehow by the prospect of finding a new country where food was plentiful and work was unnecessary. A great number of them seem to have been diseased even before they left London, which accounts for the mortality on the outward journey.

It is necessary for the bearing of events on Smith's later career, to briefly sketch the later history of the colony. The year that followed this strenuous governor's departure proved disastrous. Percy was at bottom a spendthrift, and did nothing. The months that followed were to be known later as "the starving time," and were full of horror.

First some of the more resolute spirits seized on the "Swallow" which was still lying in the harbour, and made off with her, after despoiling the Indians of a good deal of corn. They became pirates for a time, but eventually most of them reached England, where they spent all their time depicting the situation in Virginia as even worse than it was. Second, at the end of December, or in January, Ratcliffe, with some twenty-five men, went to Orapaks, where Powhatan now was, to trade for corn. Spelman seems to have been an eye-witness of what happened. The savage chief appointed a meeting-place at Pamunkey, the scene of Smith's exploit, where, as the reader will remember, the Indian houses lay some distance from the shore. The Indians took Captain Ratcliffe and his company into a storehouse there and began to trade. But the baskets they brought forward proved to have their bottoms pulled up deliberately, and were short weight. Ratcliffe objected to this, and Powhatan at once took revenge. He immediately broke off negotiations and stalked out of the storehouse, taking his wives, Samuel the Dutchman, and young Spelman with him. "And presently," to quote Spelman, "a great

number of Indians that lay lurking in ye woods and round about began with an oulis and whopubb, and whilst our Englishmen were in hast carieing their corne to their shippes, the Indians that were hidden in ye corne shott the men as they passed by them, and soe killed them all, saving one William Russell and one other who being acquainted with the country, escaped to Jamestowne by land."

This massacre was the signal of a final assault of the savages upon the white men. The Isle of Hogs was captured, and the supply of pork from this source cut off. Anyone straying beyond the palisade was certain to be shot down. Powhatan even turned against the white captives that were in his own camp. Adam and Francis were put to death. Samuel and Spelman escaped to the Potomac Indians, where Samuel was killed and Spelman lived as one of the savages for two years, surviving to be rescued by the whites and tell his story. Everywhere the Indians were wreaking a terrible revenge upon Smith's weakling successors for the sufferings they had endured under Smith.

Meanwhile, within the shelter of the blockhouse guarding the neck of Jamestown peninsula from attack, starving went on. The horses that had been brought over were killed and salted. The chickens, of which there were several hundred when Smith left, disappeared. All tools, weapons, everything vendible, went to the savages in the vain hope of eliciting food. From five hundred settlers during that terrible winter the settlement

dwindled down to a hundred. As people died, their houses were torn down and burnt for firewood, since none dared stir beyond the bounds of the peninsula. And for long after it was reported that there was one case of cannibalism; a man had eaten his wife, who had died. The true facts were sufficiently horrid. One of the settlers killed his wife in a quarrel, and to conceal the fact, dismembered her body and hid the pieces in various parts of his house. This was discovered and gave rise to the rumour of cannibalism.

Meantime, while all this horror was being enacted, deliverance was approaching. The ship's company of one hundred and forty souls that had been wrecked with the "Sea Venture" on the Bermudas under Gates, Newport and Somers, were busy building from the wreckage and the cedars of the islands, two pinnaces, the "Patience" and the "Deliverance." They had found the Bermudas amply supplied with wild hogs and tropical fruits, — so much so that many of the company desired to stay there. But Gates was determined not to be beaten, and throughout the winter, despite attempts at mutiny, he had kept them at work. By spring the pinnaces, constructed entirely of wood, without an iron bolt in them, were ready; and on May 30, after ten days' voyage, the two ungainly looking craft floated on the waters of Chesapeake Bay.

Percy was at this time at Point Comfort, where a small fort had been built, manned by forty men, under a Captain Davies. He was delighted to see Gates, New-

port and Somers again, as well as other settlers famous in the later story, such as William Strachey, to whose "History of Virginia" I have often referred in these pages, and John Rolfe, an English gentleman who had come from England with his wife, and whose wife had given birth to a daughter named Bermuda on the island. The wife and daughter were now both dead. But Percy had a heavy toll of misery to report, and three days later, when Gates' ships anchored before Jamestown, the worst was confirmed. The palisade was broken, the forts opened, the gates off their hinges, half the houses burnt, and in the midst of this desolation were living some sixty spectres whose only food was mushrooms and some herbs which, boiled, made a thin unsavoury broth which produced swellings on the body. Jamestown was a place of horror. The wretched colonists had not even a net to draw fish from the river, and as all the Indians had sown their corn, there was nothing to be obtained from this source even if the Indians were friendly, which they were not. Shortly before Gates came in, one of the last remaining boats had been cut off on its return to Jamestown, and its complement slaughtered; and five days after Gates' own arrival two of his men were shot. There remained now to the settlement only two boats, the "Discovery" pinnace, celebrated for Smith's adventures up the Chesapeake, and the "Virginia," which we have seen embarking with the great fleet from Plymouth in May. She had endured a tumultuous time in the great storm and had



arrived at last some time after Smith's disgrace and return.

Unfortunately Gates and Somers had not been able to load their shallow boats with provisions, and with the utmost care it was found that there were supplies for the whole company for sixteen days, at the rate of two cakes of flour a day. It was decided, therefore, to man the two boats in the harbour and with this tiny fleet to abandon the colony and make for Newfoundland, where the fisheries would keep them alive at least over the summer. Meanwhile attempts were made to find sturgeon with some nets that Gates had on board, but they were in vain. Their only chance was to repair to Newfoundland as quickly as possible, where the annual fishing fleet from England were now assembled. It was hoped to disperse the last of the Jamestown adventurers among the homeward-going ships.

On the seventh of June the little company went aboard, taking with them everything of value left in the storehouse, in the hope of selling these articles in England; and burying the cannon that had guarded Jamestown from the Indians before the fort gate which looked on the river. It was proposed by many of the company to fire Jamestown itself; but Gates refused. He was the last to step on board, saluting the deserted settlement for the last time with a peal of shot. By night the homeward-bound settlement were abreast of deserted Hog Island, and by the morning tide they had reached Mulberry Island, and had come to anchor till

the tide flowed down the river again. As soon as the tide turned, on the afternoon of the eighth of June, 1610, they set their sail for Point Comfort, when, to their surprise, they saw a long boat hurrying up the river towards them.

History is far stranger than fiction. History proves that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. History, sober history, shows that the Providence which shapes our ends cares nothing for sentiment, less for plausibility, and acts often in a spirit of fantastic mischief. Jamestown was a failure and Jamestown was dead, after three years' struggle. But Jamestown rose again from the dead. The long boat came with amazing news. On the sixth of June Lord de la Warr, Governor of Virginia for life under the new charter, had arrived at Point Comfort with his ship and a year's provisions for four hundred men: he had learned from the small garrison left there that Jamestown was to be abandoned, and that they themselves expected to be picked up shortly by the departing pinnaces and transported to Newfoundland. De la Warr had immediately sent out this long boat to intercept the fugitives. On the tenth of June, Jamestown was repeopled again.

Let us now pass over many moving accidents and strange occurrences not pertinent to this story. The same hand of destiny that had resuscitated Jamestown was drawing together Pocahontas and Smith again, and we must follow it. In March, 1611, De la Warr was forced to leave the colony again, having acquired a case of

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scurvy during the winter of his tenancy, and left the governorship in Percy's hands. Percy proved to be a waster, running through over four hundred pounds in one year of his office, through the lavishness with which he kept an open table for the settlers. Meantime Powhatan had not changed his mind with respect to the English. De la Warr had tried to re-establish friendly relations, but the old Chief had sent back the word that all he required from the English was a coach and horses, as "he had heard that the English kings rode in one." And the attacks upon the settlers went on.

Before De la Warr returned to England, the Virginia Company made a fresh attempt at recolonising the settlement, and this expedition of three ships, with three hundred people, cattle and supplies for another year, arrived at Jamestown in May 1611. Its commander, Sir Thomas Dale, was a stern soldier of strongly Puritan leanings, and finding that the colonists had not even troubled to plant corn but were living off the store, and that disorder was again on the increase under the careless Percy, took upon himself the office of governor, and evolved a code of laws, committed to writing by Strachey. This code, which still exists, can only be compared to the Book of Deuteronomy for the severity of its provisions. The offences of speaking against the king, of trading illegally with the Indians, of theft, adultery, gambling, were to be punished with death; fornication, slacking of work, and minor offences, were punished by flogging. Divine service was to be held every day, with

the accompaniment of much psalm-singing; on Sundays twice a day, with catechisms and sermons. Dale also reformed the colony physically; Jamestown was abandoned as the chief centre of settlement, and two new cities were formed, one fifteen miles from the head of the falls, called Henrico City, and a second five miles away in the Appomattox country, called Bermuda. The country was explored beyond the falls, and the indefatigable Captain Argall went up the bay into the Potomac and renewed friendly relations with the Indians there, among whom the boy Spelman was found to be living. But Powhatan and his people still proved recalcitrant and unwilling to trade for corn. They had had enough of the English and their methods.

In July of the following year, 1612, Captain Argall set out again for the colony, and on September 17 arrived, after a voyage of seven weeks, at Point Comfort, his course having been fifty leagues to the northward of the Azores. Thanks to the supplies that had been sent out, and to Dale's unremitting discipline (he had allotted to every colonist three acres of land and insisted on its being cultivated) the colony was now on a flourishing basis. Argall was first employed by Dale in an expedition into the Indian country to obtain corn. But the usual attack ensued and Dale narrowly escaped with his life. In December Argall was sent into the Potomac country to trade for corn. The Indians proved extraordinarily friendly, and their chief werowance

Japazeus proved to have no less than fourteen hundred bushels of corn to spare. A "stout shallop" had to be built to bring it back to Jamestown. In March, 1613, Argall started up the Potomac again, determined to push as far westward as possible, in the hope, which still ruled many of the colonists, of finding valuable mines or a portage to the South Sea. He got sixty-five leagues inland, and saw buffalo, as well as other marvels. On his return, he learned from certain of the Indians that Pocahontas was stopping at Patawomeck (the modern Potomac, midway between Alexandria and Fredericksburg) on a visit to the chief there.

Argall immediately decided to inveigle Pocahontas aboard his ship and bring her back as a hostage to Jamestown, in order to force Powhatan to come to terms with the settlers. He accordingly approached Japazeus, with whose wife Pocahontas was then stopping. The Indian consented to persuade Pocahontas to go aboard Argall's ship in return for a copper kettle. On the appointed day Japazeus' wife declared that she had a desire to visit Argall's ship and begged Pocahontas to accompany her. The girl (for Pocahontas was now approximately twenty years old) consented, not suspecting treachery, and went on board. The Indians were feasted and slept aboard that night. The next morning Argall announced that since Powhatan had not returned certain captives in his hands, as well as arms and tools, and had refused to trade, his daughter would be held as hostage. Thereupon Pocahontas became pensive, but



was carried to Jamestown by the triumphant Argall, where she arrived some time in March, 1613.

Powhatan being informed of his daughter's captivity, sent within a few days seven English captives, together with three guns, one broad axe, a long whipsaw and a canoe full of corn. But Dale and Gates (who had returned to the colony, after an absence in England during which the Bermuda shipwreck was investigated by the Company) were now triumphant, and determined to beat Powhatan down. Accordingly they sent back an answer to the effect that no peace would be made until all captives and guns were restored, and five hundred bushels of corn paid down for Pocahontas. Then, with one hundred and fifty men, and with Pocahontas, they started up the Pamunkey.

The only complete account of this voyage and the events that followed is contained in a little book written by one Ralph Hamor, Secretary to the colony, and published in London in 1615. This tiny and rare treatise of seventy pages is written in a style so laboured that its author, apparently the younger son of some person of consequence, makes one sentence cover a solid page and a half of another. The expedition, according to this account, despite Pocahontas' presence, found the Indians up the Pamunkey very hostile and had to beat off several attacks, as well as send men ashore to burn villages. Arrived at the head of the stream, presumably at Orapaks, which Hamor calls for some reason Matchcott, Powhatan's people appeared no less hostile, and

four hundred of them were gathered to attack the expedition. The battle, however, was put off till next day, until Powhatan's will should be known. Meanwhile Pocahontas had opportunity to speak to some of her brothers, who seeing her well treated, promised to do their best. Powhatan, however, refused to receive the English personally, and there is some dispute between Hamor and Dale (who also left an account of this expedition) whether he had gone into hiding three days further up-country. The utmost the whites could get was the news that the Indians at present had only two captives, Simmonds and Parker, of whom one had run away to other tribes and the other was dead. They brought in some weapons, and twenty baskets of corn, promising more at the next harvest. Whereupon the expedition returned to the settlement, it being now time to sow corn, but did not release Pocahontas.

The reason for keeping the poor girl a captive is revealed by Hamor in his next sentence: "Long before this time, a gentleman of approved behaviour and honest carriage, Master John Rolfe, had been in love with Pocahontas and she with him, which thing at the instant that we were in parley with them, myself made known to Sir Thomas Dale by a letter from him" — that is to say, from Rolfe. We have met this Rolfe before, at the Bermudas, where his wife and infant child died, and later in the colony, where in 1612 he became the first planter of tobacco in Virginia — an episode not very likely to please King James, author of "A Counterblast

Against Tobacco," and resolute opposer of later attempts to get preferential treatment for the Virginia weed in the tariff imposed on colonial and foreign produce in London. The only objection we have to make to Hamor's phrase is his insistence that Rolfe had fallen in love with Pocahontas long before. The attraction must have been sudden: Pocahontas arrived in the colony in March, and on the 5th of April she was married at the church in Jamestown, having abjured her father's faith and having been baptised as Rebecca previously. Opechancanough, despite his defiance of the English, consented to act as Powhatan's deputy on this occasion.

The letter which Rolfe wrote to Dale on these transactions is still extant, and occupies no less than seven pages of Hamor's book. It leaves one in complete doubt whether this ageing wooer, already once a widower, felt any attraction towards the Indian girl at all, or whether the whole thing was not a political move inspired by the clever Dale to obtain an alliance with the Indians at little cost. Rolfe asserts, after many oily phrases about "being called hereunto by the Spirit of God" and the like, that "between God and my own conscience, my chiefest intent and purpose is to strive with all my power of body and mind, no way led with the unbridled desire of carnall affection, but for the good of this plantation, for the honour of our country, for the glory of God, for my own salvation, and for the converting to the true knowledge of God and Jesus Christ,

an unbelieving creature, namely Pocahontas." This piece of pitchy and hypocritical eloquence leaves little doubt that Pocahontas was effectively sacrificed to the promotion of the prosperity of the Virginia colony. What Powhatan, away in his woodland retreat sixty miles from Jamestown, thought in his heart of hearts about it all, had best be left to the reader's imagination.

But this is not all. Dale was now apparently determined to carry out the policy, first envisaged by Smith, that the only way of pacifying the Indians was by marrying them. Accordingly on May 15 Hamor was sent to Oropaks (or Matchcott) in order to attempt to get another and still younger daughter who had apparently supplanted Pocahontas as favourite in the old chief's eyes. Powhatan received Hamor in friendly fashion, but upon being asked for the daughter in question, declared that he had just sold her for two bushels of rawenoke (a variety of white beads made of oyster-shells) to a neighbouring chief, and that she had gone, three days ago, away with him. This reply has given later defenders of Smith occasion to point out the fact that Powhatan was a mere savage, after all, quite indifferent to sentiment or family feeling. As a matter of fact, Powhatan was lying on this occasion, using a subterfuge taught him by the whites themselves, to escape from handing over his daughter; for when Hamor pointed out that the daughter in question was not fully twelve years old, and that Powhatan should therefore take her back, the old chief burst out with the truth.

“ He loved his daughter as dear as his life, and if she went to Jamestown, he could never see her, having resolved upon no terms whatsoever to put himself in our hands, or come amongst us.” Further, he points out that one daughter of his is already in the hands of the English, and adds that if Dale “ had no pledge at all, he need not distrust any injury from me, or from any under my subjection, there have been too many of his and my men killed, and by my occasion there never shall be more. I which have power to perform it, have said it; no, not though I should have just occasion offered, for I am now old, and would gladly end my days in peace, so if the English offer me injury, my country is large enough, I will remove myself further from you. This much I hope will satisfy my brother.”

Thus Powhatan proved obdurate to the last, despite the seizure of his corn, the grabbing of his land, the guns of the palefaces, and their capture of his daughter. We take leave of him, offering to Hamor three spoonfuls of sack in an oystershell, from a great glass bottle presented to him by Newport five years before, which, declares the Secretary, was “ carefully preserved, not much above a pint in all this time having been spent.” Extraordinary and most moving farewell toast! Hamor left on the following day, having discovered one of the missing Englishmen, declared to be dead, still in Powhatan’s camp. The old chief grumbled about yielding him, but at last apparently consented, after demanding a number of trinkets, including one hundred fish-hooks, and a



grindstone. We leave him asserting to Hamor "that if this does not satisfy my brother, I will go three days' further journey, and never see Englishmen more." Amazing Powhatan!

The country having been considerably pacified, Sir Thomas Dale left the colony early in 1616, and arrived at Plymouth on June 12 of that year — a year made memorable by the fact that William Shakespeare and Cervantes died in it. Dale, however, did not come alone. The year before, the Virginia Company had given an additional fillip to the enterprise by means of a great lottery held before St. Paul's Cathedral in London; and Dale now took the opportunity of bringing over, as additional advertisement, Pocahontas, Rolfe, and their infant son, along with several other Indian girls as companions, as well as one of the counsellors of old Powhatan.

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## T W E N T Y - F I R S T   C H A P T E R

### *Alarms and Excursions*

SMITH was only thirty when he returned to England, yet he had already crowded into his life adventures enough to satisfy three men. That he was tired of adventure is not carried out by the subsequent story; and that he submitted to the censure of the Virginia Company cannot be inferred by anything we know of him. Unfortunately, however, we know nothing of what passed between him and the London Company, the minutes of their meetings not having been preserved before the year 1619.

In later years, referring to his Virginia experience, he was wont to declare that it had cost "me near five years' work, and more than five hundred pounds of my own estate, besides all the dangers, miseries and incumbrances and loss of other employments I endured gratis." This remark has been directly challenged by historians on the basis of a list of Virginia settlers dated 1620, which shows the subscribers to the enterprise. Smith's contribution is there set down at nine pounds. Certainly, if this list is a complete one, it is impossible to believe Smith's statement.

There is a possibility that it may be incomplete. The finances of the Virginia Company were in a highly doubtful state. If we examine them closely, there is every reason to believe that the British, in their ability for muddling through everything, successfully muddled through the business of colonisation. There still exists a letter from a member of King James' Privy Council which states that most of the adventurers under the new patent of 1609 had persuaded wealthy friends to agree to pay for their financial shares in the enterprise, and had thereby obtained passage to Virginia, the excitement about the new colony being then at its height. These shares were to be paid for in three instalments, and many people, having paid down the first instalment on behalf of some of their friends, felt unwilling to pay the second and the third, especially after the wreck on the Bermudas and "the starving time" cast a damper on the enterprise. These people had to be sued by the Company in Chancery, and in those days a Chancery suit frequently took a lifetime and ate up more in costs than it produced. In fact, the lottery mentioned in the previous chapter was undertaken precisely because the Company found it impossible to collect all its pledges under the charter of 1609.

If this is true of the later charter, what was the case with the original attempt of 1607? May not Smith have pledged his Lincolnshire property to some friend for a loan which he was unable to repay — with the consequence that his shares in the Company were transferred

to another man? In 1612, George Percy, Smith's old associate and enemy, left Virginia, transferring his shares in the Company to one Christopher Martin. Yet this same list that puts Smith down at nine pounds, mentions a subscription by Percy of twenty, omits Gosnold, Newport, Archer and Martin altogether, and contains the names of no less than eleven other Smiths, some of whom may have been relations, who subscribed sums varying from forty-two pounds six shillings and eightpence to twelve pounds. In fact, Smith himself is the only subscriber who appears to have paid less than twelve pounds ten shillings, which, as we have seen, was the minimum subscription under the new charter of 1609; which leads us to suppose that this list simply ignores the first subscribers to the enterprise altogether.

Moreover, is it possible to believe that Smith could have proceeded to Virginia as one of the first council, have been elected governor, and have returned home on the basis of a paltry nine pounds? The supposition is monstrous. One can more easily suppose that his share in the enterprise was a large one, but that on his return to London, he was fined by the Company a large sum, or adjudged to have forfeited his shares, for the part he took in the last months of his governorship. He may have even been expelled from his membership of the Company, and have been allowed to rejoin later, the nine pounds of 1620 representing a new subscription. That he was a member of the Company in 1620 we have from the Virginia Company's minutes of that period. But

one thing is certain in this mass of contradictory detail: that Smith returned from Virginia to become a poor man. He had involved his own estate, and had to depend henceforth upon patronage. This is proven by his repeated appeals for funds throughout his later years.

His first move now was to get printed and published his own justification. This finally appeared in 1612, under the title of "A Map of Virginia, With a Description of the Country." This innocuous title to a highly controversial document was probably chosen so as not to give offence to the Company. And in order to avoid further offence, Smith had the whole book edited by one William Simmonds, Doctor of Divinity. It is obvious that Smith felt his own position none too secure.

The book consists of two parts; the first containing a map, together with a description of the country that Smith himself had prepared; the second, the accounts of a number of eye-witnesses of Smith's own actions. Most of these, if not all, had returned to England at the time the tract appeared. Smith had been clever enough to get seven witnesses to testify to his side of the Virginia transactions, and all but one of these seven were alive at the time, so far as we know. He therefore amply provided in advance for the accusations of later historians, which tax him with exaggeration.

The "Pocahontas story" in the form as we know it to-day does not appear in this narrative. We are not told that Pocahontas was instrumental in rescuing Smith in December, 1607. But in the later events at Werowoco-



moco, she figures largely, and the report that Smith intended to marry her is dealt with. In short, what we have here is rather an apologia for Smith's conduct than a complete narrative. It was probably ready for some time before it could be printed. At that date all printing was licensed, and was in the hands of the Company of Stationers at London. A censorship appointed by the king watched over every book that appeared, to see that it did not contain blasphemous or scurrilous matter, or statements derogatory to Church or State. Many of Shakespeare's plays had oaths cut out of them by the censor before they were passed for publication. It may be that Smith could not get his work passed, because of his frankness in dealing with his enemies. At all events, the book was set up and appeared not in London, but at Oxford. Each of the two Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, had a hand printing press, and could publish what they pleased. Most of their publications were theological and other learned work; in the midst of such material Captain Smith's plea for justice rings strangely. Yet there is an appropriateness about its appearance at Oxford, the "home of lost causes."

Although Smith was ready to defend his record, he was not asked, nor did he again offer, to return to Virginia. Another project had entered that busy mind, and the next few years were spent in the effort to realise it.

This was nothing more nor less than a scheme for colonising New England. As a matter of fact, very little was known about the coast north of Virginia, despite

# OLD VIRGINIA

A description of part of the adventures of Cap: Smith in Virginia.



Grauen and extracted out of y<sup>e</sup> generall history of Virginia, New England, and Somers Ile, by Robert Vaughan.

A DESCRIPTION OF PART OF THE ADVENTURES  
OF CAPTAIN SMITH IN VIRGINIA



the number of expeditions that had already been sent out. The first of these, as we have seen, was that of Gosnold, which was made in 1602, had sighted Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod, and had come home again. Two fresh voyages followed, each of which reported abundance of fish, but discovered nothing of importance. Finally in 1607, at the same time that the London Virginia Company was founded, the West Country merchants about Plymouth had, as we have already seen, organised themselves too into a company, under Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice, to colonise the New England coast. A colony had been started at Sagadoc, on one of the islands in Penobscot Bay, but had returned the following year, reporting — and no wonder — that the land was a barren wilderness of rock and snow.

The project of a Northern Colony then languished until 1611, when the Plymouth Company, backed by the Earl of Southampton, who was Shakespeare's patron, sent out a fresh expedition under two captains, Hobson and Henley. They were emboldened to do this because of the increasing importance of the fishery trade. The Dutch and the French (mostly the Huguenots about La Rochelle) were the first to realise this new source of gain; and the rise of the Dutch power, which was rapidly overtaking Spain in the race for being the wealthiest power in Europe, and was becoming almost as powerful as Venice had been a century before, was based almost entirely upon the North Atlantic fisheries. The Plymouth adventurers realised that something must be done,

and Plymouth was a more convenient port to New England than London, since it avoided the dangerous and tedious passage down the Channel, and since the Azores route was now adjudged practicable, and was in fact rapidly becoming the only one used. Unfortunately, a year before Hobson and Henley set out, a certain Captain Hunt had been sent out by certain private merchants to this very coast. He found that he could not obtain fish, and seized on twenty-four Indians, whom he carried to the Straits of Gibraltar and promptly sold as slaves. Hobson and Henley discovered, on their arrival, that the Indians of the Maine coast were so unfriendly in consequence, that they soon found their hands full in fighting them, and sailed away.

At this stage Smith comes upon the scene. He was still hoping strongly that to northward of the scene of his Virginia exploits he might find valuable minerals or, lacking that, fish and furs. The coast above Delaware Bay was so little known that nearly all charts contradicted, and though the Maine coast had been partly explored, it was not yet clearly known whether Cape Cod was an island, or formed part of the mainland. In April, 1614, a few London merchants sent him out with two ships to try for whales about the island of Monaheghan, near Portland.

Smith spent more time in exploring than in whale-fishing. The only whales found were worthless for oil, so he had abundant excuse. His ship was loaded with forty thousand cod, while he and his men in a small boat ex-



plored the coast up and down, getting about a thousand furs in the process. Meantime he was storing his brain with valuable information about the country, to be used later as opportunity came. In August he was back in London, with a satisfactory cargo of fish to hand over to his patrons.

The Plymouth merchants no doubt heard of this exploit, and decided to employ him. Smith's survey of the coast had convinced him that very valuable country lay to the southward of Cape Cod, probably abounding in food and minerals. He laid his proposals before Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was now head of the Plymouth Company, and Doctor Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter. They were disposed to look favourably on the proposals, and furnished him with a ship of two hundred and another of fifty tons. Equipped with these, he joyfully set sail from Plymouth, in March or April, 1615. He was determined to show the Virginia Company his worth, and colonise yet another land for England.

The description of the voyage that followed, the most disastrous in Smith's entire experience, was made by him while a captive during the months that followed, and was printed upon his return to London, in June, 1616. It is highly confused, and bald to the point of meagreness. Yet by careful weighing of its often confusing and contradictory phrases, it is just possible to surmise what happened.

The voyage began inauspiciously. Smith in the larger vessel had not sailed three hundred and fifty miles away

from the English coast, when he found very heavy weather. The ship in the storm proved as unseaworthy as most ships of the period; all the masts were broken, and only a bowsprit sail remained, enabling her to run before the winds. The springing of the masts, and the heavy buffeting she received, opened her seams, and the leaks, common to these wooden tubs, developed rapidly. In each watch it was necessary to pump from five to six thousand strokes; a continuance of the voyage under such conditions was impossible, so, after rigging a jury mast, as soon as the weather enabled them to do so, they beat back for Plymouth, leaving the smaller fifty-ton ship to go on alone.

In Plymouth Smith was determined once again to show that he was not to be beaten; as part of his command had gone on before him, he would follow. All he could get for his disabled ship was a small barque of sixty tons, able to take thirty men, fourteen of them being sailors, and sixteen prospective colonists. Forty of his original company he therefore had to leave ashore. With these he set sail again.

Whether it was that Smith's sailors were dissatisfied owing to the breakdown of their ship and return to Plymouth, or whether they had lost confidence in him, we do not know. There is no proof that Smith had actually ever been in command of a ship at sea before; on his previous voyage of 1614, he was simply carried along as a useful coast explorer, as he was in the Virginia venture. At all events, Smith, instead of sailing to north-

ward of the Azores, by the Gosnold-Argall route, made straight for the islands. These had been ever since the days of the Armada the chosen rendezvous for the returning Spanish treasure-ships, and had in consequence become a very nest of pirates. Before reaching Fayal, Smith's ship was pursued by one of these pirates, and his chief officers urged him to yield after two days' stern chase. Smith agreed to heave to, as the weather was bad, and as he was poorly defended in his little ship. The pirates had to send their own boat to him, as he had none. When they came on board, he took to his cabin and refused to see them. It turned out that they were Englishmen preying on the Spanish shipping of these parts—an enterprise that was still highly lucrative, though England and Spain at the time were officially at peace with one another, and King James was scheming for a Spanish bride for his elder son. Finding out who Smith was, they refused to plunder his ship, and were willing to go with him as far as Flores; but Smith still kept to his cabin, whereupon the pirates departed.

This fit of the sulks on their captain's part seems to have made the crew more discontented and suspicious. At Fayal they were again hailed by two pirates, who proved to be Frenchmen. Smith was all for fighting, but his men, disgusted at the voyage already, refused to man the guns. They had come to fish, not fight. Smith had to threaten to fire the powder magazine and send his ship to the bottom, before they would obey orders.

At last the guns were run out, and some exchange of shots was made, Smith eventually running clear.

Finally at Flores they were challenged by four French men-of-war. At this time England and France were at peace, and so were France and Spain, so the ships apparently were Huguenot privateers fitted out at La Rochelle. Smith need not have feared them, inasmuch as he spoke French, and had seen some service under the Huguenots. Yet he seems to have wanted to make a fight for it, when it was quite obvious that he was not in a position to do so. His men again protested. What harm was there in allowing the Frenchmen to see that this was a Protestant ship, fitted out for trade only, and not containing anything of value? He was hopelessly outnumbered and outmatched. Smith yielded, but with bad grace.

The chief French ship took Smith on board, but after some parley, it was decided that the Englishmen would not be allowed to proceed. Apparently the Frenchmen — though they were Huguenots — were determined to press into their service every ship that came along, or send her to the bottom. In consequence, Smith's company was divided among the other ships, his ship was manned by the Frenchmen, and for five or six days he and his men were forced to chase every ship sighted. At last, after long consideration, his protests took effect, and the Frenchmen handed his ship back to him; but not all the equipment, nor the weapons they had.

There now broke out a squabble between Smith and

his colonists and the sailors. The sailors, regarding our hero as a perfect Jonah, were openly in favour of abandoning the attempt and getting back to England. Smith and his prospective colonists were ready to push on, if all the weapons and equipment obtained by the Frenchmen could be restored. Smith agreed to do everything in his power to obtain the missing articles before starting out for New England again; he was busily occupied in going from ship to ship, collecting powder and shot, nautical instruments, bedding, aqua vitæ, clothes and papers, when a sail was sighted, and the whole fleet gave chase. The chase ended only at nightfall, leaving Smith aboard one of the French ships. The next morning, being very foul weather, Smith's ship came up. In manœuvring, they "brought so neare the ship unto the French men of warre, that they split the maine sayle on the others spret saile yard." One Chambers, second in command under Smith and a ringleader in the previous mutiny, "willed the Captaine (Smith) come aboard; or he would leave him; whereupon the Captaine commanded Chambers to send his boate for him. Chambers replied she was split (which was false) telling him hee might come if hee would in the (French) Admirall's boat."

"The Captaine's answer was, he could not command her, nor come when hee would"; so Smith's ship fell astern, and that night found Smith alone and unguarded among the Frenchmen.

The chief contradiction in this account, sworn to by seven of Smith's company on their return to Plymouth,



when they were examined as to the part they had played in their commander's disappearance, is in the detail about Smith's boat. Apparently Smith had no boat when first hailed by the English pirates, and they had to send one. But did the Frenchmen send their boat to Smith, and did Smith go out to them to parley for terms? The account is not clear, saying simply "if hee would go aboard them, in that hee could speak French, by curtesie hee might go cleere." Later, Smith asks for a boat from his chief officer, who has manœuvred his ship so badly as to split her mainsail against the Frenchman's jib-boom; and the reply is, that the boat is also split; which, declares the affidavit, was false. This confusion of testimony shows something of the historian's difficulty in trying to settle what really happened in regard to events in those days. I have given it in full, as a fair sample. All that we can say with any certainty is that Smith's crew was mutinous; and that they abandoned him aboard a French privateer, returning to England, and leaving his friends to suppose he was dead.

While he was in captivity, Smith set down his account of these affairs, and busied himself with describing the New England he had hoped to settle, in order "to keep my perplexed thoughts from too much meditation on my miserable estate." He who had once been ruler in Virginia was now compelled to serve the Frenchmen, while they plundered with equal indifference English ships homeward bound from the Newfoundland fisheries and Spanish West Indiamen. The situation he was in was

hopeless, and the French privateers repeatedly refused his request to be landed on one of the Azores. He was finally sent, in a Brazilian caravel that had been captured, back to France.

Off La Rochelle, the month being now November, a great gale was encountered, and most of the Frenchmen remained under hatches. Smith, however, stuck to the deck, and determined to watch his chance for escape. The ship at this time was in the strait between the Island of Ré and La Rochelle itself, and Smith managed, with great courage, to get into the ship's boat, and "with the aid of a half pike that lay by me," put adrift for this island. The night was pitch black, gusty and rainy, and the tide, instead of sending him towards the island, drifted him out to sea at first. He managed to keep afloat by baling, and after twelve hours, the tide having turned, he was carried ashore, not on the island itself, but at a muddy island to the south, by the river Char-ente, where next morning he was found by some hunters looking for wild fowl. Thus Smith came ashore, with nothing but the clothes he stood up in, from what was to prove his last voyage. Destiny had not willed that he was to conquer another kingdom in America, nor subdue another Powhatan.

On November 21, 1615, a travel-stained and weary Englishman presented himself to Sir Thomas Edmunds, English ambassador at Bordeaux. It was Captain John Smith, sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England. He had lodged a claim with the Admir-

alty Judge at La Rochelle for his share of the prize-money respecting the ships that had been taken by the French squadron which had illegally detained him; but it was doubtful if he would obtain much, as the squadron was mostly wrecked on its return, and it was very hard to prove his identity, he having lost all his papers, excepting a manuscript account of his dangers and adventures. The English ambassador took pity on him, however, and provided him with funds to get back to his native land.

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## T W E N T Y - S E C O N D   C H A P T E R

### *Smith Makes the Landfall*

WHILE Smith was back in England, struggling to emerge from the cloud that had rested on him since his last voyage, the ships of Sir Thomas Dale, with Pocahontas and Rolfe aboard, and their Indian attendants, were approaching England. The fleet duly arrived in June, as has been noted, and thanks to the hubbub caused by the news that Pocahontas was a princess in her own right, and the false report, spread by Argall, that she would inherit the throne after Powhatan's death, everybody immediately flocked to see her, and she soon became the lion of the London social season. The king himself graciously received her, she was made much of at Court, the Virginia Company solemnly debated whether Rolfe as a commoner had the right to marry one of royal descent, and she sat for two portraits, the well-known engraving by Simon de Passe, and an oil painting which was, up to the end of the nineteenth century at least, in an English private collection.

Meanwhile Smith was naturally most anxious to see her. He immediately composed a letter to the queen, who seems to have taken a special interest in Pocahontas, in

which the story of the rescue first appears in its entirety. In this letter, first appearing in the "General History of Virginia," in 1624, Smith declares that his motive in writing the queen was because Rolfe had not means enough to keep Pocahontas at Court, and because he considered Pocahontas should be "well received, seeing this kingdome may rightly have a kingdome by her means." Thus Smith at the last subscribes to the view that Powhatan intended Pocahontas for his heir. If so, it is all the more strange that he did not marry her himself while in Virginia.

Not only did Smith write (though sober historians, thanks to the time that elapsed before this letter was published, when James's queen was dead, have doubted whether he did), but he also took steps to meet Pocahontas. While he was in London she was at Brentford. Thither he naturally repaired, expecting a great welcome. But what was his surprise to find that "after a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about, obscured her face, as not seeming well contented; and in that humour her husband, with divers others, we all left her two or three hours, repenting myselfe to have writ she could speake English." As a matter of fact Smith is more than usually careless here; he had never written that Pocahontas could speak English, and it is easy to find another reason for Pocahontas' silence. Possibly the poor girl's mind was not so favourable to Smith as it might have been; she could not help thinking how through this man her father had been nearly captured



and carried in mocking triumph to Jamestown, and how her people had been repeatedly robbed of their corn, under threats and levelled guns. Or it is more probable that she had simply forgotten Smith for a time, and was striving to remember what had happened before these white men had gotten her into their power. At all events, she remembered after a time the incidents of which Smith reminded her, and said:

“ You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his and he the same to you; you called him father being in his land a stranger.”

This was an embarrassing sentence for Smith, even with all his thick-skinned insensitivity, to bear, and in his version Pocahontas next added: “ And by the same reason so must I call you father.” But we may suspect that Pocahontas probably meant, and possibly said: “ And now, since I am only a stranger here, I too must call you father.” A remark revealing her complete unwillingness to be polite to Smith, as well as her increasing discontent at being made a pawn of by Dale and Rolfe. Smith seems almost to have suspected what was working in her mind, for he next remarks that he made some objection to being called “ father ” by one who was a king’s daughter; thereby reminding Pocahontas of her dignity. To which she replied, in words so pathetic as to need no further comment, as follows:

“ You were not afraid to come into my father’s country, and caused fear to him and to all his people but me, yet you fear that I should call you father. I tell you then

I will, and you shall ever call me child, and I will be for ever and ever your countrywoman. They told us always you were dead, I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakin (his counsellor, who had come over with Pocahontas) to seek you, and know the truth; because your countrymen will lie much."

Pocahontas' prophecy "I will be forever your countrywoman" came true, and sooner than she had perhaps expected. After being paraded about London, it was decided to take her back to Virginia in the following spring. But before this purpose could be carried into effect, the deadly fogs and drizzles of the English winter had taken effect. In the parish church register at Gravesend an ill-written scribble informs the reader that on March 21, 1617, "Rebecca Wrothe, wyfe of Thomas Wrothe, gent, a Virginia lady borne, here was buried in ye Chauncell." The death excited no comment and the exact site of her grave is unknown. Rolfe left his infant son by her ashore in England, and set sail with Captain Argall to Virginia, where he arrived on May 15. In his later life he achieved the dubious distinction of having his tobacco, just landed in England, seized by orders of De la Warr's widow, on the grounds that he was holding goods and moneys of her late husband without making repayment. This detail removes our last vestige of sympathy towards pious Rolfe; it is almost needless to add that he married again, and died in Virginia in 1622.

Meanwhile Smith, forgetting about dead Pocahontas, forgetting even about Virginia, was pursuing the chimera of a new settlement to be made by him in New England. His time was spent away from London, in the West Country, but the Devonians and the Cornish proved deaf to his entreaty. In 1618 he took the bold step of petitioning the Lord Chancellor, Sir Francis Bacon, asserting that if he could only get five thousand pounds, he would promise success. But his petition passed unanswered, as owing to the preferential duty on foreign-grown tobacco, the iron-mines, and an unexpected boom in the Bermudas, everybody was pushing on with the Virginia colony. In 1619 no less than eleven ships and one thousand two hundred and sixteen people were sent out, mostly iron-workers and agriculturalists, including ninety women to become wives of the colonists. The occupied area embraced the whole basin of the James River from Richmond to the mouth, and was divided into separate plantations and hundreds. A college was projected, and thirty missionaries sent out; and on the last day of August of that year a Dutch ship had dropped anchor in the river and had succeeded in selling twenty negro slaves to the colonists. There was no doubt whatever that the colony was flourishing.

Meanwhile Powhatan had died in the previous spring, and had been succeeded by Opechancanough, who continued to keep the peace with the white settlers. Governors came and went, and the tide of settlers continued to pour into the colony. In 1621 twenty-one more ships

were sent out carrying no less than 1300 men, women and children, with eighty cattle. Smith must have ground his teeth with rage whenever he thought of the situation. His maps and pamphlets were doing their work and everybody was going out now to Virginia, and it was the iron-ore that he had discovered that was attracting them. Yet he got no credit, and could not even obtain a fleet for New England. In 1620 the "Mayflower" started off, a private venture, for the coast. He had given fourteen years of his life to the task of colonisation, and all he had to show for it was the meaningless title of "Admiral of New England." Hither and thither he ran about England, begging for a fleet; but none would give it to him. A thousand copies of his pamphlet, "New England's Trials," containing the substance of his appeal to Bacon, he caused to be distributed "to thirty of the chiefe Companies in London at their Halls, desiring either generally or particularly that they would embrace it, and by the use of a stocke of five thousand pound, to ease them of their superfluity of the most of their companies that had but strength and health to labour." Meanwhile he was not less active in the affairs of the Virginia Company, moving in April, 1621, that a general history should be compiled of the colony, a suggestion that so far as we know was not acted upon.

On March 22, 1622, an unexpected and disastrous blow fell upon the Virginia Company. Although the savages had kept at peace with the settlers during all

this time, thanks largely to Dale's Draconian code of laws, yet there were still occasional skirmishes, particularly over trading trips into the Pamunkey country to obtain corn. The new colonists planted tobacco instead of corn, as the price of tobacco had been fixed at three shillings a pound, whereas corn was only two and sixpence a bushel, and if it had not been for repeated visits to the Potomac country, where the Indians remained friendly, the colony would have several times been on the verge of starvation. In the spring of this fateful year, a certain Indian named Nemattonow came to the house of one Morgan, a planter, and persuaded him to go into the Pamunkey region to trade. Morgan was somehow killed on the way, and Nemattonow returned to Morgan's house to inform the servants their master was dead. The servants suspected this Indian of having killed their master, and shot him.

This event so worked on the mind of Opechancanough, that he determined on the massacre which no doubt he had brooded upon for some time past. The English settlements were now strung out in a line, for one hundred and forty miles, on both sides of the James River. The savages were allowed free access to the plantations, and many of them visited the settlers every day. Moreover, a great many of them had guns, were employed as fowlers or guides, peddled turkeys, venison or fish up and down the river, and were generally treated as familiar and harmless dependents by the white men. The idea of an Indian uprising in numbers had faded from the minds



of the settlers, and a careless security had taken the place of martial discipline. In this juncture Opechancanough decided it was time to act, and a fortnight after Nemattonow's murder the blow fell.

In a few hours all the outlying white settlements were attacked, most of the planters being shot with their own guns while they were sitting at breakfast, by Indians who had come into the houses. Three hundred and forty-seven were thus put to death, and more would have been, had not a converted Indian on the previous evening revealed the plot to one Pace, with the result that Jamestown itself and the ships lying in the roadstead were saved. Ralph Hamor was severely wounded, and his brother was killed; and though, by the confession of this single converted Indian, 3817 settlers were saved, it was decided, in the first panic, to abandon all the outlying plantations, with the result that houses were burnt, arms lost, and cattle also slain. Thus, through Opechancanough, Powhatan and Pocahontas were both avenged.

When the news came to London, there was general consternation. During the past ten years enormous sums of money had been spent on the colony, and attempts had been made to start the cultivation of the grape, of cotton, of oranges, and lemons, in the Virginia settlement, in order to offset the large trade that Spain and Portugal had carried on in these commodities. If after more than a decade of development, the Virginia project would have to be abandoned through inability to pacify

the Indian tribes, the prospect was black indeed for the various London companies of merchants who had invested huge sums, and a panic was in prospect. Smith, for his part, seems to have been stung by the news into forgetting his unrealised aims in regard to New England, and to have turned back to the region with which he was more familiar. He instantly begged the Virginia Company for means to transport a force of a hundred soldiers and thirty sailors to the colony, with permission to "have a bark of one hundred tunnes, and meanes to build sixe or seven shalops, to transport them where there should bee occasion." This force he proposed to use "to inforce the salvages to leave their country, or bring them in that feare and subjection that every man should follow their businesse securely." The force, he added, could be supported by a levy on the customs dues of the colony; "and the Planters also according to their abilities would adde thereto such a contribution as would be fit to maintaine this garison till they be able to subsist, or cause some other contribution to be made as may put it with all expedition in practice; otherwise it is much to be doubted there will be neither come custome nor any thing from thence to England within these few years."

This suggestion was not acted upon, as the Virginia Company was now on the verge of bankruptcy. In June, 1624, they found it impossible to proceed further and King James recalled their commission. Meanwhile Smith had been active in other ways. In July of that

same year he published "The Generall History of Virginia and the Summer Isles" in six books. This, the largest and most ambitious work that came from Smith's pen, was preceded by a prospectus dated 1623 — which year, according to the reckoning then in vogue, may have covered any time from March, 1623, to March, 1624, — in which Smith asserts: "these observations are all I have for the expences of a thousand pound, and the losse of eighteen years of time, besides the trials, dangers, miseries, and incumbrances I have endured for my countries good gratis." He added that the projected work would require three maps "which will stand me neare in an hundred pounds, which sum I cannot disburse," and therefore begged those to whom the prospectus was sent "to give me what you please towards the impression." This appeal was successful. The Countess of Richmond, to whom the completed work was dedicated, subscribed enough not only to produce the three maps — of Old Virginia (the Carolinas), of Virginia proper, and of New England — but also sufficient to provide for a handsome engraved title-page, a map of the Summer Islands (the Bermudas), a portrait of Pocahontas, and one of herself. In his dedication to her Smith gallantly couples her name with that of the mysterious Tragabigzanda, Pocahontas, and two other women who had helped him at critical junctures in his adventurous career.

The book itself was rushed through the press to coincide with the sensation caused by the Virginia Com-

pany's bankruptcy, and it mainly consists in a repetition of all that Smith had previously written on the subject of Virginia and New England, together with an abstract of already existing documents concerning the later life of the Virginia colony and the Bermudas, which Smith had never seen. It is not free from exaggerations, and is mainly notable as containing the final version of the Pocahontas story. This, whether fiction or fact, or a blend of both, has made "The General History" immortal down the years.

Smith, however, was not recalled to any charge over Virginia affairs. The dissolution of the Company had been largely the work of Sir Thomas Smith — a namesake but no relation of our captain's — who had been treasurer of the London Virginia Company since its incorporation, and who, as a favourite of King James, had steadfastly opposed the aims of the planters, and finally of the Company itself. King James, "the wisest fool in Christendom," with his usual weakness for a favourite, had winked at Sir Thomas Smith's peculations and misgovernment until the colonists petitioned themselves that he be removed; then he broke the Company and appointed a commission "to meet at Sir Thomas Smith's house," to govern the colony. In this quarrel Captain Smith had taken the side eventually of the settlers and of the popular, as opposed to the Court faction; he was passed over once again, and his work, though popular in its time, went for nothing under the political favouritism and personal wrong-headedness

of the Stuarts. In 1625, having accomplished the feat of making himself thoroughly disliked, King James died, leaving the crown to King Charles, with the prospect of a middle-class revolution blowing up in the offing. Under these auspices the colonies struggled on as best they might.

Smith survived this last failure for seven years, dying on the 21st of June, 1631. Except for the publication of two pamphlets, the first a guide to young seamen and the second a faint rehash of his previous arguments about New England, together with the final publication in 1629 of his "True Travels," which, though it is not free from the same exaggeration that mars the "Generall History," is the only source for his early adventures in Transylvania, there is nothing whatever of note to record about his later years. His will, written on the day of his death, and signed only with a cross, which proves his death to have been sudden and unexpected, proves him to have died a poor man for, apart from his Lincolnshire property, he left only eighty pounds in ready money, of which, with a last touch of vanity, he directs twenty pounds to be spent on his funeral. One Thomas Packer, of whom nothing is known whatever, was to be executor and to inherit Smith's lands and coat-of-arms; no relatives are mentioned apart from a widow of his brother, and a cousin, Stephen. The will was written in the house of Sir Samuel Saltonstall, a member of a family prominent then and later in New England colonisation, living in St. Sepulchre's Parish in



London; and in St. Sepulchre's Church Smith was buried, beneath a laudatory epitaph. Thirty-five years later church and epitaph alike vanished in the Great Fire of London.

Although he was only fifty-one at the time of his death, Smith already belonged to a vanished generation. It was his destiny to be the last of the Elizabethans in more senses than one. The men with whom he had associated in the founding of the Virginia colony had all died long before; most of them with their boots on, as befitted the greatest breed of adventurers England had produced. Newport died in 1618 on a voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India; Dale in India itself, the same year, in a battle; Gates had died in Virginia in 1621, leaving large estates, which his family, living in England, found nearly worthless; Somers had died in the Bermudas; Ratcliffe was, as we have seen, massacred; Archer and Percy had slipped into obscurity. Indeed, Smith himself remarks that barely five of all those he had known in Virginia were still alive. He was at once the youngest and the latest survivor of the heroic age of England.

His last book, a pamphlet addressed to the expedition of eleven ships and nine hundred colonists that was to set sail under Winthrop for the purpose of colonising Boston and Salem in 1630, is remarkable chiefly for its tone of an aged schoolmaster lecturing an unruly and untried pupil. In these "Advertisements for the Inexperienced, or the Pathway to Erect a Plantation," Smith

tells Winthrop to see to it that the sailors are not allowed to trade with the Indians behind the backs of the settlers, offers advice concerning fortification and the best means of campaigning with the savages, and so on. But the chief burden of his advice is his recommendation to Winthrop to stick to the principles of the Reformed Church of England, and to give no handle to "Brownists, Anabaptists, Puritans, Separatists, and such factious Humorists." Seeing that Winthrop and his company abandoned England chiefly because of their opposition to Archbishop Laud, who was chief head of the Church of England, and who was opposing all ideas of a reformed church, and playing into the hands of the ritualists and Catholics by dismissing all the Puritan clergy, Smith's advice simply shows how much out of date he was before he came to die.

The same pamphlet contains, as a sort of preliminary, the following verses, in which Captain Smith for once soars above a soldier's blunt talk and a pamphleteer's journalism, into the company of his peers, the Elizabethan poets: —

*The Sea-Mark*

Aloof, aloof, and come not near;  
The dangers do appear:  
Which, if my ruin had not been,  
You had not seen.  
I only lie upon this shelf  
To be a mark to all:

## SMITH MAKES THE LANDFALL

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Which on the same might fall;  
Let none now perish but myself.

If in or outward you be bound,  
Do not forget to sound;  
Neglect of that was cause of this  
To steer amiss.  
The seas were calm, the wind was fair,  
That made me so secure,  
That now I must endure  
All weathers, be they foul or fair.

The winter's cold, the summer's heat,  
Alternately beat  
Upon my bruised sides, that rue  
(Because too true)  
That no relief can ever come.  
But why should I despair?  
Being promised so fair  
That there shall be a Day of Doom.

He had displayed brilliant courage, but not deep wisdom; grappled for power, but not for the power that comes through a deeper understanding of human limitations; seen strange seas, talked with strange people, lived through an epic, and revealed to later generations most of the virtues and failings of our Anglo-Saxon race in their schemes of colonisation. The Puritans under Winthrop and Endicott, who followed later as volun-

tary exiles and almost as outlaws, who had no official support from England, and who cared nothing for England's king, were destined to impose their minds and wills throughout the American continent over the more tolerant, quicker-mettled, slower-thoughted, unpractical, uncalculating Cavalier strain that he represented: but of that Smith knew nothing. He had done his work, and could sleep.

“ And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.”

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THE main source for the life of Captain John Smith is to be found in his own works. The only complete edition of these is entitled *The Travels and Works of Captain John Smith, President of Virginia and Admiral of New England*, edited by Edward Arber, F. S. A. This has appeared in two editions: the first, containing an admirable introduction by Arber, stating temperately and exhaustively the case for Smith, appeared in 1884. It was reprinted with an additional introduction by A. G. Bradley in 1910 (John Grant, Edinburgh, 2 vols.) and is now out of print.

The works of Smith, listed separately, are as follows:

1. *A True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of note as hath happened in Virginia*, 1608. This pamphlet, an admirable first-hand account of Smith's capture by the Indians, is probably the first literary composition in the English language done within the borders of the United States. It was reprinted in a limited edition, with a note by Charles Deane, in 1866.

2. *A Map of Virginia, with a Description of the Country*, written by Captain Smith, edited by W. S. (William Simmonds), Oxford, 1612. The second part



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of this book, entitled *The Proceedings of the English Colonie in Virginia*, continues the record of Smith's governorship and was written shortly after his first return to England. On this and the preceding, I have almost entirely based my story.

3. *A Description of New England: or the Observations and Discoveries of Captain John Smith (Admirall of that Country) in the North of America in the yeare of Our Lord 1614; with the successe of sixe ships that went the next yeare, 1615.* London, 1616. This contains the only narrative of Smith's later New England venture, and his disastrous capture and imprisonment. It was written presumably while a prisoner on board the French man-of-war, survived Smith's shipwreck, and was published the following year. It has been reprinted in several American historical collections (Mass. Historical Society, Peter Force's Tracts, 1838).

4. *New England's Trials, written by Captain John Smith.* London, 1626. This very rare pamphlet was probably distributed free of charge by Smith to members of the Virginia Company or Fishmongers' Company (to which one of the extant copies is dedicated). It is essentially a plea for employment. It was reprinted in 1622 under the same title, but with some new matter relating to the massacre in Virginia of that year, and the recent success of the Pilgrim Fathers. This second edition was reprinted by the Massachusetts Historical Society and by Peter Force in his collection of Historical

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Tracts, 1838. The rare first edition was reprinted by Charles Deane in an edition of fifty copies, in 1873.

5. *The Generall History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles*. London, 1624. This large and handsome work, which Smith proposed to the Virginia Company as a project worthy of accomplishment in 1621, was finally rushed through the press in 1624, in an attempt to forestall the collapse of the Company in that year. This accounts for the defective paging of all copies. As history, this volume simply repeats (with additional exaggeration) what Smith said before. Its chief interest is that it contains the final form of the Pocahontas story. It was reprinted three times with a different title page in Smith's lifetime, and has been separately re-issued (at Richmond in 1819) in the United States.

6. *An Accidence, or the Pathway of Experience necessary for All Young Seamen*. London, 1626. This pamphlet, probably written only to earn a few pounds, is of no value as concerns Smith's own exploits, but is a mine of information about ships and seamanship in the seventeenth century. It was re-cast and enlarged in the year following and then appears under the title of *The Seaman's Grammar* or *A Sea Grammar*; probably this edition was enlarged by another hand.

7. *The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, from 1593 to 1629*. London, 1630. This is the only source for Smith's early adventures before his

colonisation of Virginia. Its veracity has been hotly debated. It is practically the same (with the exception of some wildly improbable adventures aboard a French Privateer) as another account of Smith's adventures in Hungary, Turkey, and among the Tartars which appeared in Purchas' *Pilgrims* in 1625, and which Purchas there declared to have been translated from the Italian of "Fr. Ferneze" (presumably Farnese), an author who cannot now be traced. The veracity of the *True Travels* seems to be dependent on (a) the genuineness of the grant of Arms made to Smith by Bathory; (b) the accuracy of Smith's own memory when he wrote it; (c) the possibility of discovering the Italian source mentioned by Purchas. Of these three factors only the first is beyond dispute; the second is doubtful, and the third apparently beyond the bounds of possibility, despite the researches of scholars.

8. *Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England, or Anywhere; or, the Pathway to Erect a Plantation*. London, 1631. This tract addressed to the settlers of Massachusetts under John Winthrop is fully discussed in the text above. It was reprinted by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1832.

NOTE. A selection of Captain Smith's writings was issued at Glasgow in 1907 in two volumes under the title of *Captain John Smith's Works*. This contains the *Generall History*, *An Accidence*, *The True Travels* and the *Advertisements*, the last four items on the list above. This edition is now out of print.

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Apart from Smith's own works, I have chiefly consulted the following: —

1. *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland to the Remote and Furthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at any time within the compass of these 1600 yeares*, by Richard Hakluyt. This, the great "prose epic of the English Nation," is invaluable as a record of all the attempts to colonise Virginia before 1600. It has been frequently reprinted.

2. *Purchas, His Pilgrimes*. London, 1625. (Reprinted in 1905.) This contains all voyages from 1600 to 1625 to the coasts of Virginia and New England.

3. *Virginia Richly valued by a comparison of Florida, Her next-door Neighbor*. By Richard Hakluyt. This, which is a translation of an account of De Soto's Expedition to Florida in 1534, by a member of his party, throws light on the Pocahontas episode.

4. The Accounts of Captain Gabriel Archer, Honorable George Percy, Edward Maria Wingfield, and Henry Spelman — all contained as illustrative documents in Arber's edition of Smith's Works.

5. *William Strachey, History of Travaile into Virginia Brittania*. Hakluyt Society, 1849. This manuscript work, probably written about 1612, is the most important account we have of events in Virginia, apart from Smith. Strachey went to Virginia in 1610 with De la Warr.

6. *William Strachey, For the Colony in Virginia*

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7. (a) Robert Gray. *A Goode Speede to Virginia*, 1609.
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8. Ralph Hamor. *A True Description of the Present Estate of Virginia*. 1615. This contains the whole story of Pocahontas' marriage with Rolfe.

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10. Edward Waterhouse. *A Declaration of the State of the Colony with a Relation of the Barbarous Masacre*, 1622.

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2. Edward Duffield Neill. *History of the Virginia Company of London*. Albany, New York, 1869.

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4. Article on John Smith (by Henry Adams) in "North American Review," January, 1867.












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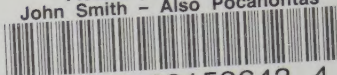
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